

MARCH 26, 1915.—[PART II]

ally sure to be relieved thereof." W. G. and H. W. O'Conor appear on behalf of the Hellman heirs. Junot Wattell's attorney was Charles Schults.

T. Lappovich testified that he knew Herman W. Hellman.

He said that about six months ago Junot Wattell was born.

Herman came to the city, which Lappovich and his

were then running at First and

Second streets, and instructed them

to do some business which might be

done for the petitioner and his mother,

who were then residing on North

Second street, and that Mr. Hellman paid

bills.

As an offset to this, he said

that Mr. Hellman had made pro

vision for the payment of grocery bills

for others for whom his sympathy

aroused.

It was brought out during the

cross-examination that about

one year ago Junot Wattell filed a

petition to the will left by the

man, W. Hellman, and an agree

ment was introduced which showed the

heirs of the Hellman estate had

the petition to withdraw

contingent, and that they did not

have a relationship.

Objection to the granting of

the petition was made on the ground

that a grandson of the late Herman

Hellman, a son of Marco Hellman,

the petitioner, was desired by his

attorney, and that this would

cause confusion.

Judge Wood stated that he had

the petitioner entitled to a

name of Herman W. He should

not proceed without

granting leave to file a new peti

tion for the name of Junot Hell

This may be filed today, and the

representatives of the Hellman's

that it will probably not be opp

posed.

THE GATEWAY CITY.

Los Angeles double-clinched

the "Gateway to the Pacific,"

yesterday, when 16,000 copies of

the *Los Angeles Times* from San Fran

and Oakland and importers inter

nal points to Joaquin Valley

and Coast Line." Copies of

the *Times*, March 26.—In or

der to acquire ownership of

the Western Pacific, the

of California, through Rudolph

of San Francisco, has

an agreement with New York

to exchange \$6,000,000 of

bonds for the \$6,000,000 bonds

of the company.

At the conference between

and Mr. Spreckels, a

so far as can be

to obtain information

of the transfer of the

of the road. After seeing

him, he called on Joseph W.

for the State Com

with reference to

and division of rates,

offered no objection

on Third Page.)

White Oil Cloth, yd. 15c

style, material and work.

read dollars and dollars more.

silk, satin de luxe and up-

ing models—choose yours only

at \$1.19

of plain colored and white

socks; sizes 36 to 46.

at Faillé, 69c yd.

minate underprice purchase or the

half a higher. A fine, close

wanted colors, black and white;

7½c yard

and artistic conventional des-

at \$1.95

pays for the material, for the

usually priced two and three

drastic clearaway of winter

you will like, and the workmen

your especial commendation

assortment, in black, blue, tan and

for Boys and Girls

school shops have been re-

years and years as leaders in

skirmish and wearing

prices. Boys' shoes—

75; 1 to 7. \$2.00. Girls'

9 to 14½. \$1.50; 12 to 14. \$2.00.

Corsets, \$2.95

or this

or that

set

<p

KURD OUTRAGES INCREASE; BRYAN INSISTS TURKS ACT

General Christian Massacre Threatened.
Russians areAppealed To.

Sixty Men Taken from French Mission and Five from American Headquarters are Hanged at Gulashan, Persia—State Department Declares Promises Have been Received of Protection from the Porte.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, March 26.—Alarming reports of atrocities, including the hanging of sixty men taken from the French mission and five from the American mission compound at Gulashan, Persia, stirred the State Department today to further effort to obtain protection for American missionaries and refugees in the vicinity of Urumiah, Persia, where the Turks have established a general Christian massacre.

Ambassador Morgenthau at Constantinople has been appealed to twice by Secretary Bryan in the last few days to urge the Turkish government to release the imprisoned section, and it was learned tonight that the State Department had received definite assurances by the Turkish government that this would be done.

It was learned through the British Embassy that the British Consul at Tabriz, near the Urumiah district, acting in conjunction with the American Consul, Gordon Paddock, had appealed to Russian commanders never to send orders for the saving of the Christians.

Additional directions were cabled to Ambassador Morgenthau by the State Department tonight, forwarding the report received by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York.

Official word from the Porte itself can only with difficulty exert control over the irregular Turkish forces reported operating in Eastern Persia.

MORE VIOLENCE BY TURKS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

TIFLIS (Russia). Thursday, March 26.—Turkish troops have committed further acts of violence at the American mission in Urumiah, Persia, according to a message received by the local Viceroy from Gordon Paddock, the American Consul at Tabriz. Mr. Paddock transmits a message

DETAILS OF KURD OUTRAGES.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

NEW YORK, March 26.—All the men at Gulashan, a large village near Urumiah, Persia, have been shot by Kurds, the women violated, an American missionary beaten, and sixty-five refugees taken from the French and American missions have been hanged on gibbets erected in the mission yards, according to a cablegram received here today by the Presbyterians board of foreign missions.

The cable came from four native Christians in Tiflis, three of whom were naturalized Americans. The message follows:

"A village destroyed. No men shot, women violated. Sixty men taken from French mission compound and five from American mission yard. Massacre imminent. Implore State Department that Consul at Tabriz procure Urumiah."

The message was signed by Jessie Tonan, E. O. Eshoo, Isaac Yohanan and Paul Simman, all of whom are Americans.

Mysterious.

AEROPLANE OVER CANAL CAUSES STIR IN PANAMA.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

PANAMA, March 26.—The military and canal authorities are investigating a report reaching headquarters from officers of the lock guard that an aeroplane had been seen flying over the Pedro Miguel and the Miraflores locks.

Maj.-Gen. George W. Goethals, Governor of the Canal Zone, and Brig.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the United States forces on

Cause.

THINKS BRITAIN DOUBLE-DEALER.

GERMAN NEWSPAPER REPLIES TO SIR EDWARD GREY.

Berlin Authority Declares Russia had Started Her Mobilization Before Proposition had been Received from England for a Conference, Making War Unavoidable.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

BERLIN, March 26 (via Sayville, N. Y.)—The *Neudutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* has made further reply to the recent speech of Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, in London, on the causes of the war. The paper says:

"The British proposal was for a conference July 26, but Russia had mobilized on April 24, 1914. Nevertheless Sir Edward Grey, on July 29, admitted to the German Ambassador it was best to have an Austro-Russian understanding, but on the same day he announced to the French Ambassador Grey's readiness to take sides with the entente powers.

"Sir Edward in his speech omits reference to the Russian mobilization of July 30, which forced the Germans to mobilize and made war unavoidable. British and German relations with France and Russia were known in Germany and were the causes for the increases in the German army. Sir Edward declined British neutrality in the case of Germany, but he respected Belgian neutrality.

"Germany is not fighting to subdue the continent but for her own independence and the freedom of the seas.

as well as for all nations bulldozed by England."

AUSTRIA IN PERIL.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

ROME (Italy) March 26 (via Paris).—The *Giornale d'Italia* reproduces an article from the Vienna *Fremdenblatt*, which says:

"A German people know now that the existence of the Austro-Hungarian nation is imperilled and victory will be possible only through very grave sacrifices."

The dispatch adds that "the Austrian people will not give up the Austro-Hungarian forces will take their revenge for the fall of Przemysl in the battle of the Carpathians."

GERMAN BIRDMAN ANNOYS ALLIES.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND DIRECT WIRE—EX-CLIQUE DISPATCH.]

TENEDOS, March 26.—A German aeroplane coming from the direction of Gallipoli peninsula flew over Tenedos at 8 o'clock this morning. Crossing the island it circled around high above the Asiatic French fleet anchored on the western side of the island, after which the airman returned in the direction whence he came.

WILSON CONSIDERS NOTE TO ALLIES.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, March 26.—Although the note to be addressed to Great Britain and France by the United States government regarding the blockade of commerce with Germany was to be sent to the British and French governments, it was given further consideration by President Wilson and his advisers tonight, and probably will be discussed until late tomorrow.

"Germany is not fighting to subdue the continent but for her own independence and the freedom of the seas."

Urumiah.

Their Honeymoon Ended by F-4 Tragedy.



Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson,

The former chief engineer of the ill-fated submarine F-4; the latter his bride of one year, before her marriage, was Miss Elsie Ebright, a Los Angeles High School girl. This photograph, taken outside their hotel in Honolulu, was lent The Times by Mrs. Nelson's mother, Mrs. I. M. Ebright, of No. 223 West Avenue 37, Los Angeles.

Bereaved.

LOS ANGELES FAMILIES MOURN F-4 VICTIMS.

Chief Engineer of the Submarine Married to Former High-school Girl of this City but Short Time Before. Another Sailor Leaves Widowed Mother and Brother and Sister—Commander's Brother Here.

One of the grimmest of the many individual tragedies born of the fate of the F-4 was reflected in a laconic cablegram from Honolulu received yesterday at 1 o'clock p.m., and it said simply: "Still hope."

The cable was from Mrs. Elsie Ebright, daughter of Mrs. I. M. Ebright, of No. 223 West Avenue 37, this city, and bride of little more than a year of William Nelson, chief engineer of the ill-fated submarine. As soon as she heard of the probable disaster Mrs. Ebright cabled her daughter, who was waiting on shore at Honolulu for the reappearance of the F-4, and the message quoted came in answer.

Mr. Nelson, whose official address on the navy records is New York City, is now 26 years of age, and his bride is now 21. They met at the Hotel Glendale, at Jefferson, to investigate conditions at Urumiah and vicinity. It would be as hard to get men from Jerusalem to Urumiah according to advice received by the board as it would be, as from New York to Urumiah.

"We have requested Secretary Bryan, both by letter and telegram, to do all possible to help the situation in Persia," a representative of the board said, "and trust that he will be able to do so through other agencies than the Consul at Jerusalem."

Mr. Nelson is a young man, 26, who has been shot, women violated. Sixty men taken from French mission compound and five from American mission yard. Massacre imminent. Implore State Department that Consul at Tabriz procure Urumiah."

The message was signed by Jessie Tonan, E. O. Eshoo, Isaac Yohanan and Paul Simman, all of whom are Americans.

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AEROPLANE OVER CANAL CAUSES STIR IN PANAMA.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

Mr. Nelson was a student at the Los Angeles High School but health failed, and she entered the W. C. A. school as a special student. She is a girl of exceptional talent along artistic lines.

COMMANDER'S RELATIVES.

Among others who telephoned the Times last night for news of the submarine were Mr. and Mrs. Allen F. Eshoo, 1511 E. 22nd Street, boulevard, brother and sister-in-law of Lieut. Alfred L. Eshoo, who commanded the F-4.

Lieut. Eshoo said last night that she has been in constant touch with her, Nevo, home of the young Lieutenant. His mother there is heartbroken.

Lieut. Eshoo was 27 years old and held the grade of junior lieutenant in the navy. He was the brother of the F-4 several months ago. He is married. His wife is in Honolulu.

LEADER WIDOWED MOTHER.

More and in a measure than the story of the chief engineer and his bride is the devotion of George T. Ashford, 26, for several years past, he has been the widower of his beloved mother, Mrs. Mary

of his F-4 several months ago. He is married. His wife is in Honolulu.

At the home of Francis M. Hughson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hughson, the widow gathered in various groups, consoling the family and awaiting every possible line of news that might be brought. Young Hughson was an expert mechanic and a Los Angeles man. He was seconded as second mechanic only a year ago, and had been advanced quickly to the first class. Recently he had passed successfully the examination for still higher rank and was expecting another appointment. He is one of two sons and three daughters.

Boulogne.

ANOTHER BRITISH VESSEL VICTIM OF A SUBMARINE.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

London, March 26.—The steamer Delmira has been sunk by a German submarine off Boulogne, in the English Channel. The members of the crew were given ten minutes in which to leave the vessel.

Subsequently they landed on the Isle of Wight.

Three revolver shots were fired from the submarine as a signal for the Delmira to heave to. The steamer skinned, however, ordered full steam ahead and declares he probably would have escaped but for the refusal of the stokers, all of whom were Chinamen, to remain below and feed the furnaces.

The submarine, therefore, overhauled the steamer and ordered her crew to take to the boats. The submarine towed the boats for an hour and a half, until another ship was sighted, when the tow lines were cast off and the underwater boat disappeared.

The Delmira did not sink, according to reports received at Lloyd's. These dispatches say that the steamer had a bad fire on board and went

FREE ELECTRICITY IN GERMAN HOMES.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND DIRECT WIRE—EX-CLIQUE DISPATCH.]

—Among the items given out today for publication by the Overseas News Agency were the following:

On account of the scarcity of kerosene, the town administration of Luckenwalde has decided to install electricity in houses free of charge.

Further, the town, which the city of Berlin and suburbs purchase from

Berlin, will be sold tomorrow. The forests will be used for immobile parks for the people. The price to be paid is 50,000,000 marks (\$12,500,000).

FREE REVIEW OF OPERATIONS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND DIRECT WIRE—EX-CLIQUE DISPATCH.]

Chronological History of the War with Paris Date.

How Right of Von Kluck's Army was Threatened.

Tricolor Re-established on the Banks of the Aisne.

French Review of Operations.

ALL GERMANS IN NEGLIGEE.

No Starch Available to Stiffen Their Collars and Collars.

COPENHAGEN, March 26.—

The scarcity of flour is growing more serious in Germany.

A general prohibition has been issued against baking cakes.

Those who infringe the order

will be punished with six months' imprisonment. Another

result of the lack of flour is

the prohibition of the use of

starch for shirts, collars and

curts. The consequence is that

all men within a short time

will be compelled to wear

nothing but soft shirts and col-

lars.

London, March 18.—The Associated Press has received the second installment of the historical review emanating from French official sources of the operations in the western theater of war, from its beginning up to the end of January.

It should be understood that the narrative is made purely from the French standpoint. The additional installment of the document is as follows:

The Victory of the Marne, September 6 to 15.

The right of Kluck's army threat-

ened.

If one examines the map the

respective positions of the German

and French armies on September 6,

as previously described it will

be seen that their positions toward

Marne and Coulommiers Gen.

Von Kluck was exposing his right to the offensive action of our left. This is the starting point of the victory of the Marne.

On the evening of September 6 the army had reached the front.

On the 7th and 8th it continued its

attacks vigorously, with Ourcq as

objective. On the evening of the

seventh it was some kilometers from

Ourcq on the front of the

frontier. On the 8th the

French army had reached the

frontier. On the 9th the

French army had reached the

frontier. On the 10th the

French army had reached the

frontier. On the 11th the

French army had reached the

frontier. On the

BENEVOLENCE.
FOURTY MILLIONS
BELGIAN TOTAL

*Immense Sum is Expended
Relieve Suffering.*

*Committed as Avezzano
with Earthquake.*

*is Slain as He Lays
Ruins in the Ruins.*

*California is Considered
Ahead in Contributions.*

*of Being Friendly
with Relative's Wife.*

ATLANTIC CABLE AND A P.

LONDON, March 26.—A report issued here today by the Atlantic Cable and American Commission for Relief in Belgium shows that foodstuffs of a value of \$20,000,000 have been destroyed by the earthquake. It has been disclosed that the priest was murdered by his accuser to avenge the priest's conduct in the church.

FREE-LOVE MAN

**GREAT DEMAND
FOR OUR FLOUR.**

**EUROPEAN FIRM TAKES TWO
SHIPLOADS WORTH NEARLY
A MILLION DOLLARS.**

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.
WASHINGTON, March 26.—War's continued demand on American grainaries was shown today in a single sale of flour to continental Europe, which required 513,000 bushels of wheat for its production and two steamers to transport it from New York. The value was \$75,000, and it was millionth of the Western Company. The buyer paid the shipping charges at seaboard and assumed all transport risks.

Wheat flour exports increased from \$2,662,828 in February, 1914, to \$3,962,160 last month.

STILL IN JAIL.

**POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR HIS
"SPIRIT BRIDE" AND AN-
OTHER WOMAN.**

BY A. P. DAY WIRE.
ALLIANCE (O.) March 26.—Laura Hall and another woman known as the "spirit bride" of P. A. George, head of the "Church of the Kingdom of God" cult, were sought by the police today in an effort to determine the cause of the death of Miss Amy Tanner, a follower of the cult. Meanwhile, George is in the City Jail.

George is quoted by the police as having styled himself "interpreter of the spirit of God."

It is the opinion of the police that the two women could solve many of the mysteries that have surrounded the "brotherhood home," where Miss Tanner died in a dying condition.

WITHHOLDS VERDICT.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.
CANTON (O.) March 26.—At the conclusion of an inquest tonight on the death of Miss Amy Tanner, 22, it was decided that the coroner should take from the temple of the "Church of the Kingdom of God" cult, Coroner Douds withheld his verdict pending completion of examination of the girl's remains at Columbus.

CONGRESSIONAL JUNKETS.

MANY MEMBERS, FREE FROM LABORS

**AT THE CAPITAL, ARE PLANNING EX-
TENSIVE TOURS OF INSPECTION.**

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—Many members of Congress, free from their tasks at the capital, have started on tours of inspection to places where the nation is undertaking big constructive works. A large party of Senators and Representatives now are on their way to Hawaii, and five members of the Red Cross Appropriations Committee are planning a tour to reclamation projects in the Southwest.

Representatives Jones of Virginia, Garret of Tennessee and Towner of Iowa of the House Committee on Insular Affairs are planning a tour at their own expense, which will include Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines.

Representative Gillett of Massachusetts expects to go with former Senator Burton to Australia and New Zealand late in the summer, while several other members of both houses are contemplating official or personal inspection trips.

TO KEEP THE PEACE.

SPANISH ENVOY CONFRONTED WITH BRYAN

ON PERSONNEL OF PERMANENT INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE UNDER TREATY.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—Juan Riano, the Spanish ambassador, and Senator Bryan conferred today regarding the designation of members of the Permanent Investigation Committee, provided for in the new peace treaty between Spain and the United States. Mr. Bryan has held similar conferences with the Spanish ambassador and the foreign ministers of Great Britain, France, Guatemala and other countries, but so far only two commissioners have been selected. Senator Stone, chairman of the Senate Relations Committee, has been named one of the commissioners on behalf of the United States under the Guatemalan Treaty, and Jonkheer J. Loudon, former Minister from the Netherlands to Washington, as the neutral member of the same commission.

WILSON AT CEREMONY.

PRESIDENT WILL LAY THE CORNERSTONE

OF THE RED CROSS BUILDING AND TAFT WILL MAKE SPEECH.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—President Wilson will lay the cornerstone of the permanent home of the American Red Cross here at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at ceremonies at which former President Taft will be the principal speaker. Miss Mabel Dodge, wife of the Red Cross assistant Secretary Breckinridge of the War Department also will make addresses. The building will be a memorial to the women of the Civil War.

LONGSHOREMEN CONFER.

O'CONNOR AND A FEW WALKING DELEGATES ARE TRYING TO BOLSTER THEIR LOSS CAUSE.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

VANCOUVER (B. C.) March 26.—T. V. O'Connor, head of the Longshoremen's International Union, is conferring with the local union leaders. In Victoria last night union men quit under the leadership of the Talcott, from San Francisco, and the job was finished by non-unionists. The Talcott reached Vancouver today. O'Connor came here to settle trouble which arose over a question of how men for dock work should be made.

ANOTHER PROFESSOR QUIT.

FRANK FOWLER IS THE SIXTEENTH OF

THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH FACULTY TO RESIGN.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 26.—Frank H. Fowler, assistant professor of ancient languages at the State university, has resigned his position today. This makes a total of sixteen resignations from the faculty in connection with the recent trouble there.

FLUFF'S MOQUET.

SHAMPOO, 10c PKG. SATURDAY AT

THE OWL.

LIQUID ARVON.

SATURDAY'S PRICE AT THE OWL.

SYLVESTER'S HAARLEM OIL.

SATURDAY'S PRICE AT THE OWL.

STEWART'S SIXTH.

25 SUITS

FOR THE EXTERIOR SPORTS.

IF THE EXTERIOR SPORTS.

THE EXTERIOR SPORTS.

THE

Pacific Slope

Panama-Pacific.

HIGH GEAR IN LEGISLATURE

Government Plan Formulated for Last of April.

Marshall Guest of Honored Japanese Reception.

Contest is Expected on Dry-zone Measure.

Vice-President also Greeted by Foreign Officials.

Stamp Foreign Butter Falls in the Senate.

Virginia State Building Formally Dedicated

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE) SACRAMENTO, March 24.—With the administration leaders forward to an approximate final adjournment of the Legislature, the steering powers in both the established speed pressure to and in the face of protest, were held over tonight for Saturday session.

"It is a hopeful sign for government when we find the rising generation taking such an interest in the affairs of state," said Floor Leader Thompson from the presiding chair in the Senate and Assembly galleries following the parliamentary maneuver with wide attention. At noon they assembled in the corridor of the executive offices and were introduced to Gov. Harry E. Hull.

"American laborers are hard to obtain for unskilled mine work," according to J. E. Davis, manager of the Central Eureka mine at Amador, who appeared tonight before the Assembly Labor and Capital Committee in Sacramento. The bill prohibits the employment of workers in hazardous occupations who are unable to understand the English language. Not more than one American in ten remained with his job after the session.

Other mining men who argued against the bill declared that no minor contests developed in the Senate, when the bill was introduced.

Proponents of the bill said that perhaps the American laborers would not remain in mine work when the wages were too low to permit an American standard of living.

Testimony of the mine managers developed that \$2.50 and \$3 a day was being paid for unskilled and skilled labor working eight hours.

"In line with the policy of establishing and maintaining law and order in all mining districts as the convention forces obtain control," Diaz Lombardo, Secretary of State at Chihuahua, today wired Enrique C. Llorente, Washington agent of the Convention government, that a complete prohibition of the importation of foreign labor through the north of Mexico.

The States included in this territory are Chihuahua, Zacatecas, Coahuila, Durango, Aguascalientes, Jalisco, Michoacan, San Luis Potosi, Nuevo Leon and Sonora.

The bill was introduced in the Senate on March 21 to 7.

ANNEXATION.

BENEDICT BILL STARTS A FIGHT.

LOM COUNTY DISPLAY.

The Virginia State Building, production of the old Washington at Mt. Vernon, Va., containing a collection of historic documents, including garments, household articles owned by George Washington and pieces of Martha Washington's work.

TWO COUNTY DISPLAY.

Yolo county celebrated the opening of its display in the California building, which the permanent display was a feature. A large number of visitors from Yolo and Santa Clara, and about 100 from San Francisco.

A dinner and a reception were given after the opening for residents and the public entertained.

Y.M.C.A. OFFICERS.

Arthur Aylett of Oakland is President and Leo Angeles Vice-President.

The Imperial, Fred Wehmeyer, President, E. W. Ehmann, Secretary, R. E. Johnson, Vice-Secretary, G. W. Moore, Treasurer, and J. E. Vayhinger, General Manager.

BERKELEY, March 26.—Arthur Aylett of Oakland was elected President of the State convention of Y.M.C.A. The corps of officers elected to work with Aylett are as follows:

First vice-President, R. Davis Thomas; second vice-President, Thomas Imperial; Fred Wehmeyer, President, E. W. Ehmann, Secretary, R. E. Johnson, Vice-Secretary, G. W. Moore, Treasurer, and J. E. Vayhinger, General Manager.

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THAW SEES A RAY OF HOPE

Court Doubts Eight of Defendants to "Pounce on" Prisoners

Declare Honor of New York Only Question at Issue.

Decision on Commitment of Matteawan is Reserved.

NY P. D. DAY WINS

NEW YORK, March 26.——TWO sides of the Appellate division of the Supreme Court agreed today that there was a doubt in their minds whether the State of New York would be within its rights in "pouncing on" Harry Kendall Thaw and returning him to Matteawan after his conviction here on the conspiracy charge which he was extradited from Hampshire. They were Justice Isaac, presiding, and Justice Scott.

To voice their views they interviewed Franklin Kennedy, special deputy attorney general, in charge of the State's case, while he was here before the Appellate division acting as an appeal taken by Thaw's counsel from a decision of Supreme Justice Page, refusing a motion to turn Thaw to the State.

STATE DEMANDS RETURN. Counsel on both sides agreed that the arguments which had been based upon the contention that Thaw, having been extradited from New Hampshire to answer a charge of conspiracy, and having been freed there, should be returned to the State from which he was extradited. Mr. Kennedy then began his argument, contending that even though Thaw had been acquitted of the fact remained that he was now within the New York jurisdiction now as at the original commitment, and that which was sent to Matteawan was not extraditable, he should be turned over.

JUSTICE IN DOUBT. Justice Ingram interrupted to ask: "Is there any doubt?"

"I am in doubt as to the rights of the State of New York to pounce on Thaw, following his acquittal of the crime, and then return him to the State hospital for the insane at Matteawan. I believe most of the members of this State would act as dishonorable."

"The new question involved in this case is whether the State of New York can pounce on him. That is the question which was submitted to the Appellate division, after he was extradited from New Hampshire, and then returned to the State hospital for the insane at Matteawan. I believe most of the members of this State would act as dishonorable."

15 QUESTION OF HONOR. Justice Scott agreed with Justice Ingram and informed Mr. Kennedy that the question at issue was not so much as maintaining the honor of the state of New York, but rather the honor of the State of New York.

Justice Ingram pointed out that there was no question of the dignity of the commitment, and that the real question at issue was whether the State had a right to turn Thaw over to the State of New Hampshire without first permitting him to go to New Hampshire.

Upon the conclusion of the arguments the decision was reserved.

Diplomacy.

VON BUELOW WARNS ITALY.

BEWARE OF BEAR WHO WANTS LIKE A MAN," HE SAID.

German Ambassador is Busy in His Power to Bring about an Agreement with Austria, Hesitating to Do It.

It Isn't Accomplished.

IN ATLANTIC CABLE AND A P. I.

ROME, March 26 (via Cables, Switzerland, and Paris).—Efforts to effect an adjustment of the differences between Italy and Austria are being continued by Prince Von Bismarck, the German Ambassador. Instincting the almost impossible, he has succeeded in obtaining information that today that the Prince is now endeavoring to present the matter in somewhat different and more comprehensive way. He seeks to convince Italy and Austria that they should not be afraid of any moment of possible misunderstanding.

Prince Von Bismarck has expressed the opinion that the matter now in discussion can be limited to application for arbitration to the present. He has a far-reaching effect on the fate of both nations. He is to have had recourse to the services of his former agent, who ago during his former service as Ambassador here, and later was Imperial German Ambassador.

He now maintains that one of the reasons for the present situation is the friction between Austria and Germany, which has been caused by Austria's recent entry into the Triple Alliance.

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THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

"Lady of the Lake."

"Lady of the Lake," with full stage costumes and effects, was presented by the children of the Custer Avenue school yesterday afternoon. The entire work of preparing the costumes and stage was done by the pupils.

"Origin of the War."

The City Club will be addressed today by Edmund Mitchell, president of the British-American League, on "The Real Origin of the War," and by Dr. Edward P. Bailey, president of the California State British-American Solidarity Essential for World Peace." Grand Parlor Delegates.

The following named members of Los Angeles parlor No. 42, N.S.G.W., have been elected delegates to the Thirty-eighth Grand Parlor, N.S.G.W., which will convene in San Francisco the 15th of April. Dr. Eugene Bataille, Charles Bennett and A. L. Cron.

Its Sixth Anniversary.

The sixtieth anniversary of Los Angeles Lodge No. 25, L.O.O.F., will be celebrated next Wednesday evening at the L.O.O.F. Hall, No. 229½ South Main street. The first lodge of the order in Southern California. A class of candidates will be initiated and the grand officers of California will be present.

Jeets Cota no More?

A laconic message was received at local Carranzistas headquarters yesterday setting forth that Enrique V. Cota has assumed his new rôle as chief politico of the northern district of Lower California." The message comes from Vera Cruz and was signed by Minister of Relations Urutu. No explanation or hint as to Cota's success or his name as to Cota's successor was appended.

Club Anniversary.

The Woman's Million Club will celebrate its third anniversary next Wednesday afternoon at its headquarters, room 102 Counter Building. A special programme has been arranged for members. April 15, the club will hold an old-fashioned dance at Rutherford Hall. Candidates for Mayor and the Council will be present.

World's Seven Wonders.

The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World," as revealed by recent excavations, will be given a circular address to the general public at the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium by Dr. Edgar J. Banks, an archaeologist, who has spent much of his life in oriental countries. This address will be open to the public on a free-will offering basis.

Farewell Luncheon.

General Freight Agent Stuhle and General Passenger Agent Bautista of the Southern Pacific entertained the commercial agents of their district at a farewell luncheon at the California Club yesterday. Both men will leave the coming week for San Francisco to take up their new duties in the heads, respectively, of the freight and passenger departments of the northern district.

Beta Theta Pi Frat to Meet.

Members of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity will gather for an informal meeting at the home of Arthur J. Shafer, No. 2681 Ocean View Avenue, tonight at 8 o'clock. Visiting members of whom there are many in the city at this season, are especially invited to be present. The local alumnae association plans to attend in a body the national convention of the fraternity, which will convene in San Francisco during September.

Seth Low Here Tomorrow.

Seth Low, former Mayor of New York and also former president of Columbia University, and Mrs. Low, will arrive here from San Francisco at 2:30 this coming Saturday afternoon on their way to San Diego, accompanied by Adjt.-Gen. L. M. Stotesbury, N.Y.N.G., and Mal. Hopper. Mr. Low represented the Governor of New York at the dedication of the Empire State Building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition last week.

Wakes in River Bed.

Frank Luce, a laborer, 61 years old, started to visit a friend and woke up yesterday morning lying in the sand and the river bed under the Macarthur bridge. That about summed up the remembrance of his experience, but a severely wrenching back and a dent in the sand where he lay indicated he had fallen over the railing and landed twenty-five feet below. Examined at the Roosevelt Hospital, where he was taken when found, revealed no serious injuries.

Local Company's Contracts.

The Smith-Booth-Usher Company has been awarded three contracts for machinery and equipment, part of this going to the great Minidoka project in Idaho. This is for four hundred motor-driven turbine pumps. Almost coincident was the placing of orders with this firm for a large concrete mixer in addition to the one purchased less than sixty days ago. The city has given this company an or-

TAX RULING IN OREGON.

No One May Alter the Returns of the Boards of Equalization.

IST A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

SALEM (Ore.) March 26.—After a Board of Equalization has completed its labors, tax collectors cannot lower or raise them, according to a ruling announced today by the State Tax Commission. County courts it was held, have no authority at any time to alter an assessment in any manner.

For a double-cylinder, double-acting steam-hoisting engine, and boiler, the bill of lading in the municipal gravel pit.

Veteran Passes Away.

William Shock, a member of Bartlett Logan Post, G.A.R., and employed as a watchman at the Courthouse, died last night at his home, No. 944 Second street. Mr. Shock, who was 76 years old, leaves a widow and one daughter, Mrs. A. Bricker. The funeral services will be conducted Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, by Bartlett Logan Post. Mr. Shock had been here twenty-five years.

Britten to Reply.

Speakers representing the British-American League will address the Club today in reply to Dr. Eugene O. K. Kuehmann, who spoke before the club last Saturday on "Germany in Its Hour of Destiny." The British speakers are to be Edmund Mitchell, president of the British-American Solidarity Essential for World Peace." Grand Parlor Delegates.

**ALEXANDER WIDOW
GETS HIS ESTATE.****MAN SLAIN BY ROBBER PAYS
HIGH TRIBUTE TO LIFE PART-
NER IN WILD.**

W. M. Alexander, late of Dallas, slain in his home on Wilshire place by Charles Oxnard and Glen Witt on the night of December 22, last, left his estate of \$24,000 in this county to his widow, Cora B. Alexander, adding a tribute to her in his will.

A trust of \$250 is to be left to his brothers, Scott J. Jr., and Theodore Alexander, for the use and benefit of his sisters, Lewis Mann and Mary L. Bell. To his brother, J. P. Alexander, his gun, \$100. Mrs. Alexander is named executrix.

The children are W. M. Alexander, Jr., Anna Louise and Cora P. Alexander.

SAYS WORTH MORE.

Alfredo Simola, manager of the Railroad Commission, handed down yesterday fixing the value of the property of the Redondo Water Company at \$144,225, and the company filed an application for a re-hearing of its case, contending that one of the company's real estate holdings had inadvertently omitted in making the valuation. The valuation was made at the request of the city of Redondo Beach as the first step towards acquiring a municipal water system.

TOO DANGEROUS.

Taking the position that a grade crossing at the point would be particularly dangerous, the State Railroad Commission issued an order yesterday suspending the construction of a city of Watts to construct the drive at grade across the tracks of the Pacific Electric. It was shown at the hearing that 280 regular trains pass this point every twenty-four hours.

BUSINESS BREVITIES.

Send your friends back East a Cawood ostrich egg for Easter. A unique and appropriate souvenir of California. Eggs, plain or decorated. Cawson Ostrich Farm downtown store, 723 Broadway.

For quick action drop answers to Tim, the Times' dog, to 125 Broadway, downtown office buildings. The boxes of the boxes are printed in the first column of The Times' "limer" section.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

**THE TIMES CIRCULATION FOR
FEBRUARY, 1915.**

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

Harry Chandler, Assistant General Manager of the Los Angeles Times, being duly sworn, declares upon his oath that the following is a true and correct record of the monthly circulation of said newspaper for the month of February, 1915.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1915.

February 1—100,000

February 2—100,000

February 3—100,000

February 4—100,000

February 5—100,000

February 6—100,000

February 7 (Sunday) 100,000

February 8—100,000

February 9—100,000

February 10—100,000

February 11—100,000

February 12—100,000

February 13—100,000

February 14 (Sunday) 100,000

February 15—100,000

February 16—100,000

February 17—100,000

February 18—100,000

February 19—100,000

February 20—100,000

February 21—100,000

February 22—100,000

February 23—100,000

February 24—100,000

February 25—100,000

February 26—100,000

February 27—100,000

February 28—100,000

February 29—100,000

February 30—100,000

February 31—100,000

March 1—100,000

March 2—100,000

March 3—100,000

March 4—100,000

March 5—100,000

March 6—100,000

March 7—100,000

March 8—100,000

March 9—100,000

March 10—100,000

March 11—100,000

March 12—100,000

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March 15—100,000

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April 27—100,000

April 28—100,000

April 29—100,000

Mother Instinct.
FIRES ON WIFE; KILLS HIMSELF.

With Bullet in Head, Woman Tends Dying Man.

Cynical Notes are Left by Former Merchant.

Seeks Quiet Spot in a Park for the Tragedy.

Leaving two cynical notes indicating he was simply tired of life, C. F. Dale, a former merchant, declared by relatives of the family to have been worth \$2,000,000, and who lived at No. 5852 Camerford avenue, shot his wife and then turned the weapon on himself yesterday afternoon. In a private park above Griffin avenue, near Avenue 33, she was found ministering to the dying man, who had sent a bullet into her head. He died half an hour later at the Receiving Hospital, while the widow was sent to the County Hospital, where it was said her condition was very serious.

The couple left their home shortly after noon and were seen strolling over the estate of J. W. Davis, which includes a private park. They were last seen alive by Lawrence P. Crawford of No. 271 East Avenue 33, who watched them until they went down over the crest of the hill.

Then two shots were heard in quick succession, and Mr. Crawford, rushing in the direction from which the shots sounded, found both lying in a sheltered space beside the path.

The woman, with a bullet hole through her head, was trying to staunch the blood flowing from her husband's mouth, but neither would give any information as to their identity. Policeman Phillips, who was in charge of the chain gang from the State Prison, was summoned, and the ambulance from the Receiving Hospital and the husband and wife were taken in immediately.

Dale died a minute after he had been carried into the hospital. The bullet had entered his mouth and pierced the brain.

Mrs. Dale had been shot in front of her left ear and the bullet was found in her right cheek. As they lay, Dale had grasped a revolver of .32 caliber, two chambers of which were empty.

LEAVES TWO NOTES.

Dale carried no jewelry and in his pocketbook were 21 cents. A letter addressed to the Coroner, found in his pocket, said:

"To the Coroner:
Leave body cremated at Rosedale with least possible expense and without ceremony of any kind. Make any examination you think necessary at the expense of your office.

The first plan of cremation was simply to set over the body, but later the undertakers had a better influence of the trust into the game, so that now cremation is as expensive as any other kind of a funeral.

"Burning a casket with a body is unnecessary and, I hope, we can be cremated in a simple manner."

"Wire my father, E. O. Dale, Rushville, Ind.; my daughter, Mrs. Ethel Geraghty, Riveside, I. L., or tell father, Mr. Mrs. Pearl Stanford, Frankfort, Ky. Answer all inquiries in letter. If at all—it is cheaper—besides, there is no hurry. We will be a long time there."

C. F. DALE.

"P. S. Since one of our relatives or friends please gather our ashes to the four winds from Mt. Lookout or Mt. Hollywood."

When friends reached the Dale home, another note was found on a table, addressed "To the officer in charge of the inquest."

"Please ask Miss Fidler, corner Melrose and Vine, to take the birds to Mrs. Slack, No. 1860 South Hope street. She can sell them to good advantage. Don't ask the neighbors any questions, as they are feeding the poultry. Send them to market before bothering the neighbors."

"If you must, 'phone, go to Fidler. He is a good man, a fine neighbor and would do anything for you but loan you money."

"You remember in the old minstrel days songs used to say:

"What is the scariest thing in the world?"

The answer was 'A Jewish hood-owl.'

"Now I always thought the answer should have been—'

"An honest policeman."

"There is no collar button here that belongs to you."

"Please keep all curiosity-seekers away from the house."

"Very respectfully, C. F. DALE."

Address unknown.

NOT CONGENIAL.

Neighbors of the Dales said he was a merchant who had retired and that they had lived in Los Angeles about four years. Although in moderate circumstances, they appeared to have ample means to live simply and in comfort, but they were not at all congenial. Aside from an occasional quarrel, though, they seemed to friends to be a reason for seeking to end their lives. When the question of whether there had been a suicide pact was brought up, friends said they believed that although Mrs. Dale feared her husband, she was now married into such an agreement with him.

Mr. Dale was a son of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Dale of Rushville, Ind. The family is well known throughout that portion of the state of Indiana. Mr. Dale's parents were not informed of the tragedy yesterday. The father is more than 80 years of age. The old people recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

Charles E. Dale was married twice. In addition to his parents he leaves one daughter, Mrs. Thomas Geraghty of New York City, and a brother, Oliver M. Dale of Rushville, Ind.

Mrs. Pearl Stanford, half-sister of Mrs. Dale, lives in Frankfort, Ky., where she was a teacher in the Institute for the Feeble-minded. When told of the tragedy Mrs. Stanford broke down. She said she had known Mr. Dale since he was a child before her marriage. According to her, Mrs. Dale has been twice married, her first husband being John Mohn of Lexington, a civil engineer.

Mr. Dale died yesterday that Mr. Dale was worth \$2,000,000, having made a fortune in grain and land speculations.

During the excitement following the shooting, John T. Fidler, station manager of the East Side chain gang, took French leave. Policemen Phillips missed him a few minutes later and a search disclosed the man about 100 feet down a storm sewer and ready to back out on command.

OFFICIAL PARTY SPLITS.

Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall, Without Other Washington Visitors, Due Here Tomorrow Morning. Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall alone from the touring official party from Washington, will be entertained here tomorrow and three days of next week. The remainder of the party, which included Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane and Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Roosevelt, had other imperative engagements, according to advice received here yesterday by the Chamber of Commerce.

The distinguished Indian and Mrs. Marshall will arrive here, according to the latest advice, at 7:45 o'clock tomorrow morning, and will leave before noon for San Diego, either over the Santa Fe or on the Great Northern, the fastest and most direct destroyer Paul Jones. They will be met on arrival by a special committee of the Chamber of Commerce and seconded by the Alexandria for luncheon and then given a short and quiet trip about the city, if they wish.

Returning here Tuesday afternoon, Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall will be the guests of honor at a public luncheon at the Hotel Roosevelt in the evening.

Big Parade and a Brilliant Ball Before Climax.

Fenwick Smith did so well last year in his business, which is farming, that he came to Southern California for the winter months. Recently he had been touring the central part of the State and had been out of touch with the Los Angeles affairs, and particularly the campaign for a 1915 Fiesta queen.

When he was returning yesterday he met up with a stranger and the talk shifted into the affairs of the contest. Mr. Smith, who comes from Fargo, N. D., was interested. He described the idea, admirable novel and deserving of support, and he is rated close to \$1,000,000.

Inquiries from the new acquaintance as to which was the most eligible of the many candidates brought a smile to the stranger's face.

It was while Mr. Smith was out of the city that the button campaign was started, which he was sure was sold for anything he would give a dime. That night after the stress was over the queen's foregathered at dinner.

Said one: "I noticed an odd thing today, and that was that every man wearing one of those black-and-white checked suits was broke."

"Broke!" chimed in another. "Broke! I should say they were broke. I picked 9 cents out of one of their pockets, and the fellow got a smile and made me give him half 5 cents."

Said he had to have car fare home."

And for a few minutes the wearers of black-and-white checked suits were indefinitely stamped by the impression that queen candidates as men without ready funds.

Last night, Miss Carrillo, Mrs. Staley and Mrs. Betterley, three of the queen candidates, were dining together at the downtown grill, the mother of one of the contestants. Presently came another member of the committee with Mr. Smith.

"Let me introduce a charming and highly desirable acquaintance for at least one of you young women," said the man, smiling.

After a short introduction, Mr.

Smith said: "I have made up my mind to contribute a little money towards the race for one of you young women."

They HAVE TO LAUGH.

With a united attention they looked at him and smiled, a knowing smile.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith, "the idea appeals to me as worthy of support and I intend to give as much as I can afford."

Again the smiles, that became laughs, and finally the table was the center of a paroxysm, until the three excused themselves, and went to the other end of the room, laughing themselves into a slight face-attack.

Residents of the neighborhood, who say the place is a lodging-house for tramps every night, are inclined to believe the body was robbed before the police came, called the police.

In identifying the wallet and keys, Mrs. Gaul said her husband had shown her particularly one flat key of odd design, telling her it was the key to the "safe" down the street in which he was hanged, and other direct evidence indicating suicide, the finding of the wallet and the keys is taken to indicate strongly that Gaul was either robbed before he entered or out of his home, or that his body was robbed later.

Residents of the neighborhood, who say the place is a lodging-house for tramps every night, are inclined to believe the body was robbed before the police came, called the police.

Despite investigations made by The Times, which have established that Gaul had been hanged in the "safe" which he was hanged, and other direct evidence indicating suicide, the finding of the wallet and the keys is taken to indicate strongly that Gaul was either robbed before he entered or out of his home, or that his body was robbed later.

Mr. Wucherer made a thorough search of the place, discovering the keys lying in the grass a few feet away.

Despite investigations made by The Times, which have established that Gaul had been hanged in the "safe" which he was hanged, and other direct evidence indicating suicide, the finding of the wallet and the keys is taken to indicate strongly that Gaul was either robbed before he entered or out of his home, or that his body was robbed later.

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Pen Points: By the Staff

The Germans must be shooting at the place where Rhine used to be.

The Japs think there must be something in the statement that short men make best fighters.

England has made a loan of \$25,000,000, a good deal like a son striking mother for money.

One of the latest fashion fads is to get in line, young men, before fashion changes.

Why doesn't somebody start a fire and burn Emmanuel of Italy. He might get a move on.

The misbranding of lobsters is probably law, but a Los Angeles girl can still protect herself.

Back East some of the papers are giving the story of Jonah and the whale like a scoop.

The fox trot and the tango will go down the hill the day fashion dictates the turn of the hoop-skirt.

Judging by the financial statement of the local ball clubs it has been impossible to coin hot air.

A learned professor says we should not. Who shall decide when the professor agrees with the professor?

There really ought to be a movement to the memory of the man who invented the habeas corpus.

How would you like to have the following the economy plank in the democratic national platform?

If Austria succeeds in making peace the Kaiser will be left alone at Armageddon "battling for the Lord."

Vice-President Marshall refers to Wilson as "your greatest peace." Where? How? A diagram, please.

A lot of folks are discussing the word "Jilmer" and it is almost impossible to avoid a breach of neutrality.

What has become of the old-timers who knew that the use of a radio was confined to the disk of a phonograph?

About time for a dispatch from Paris to claim that the Czar intends to start a war with Germany.

Senator Weeks of Massachusetts is going to the Pacific Coast to spread heat about the boom. But we fear it will not be with Weeks.

The movement to carve a new State in the western part of Texas is well under way. Does that mean Johnson will remain the Senate?

It is a cause for regret that the "war" is over. It would have ended the transcontinental railroads to advertise our fights from the rear of the observatory.

A resolution has been introduced in the Michigan Senate in favor of annexation to Mexico. Why not annex the rest of the world? It include Europe also? The auctioneer will soon be at the door.

Hon. Charles Randall, the Los Angeles prohibition-Democrat, is going to speak to some of the eastern newspapers. As the only member of the next Congress on a "dry" issue, he ought to be trouble casting the solid Prohibition vote.

Is there any doubt as to what the American people would do if there were to be a Presidential election now? The country yearns for a return to Republican rule. It wishes to put into power the party that believes in opening up the country to American workmen, not markets to foreign-made goods.

THE CALL OF A FLOWER
"Come, little leaf," said the Autumn, "as I blow a furious blast."
"Come, little leaf, be quick, be quick,
For your brothers are falling fast."

"How I fall?" asked the leaf of the branch.
"I fall to the earth so drear,
which the mother branch required.
Not yet; 'tis not time, my dear."

The little leaf he held on tight,
as tight as he could hold,
for he feared he could not hold
the weather was growing cold.

The tree where the little leaf
was a flower drooping low,
one quick, come quick, little leaf,
And shield me from the snow."

He was still arraying his streets with decorations and costly adornments, a rare variety, a number of which had already begun to decay and mar the beauty in which they were.

He was a woman biting off the branch which she was wearing.

"All I go now?" asked the leaf.
"And he glanced at the earth below.
"Right," said the mother branch.
"It is not time to go."

He asked the branch if he might shield the flower from the sun.
"The mother branch answered,
"It may."
"Or now it is time to go."

He had good-bye to the flower from the sun,
and then let go his hold.
He fell, and fell to the earth, down,
like a glittering leaf of gold.

He fell right over the little leaf
and shielded it from the snow.
"Then it was time to grow."

He was still arraying his streets with the palms. To

**WING FORM
CAN'T BE DONE.****Efficiency Director
Tells Council.****Suggestion that the
State Choice.****More Important than
Fundamentals.****Efficiency Director
has discovered that things he
has done have gone to great expense
and pains to secure permanent street
adornment. At first it was believed
that the spirit of the people had
taught the manufacturers but now
it is known that the public has
deliberately laid their blighting touch
upon the basins and the palm trees.
The palms have been uprooted and
torn from the ground and the
basins with hard substances in
crude drawings of an undesirable
nature and poetry of the debased.**

An ordinance has already been
passed prohibiting the destruction of
trees and other violations of such
as have been committed is punishable
by heavy fine and imprisonment. The
police have been notified that all such
vandalism must stop, and from now
onwards no one in the way of
juring or defacing the trees or basins
will be prosecuted vigorously. The
police judges have indicated their
interest in seeing that the practice is
stopped at once, and to avoid repetitions
unusual severity will be
employed in passing sentence on per-
sons found guilty.

MARRIAGE IN JAPAN.

About the same customs as to the
Age of the Contracting Parties as
in the United States.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:] At
what age do most of the Japanese
marry? The civil code sanctions men
and women marrying at 17 and 15,
respectively. According to statistics
filed by the Department of Home Affairs,
there are about 200 girls who
marry at the age of 15 every year,
7000 at 16 and the number suddenly
increases to nearly 40,000 at the age of 20.

Looking over the statistics of
1910, the provision or lack
of the charter for representation would
be the judgment of many
as to whether or not the government
had done its duty. The
Department of Home Affairs, a small
council, will agree.

To place this issue in a
more favorable light, it would be
noteworthy that the majority of
the voters will agree
to the form of government
and, therefore, would not
oppose this class of
voters.

In the estimation of voters
in the next two months will be
primarily upon the election
of the government. It will, therefore,
be the duty of the government
to focus attention
on the matter of
assuring a
sufficient
number
of
men
to
the
war.

This is the greatest experiment in
state ownership ever made. With it
go other socialist plans of identical
principles. Since war broke out ev-

erywhere, the
law, while fixing the legal
marriage age of men and women,
has not limited the legal age to marry.

In the said statistics in 1910 ninety-
five men and thirteen women married
at the age of 60, ninety men and twenty-
eight women at 55, one hundred and
twenty women at the age of 67—
forty-one years after they had seen their
days of "sweet 16." We may infer
from these facts that man can never
get rid of the marrying propensity till
he is dead.

There are any doubt as to what the
American people would do if there
were to be a Presidential election now?

The country yearns for a return to
Republican rule. It wishes to put into
power the party that believes in opening
up the country to American workmen,
not markets to foreign-made goods.

CONFIRMATION ASPIRANTS.
The confirmands for the City
council yesterday when the
voted out nominating panel
M. Fernández, No. 20.
Treasurer; M. A. Treadwell,
No. 212 Carondelet street;
A. Schofeld, Gar-

ment Potpourri.

At the harbor district held
of the meetings yesterday
the home of Dr. and the other at the
of the city. General speaker urged
Chief of Police Se-
nior, former City License
is expected to take
efforts today for
the party that believes in opening
up the country to American workmen,
not markets to foreign-made goods.

**OFF NOSES
NO SPITE FACES.**

**OVERDOING EFFORTS TO
PROTECT CITY.**

STABBS

The Popular Price Shoe Store.

336 So. BROADWAY

By the author of
"QUEED"

**ANGELA'S
BUSINESS**

By
Henry Sydnor

Harrison

Mary Austin says:

"I have just read the last instal-
ment of 'Angela's Business,' and am
writing to say that it is the only in-
telligent attempt at the life of
what I have ever seen from the
hand of a man."

Illustrated by F. E. Gruber. \$1.50 net.

For Sale Everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY.

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Life's Gentler Side—Society, Music, Song and the Dance—The Theater

MOVEMENTS IN SOCIETY.

MANY society folk yesterday afternoon enjoyed the delightful talk on "Mary Stuart," given by Susan Kasmey Selfridge at the Women's Club House. Mrs. Selfridge was introduced by Mrs. Joseph Carter, one-time president of the Friday Morning Club. The talk in her vivid presentation of the character of the Scottish Queen made every listener appreciate the hazardous adventures and the charming waywardness of this romantic historic character.

Many beautifully colored lantern slides were introduced to illustrate the various points of the lecture and many rare and extremely beautiful portraits of Mary Stuart were also shown, portraying her in the brilliant beauty of

her early youth and in the more romantic and softer charm of the later years of her life, when long imprisonment had dimmed in some respect her radiance.

Miss Genevieve Church-Smith, soprano, and Miss Claire MacGreavey, pianist, gave a musical programme.

The roll of patronesses numbered:

Los Angeles—Misses Joseph B. Bancroft, Hugo R. Johnston and Mrs. Frederick C. Hollingshead; Cornelius Cole, R. P. Johnston, J. W. Dickey, Maud Davis Baker, Reginald H. Jones and Howard S. Waring; Beverly Hills—Misses Harry D. Lombard, Margaret E. Crane, Charles Hopkins, James W. McLean, John H. Nays; Santa Monica—Misses H. D. Dudley and Edwin M. Flowers.

The head ushers were E. Avery McCarthy and George Townsend Cole, and the waiters were Misses Christine Ayer, Katherine Banning, Lillian Van Dyke, Louise Burke, Katherine Mellus, Oliver Waring, Gertrude King, Anita Patton, Alice Elliot and Katherine Johnson.

For Tacoma Visitor.

The W. H. Gepharts of No. 454 South State street entertained at Five Hundred last night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Tyrans of Tacoma. A buffet supper was served after the dance. Among those enjoying the affair were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carter, Miss Edna Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Bradley and C. H. Hall.

Honeymoon in Honolulu.

After a honeymoon spent in Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Campbell have returned to the city, and are now at home to their friends at the Rhapsody. The bride before her marriage was Miss Gertrude Tyler of No. 1979 LaFrance, in South Pasadena.

Will Shower Coming Bride.

Miss Dorothy Pease is to give a shower for Miss Kathleen Pierce a week from today, to which have been bidden a coterie of intimate friends of the names of Arthur Chase, Ames. Linen gifts will comprise the shower.

Auction Party.

Mrs. Charles Grant Gobel of Twenty-first street recently entertained at auction bridge company, which had no effect on donations, which were white. Delicious refreshments were served at attractive tables, carrying out the color tones. Present were Misses C. R. Luton, George McCloskey, Joseph Fahey, Mrs. John C. Channing, Mr. D. Whately, F. L. Chase, Oscar Stimson, William Guyton, F. Pike, George Horn, Preston McKinney, and Misses Willie McClellan, Naomi Stimson and Sammie Harris.

Informal Dinner.

A charming hostess last evening was Mrs. D. L. Gillespie, who entertained with a smart dinner party at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Beautiful cut flowers centered the table, while dainty place cards marked covers for six.

A Visitor Host.

W. R. Sainsbury will entertain with a California dinner party tomorrow evening at the Merrimac Hotel, Ocean Park, honoring several eastern and Los Angeles friends. The table will be decorated with wild flowers and favors will be wild souvenirs of the ocean. The various courses will consist of the specialties of California. Covers will be laid for sixteen.

Bridge Party.

Mrs. Thomas Newton entertained with a bridge party yesterday afternoon at her home on Wilshire. Guests were Mrs. Miller D. Porter and Dr. Marcia Patrick of New York, both of whom have been spending the winter months delightfully in Pasadena. The home of the hostess was exquisite with its spring blossoms. Twenty-two guests were privileged to enjoy the afternoon.

Children Romp at Easter Party.

Dainty little Willedeane, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller, No. 4425 Pasadena avenue, was hostess at her very first party—and after dark, at that—when last night at least thirty of her little playmates were her guests from 6:30 to 9 o'clock. Guests were daintily dressed in their filmy frocks of pink and blue. After dinner and play supper was served, favors being tiny baskets upon which perched Easter chicks and rabbits. Every goodie dear to the childhood heart seemed to be included in the supper menu. Miss Willedeane and her mother were the most important figures as hostess.

WALLS HAVE EARS.

The Dictograph Enables the Employees in a Bank to Quietly Secure Information from Each Other. [Nebraska Legal News:] Whenever you go nowadays there's very likely to be a dictograph listening to every word you say and transmitting the sound of your voice to a English whose ears perhaps you don't care at all about having your conversation reach. In New York City it is said fifty dictographs are purchased every week by jealous husbands and wives but the number of the devices need for such doubtful domestic purposes is small compared with those which are being installed for commercial purposes in offices, stores and factories.

The use of the dictograph to secure evidence in a number of sensational criminal cases has made the public quite familiar with the methods by which it makes widespread eavesdropping possible. The transmitter is a little disk so small that only a careful search will find it, and it is put in place of a screw or a picture or sometimes a nail on the wall. This transmitter is so sensitive that it will carry every sound uttered in a room for long distances. Carefully concealed wires connect it with the receiving end of the apparatus, which is often disguised as a paper weight, or hidden away in a desk.

The work of paying tellers in many large banks is greatly simplified by the use of the dictograph. When a depositor calls to withdraw the amount that teller may not be sure he doesn't have enough sufficient balance to cover the withdrawal, but he does not like to offend by stating his doubts.

So the teller presses a button to signal a book-keeper to his ear to the other end of the dictograph, whose transmitter is concealed in the teller's counter. Then the teller picks up the check and remarks casually but distinctly enough for the dictograph to carry his words: "Two thousand dollars. How will you have it, Blank?"

The question is the signal for the book-keeper to turn to the ledger and see if Mr. Blank's account is good for \$2,000. If it is, he quickly signals the teller by ringing a buzzer.

One of the greatest difficulties of the teller is to keep his voice from being heard by his enemies across the room.

French, too, with wonderful smarts, have the English boys everywhere with the best of camaraderie.

When an English "Tommy" wanders from the lines or is lost in the towns and villages, there is always at hand some French "Tommy" who sees to him, gets him food and lodgings, and sends him safely on his journey.

An engineer braced the big structure up, put seventy concrete pillars under it for a new foundation and jacked it into place. The structure is about 100 feet high and the foundation is now much stronger than it was originally, as the pillars reach through the clay to bed rock.

Engineers say that the above was a harder task than would be the straightening of the leaning tower of Pisa.

Why Do Women Quarrel?

By Sara Moon



The "Peace Party" meets.

The women were specialists in medicine, farming, single tax, chemistry, conservation of forests, style, tuberculosis prevention, etc. keeping an international peace movement. Red Cross, socialism and music. But the vital question which started the row was voted by an innocent (spinster) bystander.

"At what age should a baby be changed from long to short clothes?"

trousers' leg and trail along the floor.

Claim agents of many corporations and the dictograph of service in detecting and preventing industrial damage. Each claimant and his witness are made to wait for a few minutes in a very completely "dictographed" room. If the claim is fraudulent they are likely to take this opportunity to relate the stories and agree on the amount that are being given.

But their every whisper is heard and taken down by a stenographer in an inner office, and the best-laid plans are often thus exposed by the conspirators themselves.

EUROPE'S SMALL LIGHT BILIA.

Book-keeping Methods Enable Small Consumers to be Handled in a Wholesale Manner.

[Electrical World:] In this country many of the electric light stations serve a large part of their customers at a loss. This is due to the fact that the interest on the investment made to supply the meter and keeping the accounts, is often times more than the actual return for the electricity generated.

In Europe the chance of small customers from unprofitable to profitable ones has been brought about in a large measure by reducing the fixed costs of serving them. This has been done by adapting the methods of making possible the wholesale handling of small customers.

The importance of the small and very small consumers to the electric light companies is recognized to such a degree in Europe that in many places large amounts are invested by the electric light companies in small customers, that is, financing aid is extended to small customers toward payment of the cost of their lighting houses.

In the city of Milan the laboring classes enjoy all the comforts of electricity and the electric light stations are the chief supporters of the state of the ruling class.

Hence the ruling classes will be more and more forced to

make use of socialistic measures to try to save the Socialist remedy.

But the ruling classes upon the

triumph of Socialism will be forced to

make use of socialistic measures to

keep the ruling classes in power.

Frank, "I believe that the war will be

short. It is long the people will

suffer the more, but the longer it is,

the more socialism will gain. War

will compel the ruling class to do

what people could not compel them to do in peace time no intensity

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The Theaters

and the Tide—Foreign Correspondence.

By Sara Moon

The Mighty Conflict—Part III.

The Times

LOS ANGELES

XIVth YEAR.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1915.

Voice of the Press—4 Pages.

POPULATION—By the Federal Census (1910)—916,500
By the City Directory (1914)—916,500

Here Are Some of the New Selections:

Go-Hawaiian Medley Waltz
Sweet Home—Medley Waltz
Fox Trot.

Go Low—Tape—Fox Trot.

Victor—Hesitation.

Victor—Gavotte Hesitation.

Victor—Song of the Sycamore.

Edna Brown—F. Harrison

Edna Brown—F. Harrison

J. Reed—J. F. Harrison

Campbell and Burr

Victor Opera Company

Pietro Diero

Pietro Diero

Schneckenburger—Wilhelm

Sure You See the New Style Victrolas at

Barker Bros
ESTABLISHED 1880Photograph Dept. Open Saturday Evenings
724 to 738 So. Broadway

Tuberculosis prevention, scientific

Entertainments

Theater

CORIU

BIG WEEK

MARCH 29 SEATS NOW ON SALE

ANSMAN

NIGHTS NOW ON SALE

MATTRESS 100

NO. 100. MATRESS 100

in The Sign of the Rose

ESTIC Theater

OF HAROLD BELL WIRTZ

OF BARBARA WORT

Morrow. Nigh

TUESTU

FESTU

Jinks

BUDDY PRIDE

Saturday and Sunday

James Morrison

10

SS RESCU

FRANCIS X. BURRMAN

The Standard of Vaud

10-25-30-45-50 hours. 11

WILHELM & HURT

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

CLASS: MILLARD

VERITY

Orchestra Concerto 2 and 4

10

attene Today—All Next

POTASH

PERLUMITE

Alvarado Between 8th

Open Saturday

Main St. 8th and 9th

Main St. 8th and 9th

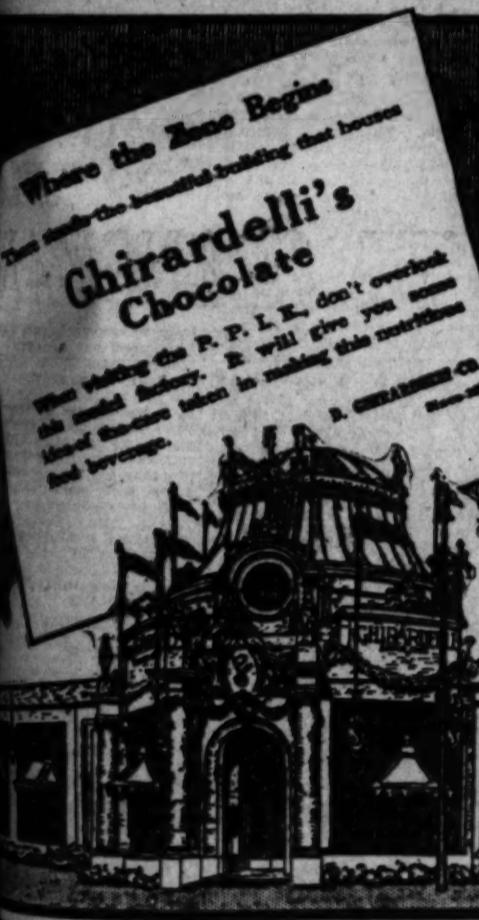
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Phone any time day or night—

60517—Main 738.

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Exposition

A wonderfully beautiful Exposition of architecture, art, landscape, painting, music, sculpture, painting open and waiting for you.

\$5.00 away
Los Angeles, that being the excursionTrains at—
9:10 a.m. 3:00 p.m.
1:10 p.m. 11:59 p.m.
—with parlors in the day
and sleeping cars at night.Santa Fe City Office, 334 So. Spring St.
Phone any time day or night—
60517—Main 738.the Cawston Ostrich Farm
Giant sport.
ROUND TRIP INCLUDED.
ADMISSION TO PARK ONLY.

How Sgt. O'Leary Won the Victoria Cross.



© by New York Herald Co.

In this picture, drawn especially for the New York Herald, Sgt. O'Leary is shown attacking a German machine gun crew single handed. How he "practically captured the enemy's position by himself," which earned him the Victoria Cross and his promotion, was told by Company Quartermaster Sergeant J. G. Lowry, of the Irish Guards, who was present at the time. He states: "Lance Corporal O'Leary, when he got near the end of one of the German machine gun nests, he did many others a long way behind him. The enemy had discovered what was up. A machine gun was O'Leary's mark. Before the Germans could manage to slew it round and meet the charging men O'Leary picked off the whole of the five of the machine gun crew, and, leaving some of his mates to come up and capture the gun, he dashed forward to the second barricade, which the Germans were quitting in a hurry, and shot three more."

London.

ZIONISTS PLAN
RENEWED WORK.ANXIOUS TO SECURE GRANT OF
EQUAL RIGHTS.

Federation in England Reiterates its Loyalty to the Original Programme and Appeals for Harmony Within the Ranks of its Own People.

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE]

LONDON, March 15.—The English Zionist Federation, whose object is to obtain for the Jewish people a legally secured, publicly recognized home in Palestine, says in a statement issued by the executive council that it will work with renewed vigor towards this goal, in view of the conditions brought about by the war.

The statement continues in part:

"The council is anxious to help, as far as lies in its power, in such measures as may be necessary to secure for Jews equality of civil and political rights with their fellow-citizens in those countries where at present such rights are denied them. They are also prepared to associate themselves with any steps that may be taken for preventing any loss of rights through

transfers of territory from one power to another as a result of the war."

"Further, the council desires—and particularly at the moment when the war is drawing to a close—and in a sense favorable, as we all hope, to freedom—to reiterate its undeviating loyalty to the Zionist programme as enunciated from Congress to Congress, and the establishment of a publicly-recognized, legally-secured home for the Jewish people in Palestine. In this object the council sees, and cordially welcomes, the cooperation of other Jewish organizations and also the aid of the assistance of Jews and Jewish organizations generally in any part of the programme for Palestine, whether in the establishment of agricultural colonies, the development of industries, the promotion of Hebrew as a living language, the maintenance of schools, or the foundation of Hebrew university.

"The council feels that there may be many Jews who are not fully sharing Jewish national aspirations, yet desire to show their solidarity with their people and to promote their spiritual, cultural, and economic interests. To such Jews the council appeals for their support of the programme for Palestine as a living language, the maintenance of schools, or the foundation of Hebrew university.

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PERFORMANCES this week start at 12:30, 2:00, 3:30, 5, 6:30, and 9:30 p.m. PRICES 10 AND CENTS.

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Shay's Cafeteria

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Home Cooked Food

Breakfast 7 to 9 A.M.

Lunch 11 to 2

Dinner 5 to 7 P.M.



Hand Bags for Easter \$335

No question about the timeliness of such a sale, with every other woman looking for a new bag to carry with her spring costume!

Hundreds of fine handbags and purses; made of the choicest and most popular leathers—pig, seal, Morocco, real seal and real walrus, etc., the most sought-after styles; values up to \$4.50.

Party Bags at Half Price
About fifty, only, of these, ranging in former prices from \$4.50 to \$15, to be closed out of stock at half. (Leather Goods; Main Floor)

Vestees and Guimpes, Special \$1

Qualities here that ordinarily sell up to as high as \$2.25, but only one or two of a kind—of organdie and fine mull; finished with lace edge, hand embroidered; with tucked fronts; or set off with pearl or black velvet buttons and ribbon; very pretty plus, indeed, for a dollar.

(Neckwear; Main Floor)

Correct Easter Apparel Fairly Priced

Here at Coulter's the garments you buy are distinctive as much for the absence of the extreme as for the fitness of what is included. Never the fussiness of extra pleats, here fewer pleats serve best; never an uncalled-for ornament—nothing that tends to destroy the elegance of simplicity.

Staple Ribbons at 15 Cents a Yard

Good, durable, stiff qualities for hair ribbons, etc., shown in every desirable style; you will find these ribbons excellent values at the price—moires and silk taffeta weaves.

Warp Prints and Stripes
You also be had at twenty-five cents a yard, though their previous selling prices have been up to 75c a yard.

Millinery Ribbons
In a diversity that leaves nothing desired.

(Ribbons; Main Floor)

And that is why, this spring, we are busy as can be with particular customers who appreciate the best:

Plain Tailored Suits
—in men's wear, navy serge, guaranteed linings; button trimmed, remarkable values at \$25.00.

White Serge Suits
—and gabardines; these plain in character or fancy; \$25 to \$35.

Confirmation Dresses
—and styles for Easter wear; in nets, combined with net laces; voiles, trimmed with voile embroidery or laces; at \$12.50 to \$40.

Garments
—for girls of two to six; in serges and granite weaves; with collars and cuffs of silk or self materials; \$6.50 to \$11.

(Garments; Second Floor)

Crepe de Chine Lingerie for Easter Toilettes

The choicest and filmiest of lingerie should be worn under dainty Easter costumes. Crepe de chine most admirably answers every requirement—and, in this sale, surprisingly inexpensive, due to having a buyer right in the New York market, for just such bargains:

Combinations

Not all regularly for \$1.75 to \$5.00, \$3.95. Those ordinarily \$7.50, \$5. Those ordinarily \$8, \$6.75. Those ordinarily \$8.75, \$7. Those for \$1.25. (Underwear; Second Floor)

Plain Camisoles

—to be worn under very thin, lacy blouses; in chiffon or crepe de chine; white or flesh color; regularly \$3.50, \$2.95.



The Exposition Collar First Here

One of the prettiest things in spring neckwear is the new so-called Exposition collar; it is made from a new material—wash voile—and is a high flaring shape, so seemed that it will stand without boning; prettily trimmed with pearl wash or black satin buttons and ribbon; picot edges and hand-embroidered corners.

To be strictly in vogue, at least one of these Exposition collars is a necessity—here, first, of course, at 75c to \$2.75. (Neckwear; Main Floor)

Bedding, Sheets and Pillow Cases for Less Than Usual

Sturdy, dependable bedding, sheets and pillow cases; all at marked reductions for housekeepers who value savings:

Pequot Sheets and Cases

—the genuine; in plain, hemmed and hemstitched; in practically every size. Notwithstanding the fact that the Pequot Mills burned, we have a good assortment on hand, and every one is specially priced for Saturday only.

Coulter's "Rex" and Coulter's "Special" Sheets and Pillow Cases

Brands put up under our own guarantee—made of full bleached muslin; free from dressing; no coarse no seams in center; finished with 3 and 1-inch hems, torn size marked on every one:

Coulter's "Rex"

—sizes 42x36 and 45x36; regularly 22½c and 25c. Cases—sizes 42x36, 45x36 and 50x38½—regularly 18c, 20c and 25c, now 13½c, 15c and 20c each.

—all sizes from 54x90, regularly 70c, now 60c, Sheets—sizes from 54x90, regularly 60c, now 50c, up to 90x108, regularly \$1.15, now \$1.05. (Domestic; Rear South Aisle)

Spring Arrivals in Men's Furnishings Now

Every man will dare venture out Easter Sunday without at least attempt to look as well as does woman by his side.

We are ready to do our share correct toilette suits; with big new assortments of every good good of haberdashery.

The Spring Shirts

we carry only standard, well-made—Savoy, Wilson Bros. and shown in pleated or plain shirts; and with attached cuffs; and we have a handsome assortment of

Soft Shirts

soft cuffs, ranging in price from \$1 to \$6.

Interwoven Hose

in appearance and in durability; in cotton, lisle

at 25c, 35c, 50c and \$1.

Special Underwear

silken shirts and drawers—broken lines; regularly 50c, for \$1.75.

Union Suits; short sleeves, make length; extra: regularly \$2.75.

White Ribbed Union Suits; white; short sleeves; % length; extra: regularly \$1.50.

White ribbed Union Suits; white; short sleeves; % length; extra: regularly \$1.50.

Men's shirts and drawers—broken lines; regularly 50c a garment; to close, each 35c. (Men's Furnishings; South Aisle)



"Limited Quantity" Saturday Specials

Upon which we can fill no mail or telephone orders:

25c Tooth Brushes; every one guaranteed; dozens of styles; not more than two to a customer at 15c; two for 25c.

\$1.25 Rubber Cushion Hair Brushes; one to a customer, \$1.25.

\$1.50 Stationery; good quality; about 350 boxes, not more than one box to a customer, 50c.

\$1.50 Shrimps Outfits; including brush, duster and polish in black, tan or white; one set to a customer, at 25c.

\$2.25 Desk Clocks; guaranteed good time-keepers; nickel plated; one to a customer, at \$1.25.

\$2.50 Military Brushes; guaranteed good bristles; one pair to a customer, at \$1.25.

\$2.50 Sanitary Aprons; for protecting outer garments; not more than three to a customer at 20c; three for 50c.

\$2.75 Elite Florida Water....25c

Smelling Salts, put up in neat silver deposit bottles; excellent values at.....50c.

\$2.75 Girdle Forms; assorted sizes in white; three to a customer, at 10c; three for 25c.

\$2.75 Easter Toy Rabbits, one to a customer, at \$1.25.

\$2.75 Military Brushes; guaranteed good bristles; one pair to a customer, at \$1.25.

\$2.75 Roast Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce

New Spinach

Mashed Potatoes

Macaroni

Demi Tasse

(Cafe—Fourth Floor)

Today's 50c Luncheon

Served from 11 to 3 o'clock, consists of

Chowder, Soup, with Rice

Roast Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce

New Spinach

Mashed Potatoes

Macaroni

Demi Tasse

(Cafe—Fourth Floor)

50c Elite Florida Water....25c

Smelling Salts, put up in neat silver deposit bottles; excellent values at.....50c.

Fancy Silk Vanity Bags; new, containing puff and powder; regularly 25c.....15c.

(Toilet Goods; South Aisle)

50c Elite Florida Water....25c

Smelling Salts, put up in neat silver deposit bottles; excellent values at.....50c.

Fancy Silk Vanity Bags; new, containing puff and powder; regularly 25c.....15c.

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50c Elite Florida Water....2

Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top—Los Angeles County News.

Pasadena.

ADMIRAL TALKS OF GREAT WAR.

Aeroplane the Big Factor in Field Operations.

Lesson to be Learned After Strife Subsides.

Election Chairman Attacked in Pasadena Meeting.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

PASADENA, March 27.—The important part which the aeroplane is playing in the European struggle has fully tested its value in warfare as well as along other lines, stated Rear-Admiral Thomas Chalmers McLean just returned from the exposition in San Diego, and will visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco upon their departure from Pasadena. Later in the spring they will return to their home in New York.

Admiral McLean was enthusiastic in his praise of California in giving the world two such wonderful expositions.

"The aeroplane," he said, "has taken hold of such a gigantic task and to have gone right through with it. Not that they need much to stimulate this pride," he added with a twinkle in his eye. "He said that he had not forgotten the California spirit of boasting, which impressed him the first trip he ever made here, and he remembers it with pleasure.

SOME MIX-UP.

Numerous blows were aimed at John Hay last night when, as chairman of the Election Committee, he reported with reference to the coming election of City Commissioners. The meeting was held at the Masonic Temple. Jimmie Johnson, president of the North Los Robles Avenue Improvement Association, was in session.

His report brought on a small-sized riot, which was settled with difficulty. The blows and the harsh words were hurled with such rapidity that after the meeting was over those attending declared that they did not remember what was done or said, but did remember that some excitement existed.

KIDS MUST SWIM.

Believing that every child should know how to swim, Chairman Metcalf of the City Commission has made arrangements with L. D. Soper, supervisor of swimming places at Brookside, to give free instruction to every pupil of the grammar grades of the Pasadena public schools.

"Every child should learn to swim," said Mr. Metcalf. "Young people are not only a healthful exercise, but it is a great benefit for a person to be able to handle himself in the water."

OPPOSE "BATTLESHIPS."

The "battleship" cars which have been the cause of fresh complaints being filed with the City Commission.

Nothing startling has been done though many surprises have been en- countered by the side.

"Because of the war, people are now thinking along lines which had re-

ceived little or no attention before.

The United States government and the people fully realize now more than ever before the value of being prepared for defense. Not with an aggressive army and navy but one which is sufficient to protect her rights.

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"Because of its great use in Europe its development is vastly greater than it would have been otherwise, and it is perfectly obvious now how absolutely important it is in warfare," added the rear-admiral.

"It has proven of far greater use than the Zeppelin, which has not been a great success. Especially is this true of the aeroplane as a means of observation work. The aeroplane has shown it to be of such great value that the world could not help but recognize it."

Admiral McLean said that he did not think the science of warfare had greatly advanced; that the methods employed now are very much the same as they have always been. Nothing startling has been done though many surprises have been en- countered by the side.

"The lesson of this war cannot be determined until it is over; there are so many points of view," declared the former naval officer. "But the generosity and benevolence of the people not engaged in the conflict, is unpre- cedented."

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County News

GOAL FOR THOUSAND FOLK.

Aim a Greater Sunday-school.

to Reach the Mark by Easter Day.

News of the Local Religious Field.

Sunday-school of the Trinity Episcopal Church, South, is to become the largest on the city. It expects to reach the mark by Easter Sunday. The last Sunday was within the mark.

Sunday morning for six weeks has repeated in connection with growing enthusiasm.

—What does it mean?

Sunday-school on the

pressured a steady increase due to a persistent and well managed campaign.

the Sunday-school

that the \$11,900,000

shall have a school com-

with the equipment. From

the small child all mem-

bers are involved for the

work for Easter.

task, however, that the

school has set for itself. It

fact in religious circles

first, Methodist Episcopal

the Sunday-school in the

three other Sunday-schools

attendance, but they are

in schools, drawing on many

for their contributions.

Methodist Sunday-school

has the record of an en-

rollment of 3798. This includes the

and the "home" depart-

members do not attend

at the church; but the

the Sunday-school the Sunday-

1200 persons.

Church believes, however,

possible to work up a Sun-

attendance in keeping with

is fully determined to have

Sunday-school on the Pa-

and we are rapidly nearing

Rev. C. S. Selecman, pas-

the day when the women

increasingly in numbers that

increasing enthusiasm.

in possession of the

the world, coming in all a

we felt

have one of the largest

the world. Our ex-

the latest methods are

the desired results."

"PASSEOVER"

FEAST IS AT LARGEST.

Local church making extensive

preparations for the observation of the

the Sabbath, will be on

the latest

the synagogue.

Citrus Market Western Citrus Set Quotation

EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

Kanakau, scales, 20@22 per
case, boxes, western stock,
155; best barrel stock, 150;
Grapefruit, boxes, 1.75@2.25.

Kansas City Market,
1st DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

KANSAS CITY, March 26—Cold. Demand fair. One car
Kans. City Fruit Auction Co.
NAVELS.

Jupiter, Amer. P. C. D.
Mojojo, Pac. F. P. C.
SHELDING.

Sapho BLOODS—Market.
1st DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

BOSTON, March 26—Four
cars sold. Market strong on
orange and lemons.

NAVELS.

Green Banner, Ruth, F. Co.
Elephant, Elephant Orch.
Peachapple, H.H.

Orangedale Red, G. D.

Gray Elephant, Eleph. Orchard

Pointed C. O. C.

Red S. B. Ex.

Red Hill, Or. Ex.

SEEDLINGS.

Pathappa, H.H.

BLOODS—HALVES

Quail BLOODS—HALVES

Coyotes BLOODS—HALVES

Philadelphia Market,
1st DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

PHILADELPHIA, March 26—Cars
sold. Market is strong on
NAVELS.

Quail, O. K. Ex.

Cervena, O. K. Ex.

Elephant, E.C.U.

Del Diablo, E.C.U.

Manchito, S.T. Ex.

Heppenrider, S.D. Ex.

Native Sea, Imp., King, F. Co.

Elephant Head, I.L. Lyon Sons

Buffalo Head, I.L. Lyon Sons

Salt Lake

BLOODS—HALVES

Cleveland Market,
1st DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

CLEVELAND, March 26—Cars
sold. Market is strong on
lemons.

NAVELS.

Golden Rod, Highgate O.G.A.

Nubian, Amer. P. C. D.

Palm Tree, A.H. Ex.

China, H.H. Ex.

Billiken, Riv. Ex.

Gold Buckle, R.H. Ex.

Bell, R.H. Ex.

Reed, S.A. Ex.

LEMONS.

A One, Val Vista, S.B. Ex.

CHINESE FRUIT SHIPPERS,
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

March 25 231 232

TULARE COUNTY

ORANGES

March 24 4 5

Oranges Daily Market.

1st A. P. NIGHT WIRE

LAND (Or) Mat. 26—Whet

total sales, 2500 bushels at 3
cents per bushel, 75 under
scale.

Reed, Red, L. Red, Red.

1st A. P. NIGHT WIRE

COTTON GOES BROWN

1st A. P. NIGHT WIRE

SAVANNAH (Ga.) March 26—
Cotton, 42@45; sales, 47@48;
shippings, 187; stocks, 118.

1st A. P. 2.80@3.00; C. D. P.
2.05; I. 3.10; K. 3.20; M. 4.00;
WG and WW, 5.00.

To Shareholders
Goldfield Great Bond
Company:

If your certificates are not
named, send them to the Great
Goldfield, New York, and have
them registered in the name
of the record. You will then
be entitled to receive the
important dividends and
interests up to May 1, 1915,
date of record.

Internal Revenue is for 25 years
from date of record.

CHARLES S. SPAGNUT, Pres.

Capital \$1,000,000.00

Home Savings Bank

8th and Broadway

Calif. in Municipal Bond
and Corporation Bonds

ORDERS IN LIEU OF SECURITIES
SAN FRANCISCO.

GAGE BONDS

per cent. for one year on
Mortgage Co. W. Washington
Bank on request.

HOUSE BANKS.

OFFICERS

WATERS, Pres. Capital
FETTERGREN, Secy. Capital
of Pres.

BANKS.

SAVINGS BANK
FOURTH STREET
of Strength

1st and Savings

SPRING & SEVENTH STS. LOS ANGELES

Grain
HUMORS
LOWER WHEAT.

IN WEAK AND NEARLY
GENTS DOWN.

of Turkish Defections
Probability of Bulgaria
Entering the Con-
federation—Enter the
Confederation News—Coca
Leaf—Fall Off.

1st DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

Kanakau, scales, 20@22 per
case, boxes, western stock,
155; best barrel stock, 150;
Grapefruit, boxes, 1.75@2.25.

Kansas City Market,
1st DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

KANSAS CITY, March 26—Cold.
Demand fair. One car
Kans. City Fruit Auction Co.

NAVELS.

Jupiter, Amer. P. C. D.

Mojojo, Pac. F. P. C.

SEEDLINGS.

Sapho BLOODS—Market.

1st DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

BOSTON, March 26—Four
cars sold. Market strong on
orange and lemons.

NAVELS.

Green Banner, Ruth, F. Co.

Elephant, Elephant Orch.

Peachapple, H.H.

Orangedale Red, G. D.

Gray Elephant, Eleph. Orchard

Pointed C. O. C.

Red S. B. Ex.

Red Hill, Or. Ex.

SEEDLINGS.

Pathappa, H.H.

BLOODS—HALVES

Quail BLOODS—HALVES

Coyotes BLOODS—HALVES

Philadelphia Market,
1st DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

PHILADELPHIA, March 26—Cars
sold. Market is strong on
NAVELS.

Quail, O. K. Ex.

Cervena, O. K. Ex.

Elephant, E.C.U.

Del Diablo, E.C.U.

Manchito, S.T. Ex.

Heppenrider, S.D. Ex.

Native Sea, Imp., King, F. Co.

Elephant Head, I.L. Lyon Sons

Buffalo Head, I.L. Lyon Sons

Salt Lake

BLOODS—HALVES

Cleveland Market,
1st DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

CLEVELAND, March 26—Cars
sold. Market is strong on
lemons.

NAVELS.

Golden Rod, Highgate O.G.A.

Nubian, Amer. P. C. D.

Palm Tree, A.H. Ex.

China, H.H. Ex.

Billiken, Riv. Ex.

Gold Buckle, R.H. Ex.

Bell, R.H. Ex.

Reed, S.A. Ex.

LEMONS.

A One, Val Vista, S.B. Ex.

LAND (Or) Mat. 26—Whet

total sales, 2500 bushels at 3
cents per bushel, 75 under
scale.

Reed, Red, L. Red, Red.

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Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the City Hall.

BILLBOARD LAW FINALLY PASSED.

MAYOR SIGNS IT FEW MINUTES AFTER PASSAGE.

Regulation of Sign Space Provided to Measure Which Shoots Through Council and into Mayor's Office in Rush—Morality Clause Censors Character of Heading and Pictures.

The Mayor signed the new billboard ordinance yesterday a few minutes after it had been passed by the City Council by a unanimous vote. After two years of delay, the ordinance quickened its pace yesterday, the Council voted it through in a hurry, and the Mayor's signature came in a rush at the finish.

The ordinance regulates all billboards, signsboards and kindred advertising space, but the Council did not pass the ordinance requiring the issuance of permits, deciding to defer action on that measure until the Illinois Supreme Court passes on the appeal of a Chicago case involving the question that an applicant for billboard-space must file with his application the written consent of a majority of the frontage in the block on both sides of the street where it is proposed to locate the billboard.

The "upping" ordinance, affecting space which is not regularly billboard space, will come up later, as the principle could not be included in the regulation which passed yesterday.

While Mayor Rose hastened to sign his signature, he said it was not as drastic as he would have liked but that it is a move in the right direction. The ordinance, he said, is the result of an investigation conducted by the Public Welfare Committee, of which Councilman Wheeler is chairman, and his committee held many public hearings, as well as gathered data from other cities.

The salient features of the ordinance are:

Billboards must not be more than 11½ in. in height. An area of from twelve to eighteen inches must be shown between the baseboard and the ground, except in the case of billboards on the sides of building or those which are intended to indicate vacant lots.

No billboard shall be erected nearer to the sidewalk than from the front line of the nearest house in the same block, or the same way. This does not apply to billboards intended to indicate empty lots.

Non-combustible material shall be used in billboards in fire district No. 5. Outside of the district billboards may be constructed of inflammable material providing they are kept six feet from buildings.

The ordinance requires that all combustible and inflammable material shall be removed from billboards and that the names of owners of the billboards must be posted upon them conspicuously.

The "moral" clause in the ordinance provides that there shall be no purged billboards only. No words of an obscene, immoral or indecent nature or pictures of any human figure that offend public morality or anything else that is offensive to the moral sense are allowed.

In a year from now the existing billboards that are contrary to the provisions of this ordinance shall be torn down.

TAXED ENOUGH!

HALT CALLED ON TRUCKS.

Contending that the owners of heavy-type auto trucks are taxed enough already, the Public Utilities Committee of the Council yesterday showed its disposition to deny the request of the Auto Club of Southern California that an additional road tax be placed upon these vehicles. Representatives of the M. & M. Association and the Motor Truck Dealers' Association protested against the enactment of any such ordinance, and the Auto Club's arguments were not present at the hearing.

Councilman Landron led the fight against the adoption of the Auto Club resolution. This resolution set forth that the roads are being injured more by heavy-type trucks than by any other vehicles and for that reason the heavier trucks should be made to bear a tax in addition to that which is laid upon other vehicles. An order was passed up the horse power of the heavy trucks was requested.

Councilman Roberts, chairman of the committee, was also disposed to deny the petition, but he insisted upon giving the Auto Club another chance to appear and support the petition.

Engineer Howell of the Board of Public Utilities, who made an investigation of the effect of the traffic of heavy trucks upon the streets, reported to the Auto Club that it was upon this report as well as upon a disinclination to make the tax burdens greater that the committee indicated its disapproval of the proposed ordinance.

However, the committee will meet next Friday, and if the Auto Club representatives do not appear the matter will be dropped.

ON MINER FILE.

COMPROMISE IS TALKED.

Sister Harbor, Connie Anderson met with the Harbor Committee and Acting Traffic Manager Matson yesterday to lay preliminary plans for the compromise conference with the Outer Harbor Dock and Wharf Committee next Tuesday over the proposed settlement of leasehold rights to the Miner file.

The company has indicated that it wants a lease on the property to run fifty years, but it developed at the conference yesterday that the city charter prohibits the lease of longer than thirty years, but that the city would have the right at the expiration of that time to extend the lease another ten years.

No action was taken by the committee on the compromise as was given by any of those who participated in the conference.

CLOTH HALL TRIMMINGS.

The International Mercantile Marine Steamship Company will make the Los Angeles Harbor a port of call about May 15, according to Clarence Matson, acting traffic manager of the harbor. The Kroonland and Finland are expected to berth here from New York about the time.

The sidewalk of Hoover street from Fifty-second street to Slauson avenue was ordered yesterday by the Council and the City Engineer instructed to prepare an ordinance.

The City Engineer has been in-

structed to advise the Council as to the propriety of leasing lands at Hyperion to the Potassium Manufacturing Company.

The Pacific Electric franchise on Western avenue from Santa Monica boulevard to Melrose avenue was ordered abandoned by the Council yesterday.

At the Courthouse.

MESALLIANCE IS HARD TO UNITE.

SHE WHO MARRIED JAPANESE MAY GO TO RENO.

White Woman, Tiring of Match, Tries Hard to Secure Divorce, but Husband Fights Case—Their Daughter is Binding Link—So Far Her Quest Discouraging.

Having rushed into a mesalliance with Frank T. Kuranaga, the rich tea merchant of San Francisco, Mrs. Leocadia Cook Kuranaga, the daughter of well-to-do Caucasians, is having a hard time to free herself from the tie that binds. The road she is traveling is so hard, in fact, that failed yesterday in her request to have her second suit for divorce dismissed, Mrs. Kuranaga became almost hysterical.

She has tired of her Japanese husband, whose wealth was swept away in the San Francisco fire and who is rehabilitating himself at Redondo Beach as an auctioneer.

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Mrs. Hunt asserts that Neve's mother gave the child to her as she was dying.

Mr. Vanzant denies this.

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27, 1915.—[PART II]

TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1915.

Sierra Power Bond Issue.

Sierra Company Given Plan to go Ahead with First Paper by Commission. Final order authorizing the issue of \$300,000 first mortgage twenty-five-year bonds by Southern Sierras Power Company was issued yesterday by the State Commission. These bonds were originally authorized some weeks ago by the commission withheld final approval until the company had balanced its accounts with the construction company.

In the course of the investigation it developed that the Southern Sierras Power Company was controlled by the Sierras Construction Company under a contract by which the construction company charged the power company the full cost of work and added 15 per cent. The power company had arranged to eliminate the premium proposed should access be given to the construction company. Both companies were controlled by the same individual.

If You Want to Know

more about the

Sierras Construction

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and the

Sierra Power

Company

ask the

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
(THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

18th Year—New Series | Single Copies, by mail or at
Volume VII, No. 1. News Agencies, 10 Cents.
Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912;
Jan. 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1913.
OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIDS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliation, it is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

Californian in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 102,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the Illustrated Weekly (or 52 copies of each) costing, post-paid, \$3.00, or even a quarterly mail subscription to both (13 copies of each) costing only \$1.00, post-paid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent to any separate address, post-paid, for 65 cents additional, or one extra copy will be sent 6 months for \$1.30 in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Price, with the Sunday Times, \$3.00 per year; without, \$2.00 a year in advance. Sample copies mailed free on request.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly

Average Week-end Output, exceeding 102,000.

LOCE AHNG-HAYL-AIS
AND THE COAST.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, now in its eighteenth year, shows in this issue some notable changes, which alert readers will themselves discover at a glance. Included among these changes are a considerable enlargement, a striking double-page illustration, several full-page pictures, and the introduction of color—a number of the pages being printed in an attractive soft brown or sepia ink, a shade pleasant to the eye and artistic in its effects.

In the wide-ranging text appear several timely illustrated articles. Among them is an editorial-page description of the famous Owens River Aqueduct, that far-flung, far-reaching internal improvement achieved by the people of Los Angeles, with the illustrious and enduring water engineer, William Mulholland, to lead them—a mighty project which has just emerged triumphant from a long, baseless, unwarranted assault upon it by badly-advised, selfish, ignorant, and in some cases vicious antagonists. These malcontents deservedly lost their case in court; the battle was superbly won, legally, physically, financially and morally, by the city, to the good of all her people (even including these malcontents themselves) and to the greatness and glory of this ever-advancing metropolis and her broad environs, which require much good water "in their business."

Deep conviction on our part that this all-essential public enterprise was essentially right, and that its antagonists were eternally wrong in their opposition, have made the basis for the immovable stand taken by the Daily Times and the Illustrated Weekly from the very inception of the splendid project.

The Voice of the People.

FOR the benefit of those who have not voted for several weeks and are worrying lest they get out of the habit it may be stated that our cheerful and otherwise magnificent city will pull off a couple of these vox populi stunts in the near future.

The electorate will be invited to take its little rubber stamp in hand and record its preference for Mayor, Councilmen and other arbiters of public policy.

The first business in order is the elimination contest which decides who shall be the nominees in the finals. Gentlemanly and ungentlemanly ushers are now passing through the highways and hedges soliciting the signatures to the petitions that are essential in giving the candidate a running start. This petition-mongering is quite a trade and came into existence through the devious operations of the direct pri-

mary law. To be successful at it the man—or woman—should be talkative, persistent and impervious to insult. In other words he or she should be a perfect nuisance in order to get by with it. As a business it is a cross between highway robbery and disturbing the peace. As an art it is a smattering of vaudeville and pyrography. Sometimes it is an honest labor of love on behalf of a friend, but most times it is a sordid question of a jitney or two bits. Signatures are worth from a nickel to a quarter, according to the merits or demerits of the candidate, and on occasion the signer will want his share of the commission. A voter who is not overly particular in the use of his name can gather in quite a bunch of smokes by using his fountain pen for all comers. Perchance he can trade his signature for a shave or a shine, but never for a loaf of bread or a can of beans.

Since lovely woman has full franchise the woman with the petition is almost as numerous as her male ally, and it is the signatures of the men rather than of her sex she seeks. She is no coy debutante, but a florid, breezy and assertive person who is not afraid of any man that ever hugged his stenographer. If anybody bites her she will bite back—and keep it up.

The candidates who are qualifying for the primary all hope to figure in the finals, but they can't. Under the present form of municipal government the Mayor of Los Angeles is not as important and essential as he sometimes thinks he is. If he can grin, turn handsprings, and make a fourth hand at pinochle he can worry through the job without much friction. So far as actual responsibility is concerned he has about as much of it as the night-watchman at a stone quarry. His authority is mainly of a negative quality. Sometimes he can say: "Thou shalt not." But if he says: "Come on boys," the gang is likely to yawn and look the other way. Either that or they will throw their boots into his system without bothering to take off the spurs.

The people of our wholesome and praiseworthy town think they know what kind of a Mayor they want, but do they get him?

They do not.

Nevertheless they usually have one qualified for the job, which largely con-



Old Sleuth, the Balance Sheet.

By Herbert Kaufman.

You're going to lose your job. The boss isn't on to you yet, but Old Sleuth, the balance sheet, has taken up your trail and it's only a matter of time before his eagle eye will locate the thief who is *stealing the firm's opportunities*.

You're playing a crooked game, *robbing your employer* of his chances to procure the best ideas and secure the best men in the market. Your craze for credit is interfering with his pursuit of *cash*. You're obsessed with the same futile notion that has ruined thousands before you—you think it's possible to block a meritorious proposition from an outside source—what you can't do you won't have done.

You've passed a little tariff law of your own and while you are in charge of the port of entry all suggestions of foreign origin will be debarred from landing.

Like many another infant industry, you aspire to too much protection. But there's one form of *duty* which you *overlook*—the *duty* which every employee owes to his *paymaster*.

To insure your own security you jealously discourage the expression of enterprise and originality in your assistants. You detect a rival in every competent subordinate and select only commonplace and inferior helpers, under the delusion that by measurement with your underlings you will stand out like a giant.

But digging away the earth around a pole doesn't lift it an inch higher. It merely brings the dirty section out of hiding.

We measure *merit* by its *rise* and

sists of saying pleasant words to the visiting gentlemen of the turnverein and keeping a box of cigars in a roller-top desk.

In connection with the coming outbreak of the electorate we are likely to have a referendum or two. The referendum is a wild animal that was brought over from Switzerland in a cheese box. It broke its confinement while at Sacramento and has since been running up and down the State biting people when they were not looking and making a noise like a round hole.

In practice the referendum expects a man to come out and take a shot at the last freak exudation of some pimply legislator. In the approaching turmoil we are again liable to have to pass on the grave problem of whether the gent with the white apron may give away a piece of liver with each tub of suds. It was thought that the free lunch question was settled at a former election. But it seems not. The free lunch will not stay down. The hotels and restaurants want to drive the hamburger sandwich from its alluring position on the lunch counter, but its friends always rally to the rescue in numbers. If we are to have free speech on the street corners we must have free lunch in the saloons.

Another proposition which was ripening for a place on the ballot was the matter of regulating that fiery insect known as the jitney bus. There are a lot of people who are willing that this frenzied creature should rave up

by the same token men merit measurement by the means through which they seek to rise. The worth of executives is not obtainable by contrast with second-rate chaps we estimate them by the efficiency of similar officers in rival busi-

nesses.

Last week you aborted presentation of a plan which would have effected economies. Yesterday you

held a practical scheme from notice of the folks higher. Rumor is lately hinting that it's a waste of time to bring a first idea to your firm—that you can exercise your right of decision solely on behalf and deny the

of way to your betters.

But you can't get away with

disclosure is inevitable. You

manage to repel invasion of

private office, but when the

the year arrives and the

moment reviews the annual state

dollars and cents will tell and tell

too.

There's no room in either busi-

or business for solitaire

The grandstander who can

his individual average without

or a thing to laugh about, rather

garnet to the fate of the nine, down

in a serious, consistent, compelling

last in any organization. If

had horse instead of an

paper, and the rights of a

analyze the careers of a few neutrals to navigate the high seas as

successful operators and find them off of the international statu-

you're not working for

seven seas might as well be

when you're not working for

as a mare clausum so far as

Britain is concerned according

to her government.

There is no doubt in the world that

the rights of neutrals are brus-

ly denied by that proclamation.

Or we are well acquainted with the

Great Britain alleges as the

of her high-handed proceed-

And it is impossible to deny that

are some solid reasons in the

actions made by that power. She

and Germany make a battalions and

of every principle of inter-

national law in their charges and coun-

tries, criminalizations and recrimi-

one against the other.

The ground for trampling upon

the rights of neutrals laid down by

Great Britain is the submarine activity

of the German navy, together with the

sewing of mines in the partially-

many claims that Great Britain has

own mines as well as she has, and

if Great Britain had the sub-

marines she would use them in the

ways as the Teutons use theirs.

Then besides the undersea craft there

the upper-air craft, another new

in warfare.

The question is likely to lie in abey-

ance until the European war is over,

and then one of the greatest things to

be accomplished will be the laying

of an international code of laws.

Ever-Advancing Los Angeles

"THE rivers run down to the sea is not full." Tennyson in other verse, "For men may go, but I go on, I am talking of another river, or a river in its generic sense.

Los Angeles among cities is deal like the river, only Los Angeles course is upward and onward. She hitched her wagon to a star, and the star is a meteor, or rather a comet, and you can no more keep Los Angeles back than you can Niagara.

This is the ever-advancing city. Some of us remember the city for only half a century, and more of us for her history for more than a quarter of a century. Business conditions

are the same as they were in the

local Y.M.C.A. last week on the

of cannibals. He exhibited a

of stereopticon slides of can-

ibals he had met. It is quite the

days for different cities and coun-

for advertising purposes and the

canibals seem to have caught the

in the river.

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Balance Sheet.

-afman.

The same token men merit measurement by the means through which they seek to rise. The truth of executives is not obtained in contrast with second-rate clerks. Estimate them by the efficiency of similar officers in rival businesses.

Last week you aborted the presentation of a plan which could have effected enormous economies. Yesterday you withdrew a practical scheme from the folks higher up.

nor is lately hinting that it's time to bring a first-class to your firm—that you exert your right of decision solely in your own behalf and deny the right of way to your betters.

But you can't get away with it—closure is inevitable. You manage to repel invasion of the state office, but when the end of the year arrives and the manager reviews the annual statement, dollars and cents will tell and tell.

New Code of Laws.

There's no room in either baseball or business for solitaire players. The grandstander who considers individual average without regard to the fate of the nine, does not fit in any organization. If you horse instead of ass sense you realize the careers of a few small operators and find that you're not working for yourself, you're not working for the public.

A good picker of men and matches always stands a splendid chance for partnership.

What's about all there is to do? (Copyright, 1912, by Herbert Kauders.)

down the highways without let or hindrance. There are others who would only muzzle it, but handcuff it and send it to a post. The City Council made an unhappy effort to steer between Scylla and Charybdis—whether that is—and made both factions.

The electorate may yet take a ride on the jitney, which at present continues its feverish course without any particular direction or responsibility.

Don't worry. The male and female residents of the city will soon resume the splendid sport of pastime of marching to the

Ever-Advancing Los Angeles.

The rivers run down and run into the sea. The rivers run down and the sea is not full." Tennyson has the verse, "For men may come and go, but I go on forever." He is thinking of another river, or rather of the generic sense.

Los Angeles among cities is a good like the river, only Los Angeles is upward and onward. She has led her wagon to a star, and she is a meteor, or rather a central sun of cannibals. He exhibited a series of stereopticon slides of cannibals he had met. It is quite the fashion for different cities and countries to remember the city for a century, and more of us know history for more than a quarter of a century. Business conditions are

in the United States, but all the time does not stop the growth of this advancing city.

We do not purpose to review the history of the city for fifty or even for five years. Five will be enough for the present purpose, and we will use round numbers mostly. In 1911 the total deposits in Los Angeles were a little more than \$125,000,000, in 1912 nearly \$153,000,000, in 1913 nearly \$182,000,000, in 1914 a little more than \$170,000,000, and in 1915 more than \$175,000,000. The clearings for these years respectively were more than \$811,000,000, \$1,169,000,000, \$1,211,000, and for a half year ending July, nearly \$609,000,000.

Building permits for the years 1911, 1912, 1913, and 1914 respectively were nearly \$1,477,000, \$1,910,000, \$2,114,000, and for the half year of 1914 more than \$1,000.

Building permits for the years 1911, 1912, 1913, and 1914 respectively were nearly \$22,000,000, \$23,000,000, \$24,000,000, and nearly \$32,000,000.

Population, according to the Los Angeles City Directory, in March, 1910, 307,788; March, 1911, 357,770; 1912, 419,096; March, 1913, 449,317; March, 1914, 516,317.

It is a record of growth in population, building, postoffice receipts, clearings and bank deposits unexcelled by any city in this country or other, at this time or at any time in history.

"OURS"

THE HARNESSSED RIVER OF OWENS,
CHARGED WITH PURE, LIFE-GIVING
WATER, HURRIES WITH EAGER
FEET FROM THE HIGH
SIERRAS DOWN TO THE
WAITING CITY BY
THE SEA.

Story of the Conquest.

[In the following authoritative sketch of this transcendently important public enterprise, four of its principal phases only are touched upon more or less fully, viz.: (1) A historical narrative of the project is given from the beginning, and the story of the long conflict is told; (2) the conception and inception of the mighty project are traced, the tremendous engineering and collateral obstacles that had to be overcome are partially described, and the triumphant conclusion is but inadequately portrayed; (3) the "high spots" in the legal story of this cause celebre are brought out; and, (4) some justifiable editorial conclusions round out the entire presentation made.]

THE history of the inception, construction and putting to use of the Los Angeles Aqueduct is unique in the annals of American municipalities. In the first place it is amazing that an enterprise of such unquestionable merit, one that was calculated to bestow so many blessings on a great community, should have been opposed so stubbornly, and by some of its antagonists so viciously. It is also remarkable that these attacks were many sided, that they came from widely different, disconnected sources, each stamped with its own special brand of iniquity or ignorance.

That the assailants of the people's enterprise belonged to different camps, that they had little or nothing in common with each other, and probably seldom or never joined forces, made the task of combatting them more complex and difficult.

Every predatory attack was rooted in the mire of private greed, unscrupulous selfishness or ignorance. They had to be uprooted one by one, exposed to the light of truth, and destroyed.

The first opposition to the aqueduct project came from a few shortsighted and timid persons such as are to be found in any community. These had no desire to harm the city. They were merely afraid to tackle a proposition that was too big for them to comprehend. They were too few in numbers to constitute any serious or effective opposition, and are only referred to here for the sake of narrating completely the obstacles that had to be and have been overcome.

Then came the more sinister and more powerfully-waged fight of private interests. Local power companies sought to frighten the people by a campaign of misrepresentation. They opposed the project because they did not wish to have the city enter into competition with them in the power business. Then came the fight for water rights in Owens River Valley.

These contests for possession of sources of supply, while contemporaneous with the opposition of local corporations and identical with them in so far as they were actuated by selfishness, were made by different interests. The local corporations lost their fight to destroy the project before it could get started when the people ignored their clamors and voted bonds to build the conduit.

The fight for control of streams on the Owens River watershed continued, and appears to be active now, in spite of the fact that the city has been given rights by the United States government, and is assured by its attorneys

that these rights cannot be successfully assailed.

At the beginning of construction the Aqueduct was also assailed by disturbers, Socialists and mendacious engineers. These attacks came from an entirely different quarter than those traced to certain private interests whose only motive was to get something for themselves at the expense of the city. The Socialistic attacks were so rabid and ridiculous, so obviously untrue, and men connected with them so devoid of civic honor that they were given no credence except by the few whose ignorance and credulity were imposed upon.

These Socialistic attacks retarded nor impeded the Aqueduct project not at all. They did have this bad effect, that they caused the dissemination of damaging misstatements in other communities. Deplorable and despicable as it may seem, men were found in some of these communities envious of the superior advantages and greater growth of the foremost city, who were all too willing to take a whack at her, regardless of the truth or of the source of their misstatements.

Worse still was the astonishing campaign of detraction begun and continued by the malodorous F. C. Finkle and other engineers. Finkle and his ilk have tried to damage the Aqueduct project by disseminating the most brazen falsehoods concerning it. They have gone to such ridiculous extremes, and their allegations have been so completely overthrown, that they have been swallowed up in a monstrosity of their own creation. Discredited by the people and by the courts their harm for evil has been rendered nil. Their reckless articles in the few publications that have had the bad judgment to print them carry no weight. The people do not fear these men nor anything they may do. They have merely cast them out. The battle is ended.

Along entirely different lines was the menace of bad politics, the efforts of desperate politicians to get their fingers in the pie for obviously selfish reasons. S. C. Graham and Frank G. Henderson, appointed as public service commissioners for political reasons, foolishly sought to put through a scheme whereby the city would spend and lose many millions of dollars to build a "high line" canal, that the aqueduct water might be illegally carried to remote communities and sold. Where now is Graham, eke Henderson, tambien?

Contrary though it was to the dictates of good business and common sense, conflicting though it was with the programme of distributing the water economically to contiguous territory, where it would do the most good, this scheme was supported by many persons whose motives were dubious, and who were selfish enough and unpatriotic enough to try to use the city's magnificent aqueduct property in their emasculating, debasing game of politics. The scheme failed because the people, detecting its rottenness, voted it down.

Most indefensible of all the attacks on the Aqueduct was the recent suit to have the city enjoined from delivering Owens River water on the alleged ground that it is impure. Deliberately groundless and reckless reports of alleged experts were printed in advance of the trial, seeking to make falsehood appear to be truth.

Men who dared not uncover themselves paid the costs of an expensive trial. Pamphlets describing the water as "liquid manure" were spread far and wide. These pamphlets were a tissue of lies. Their contents were brewed of more venomous and unspeakable materials than composed the vile concoction of the witches in "Macbeth."

No pains nor money were spared in the trial to prove that the water is polluted. How miserably the effort failed has been shown by the testimony add-

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duced and the decision of Superior Judge Lewis R. Works, who felt that it was his duty, in the interests of truth, not only to decide unqualifiedly for the city, but to declare in the strongest language that the Aqueduct brings to Los Angeles a wholesome, safe and absolutely sanitary water. In the light of his sweeping conclusion, and his statement that the overwhelming weight of testimony shows the water to be pure, the dastardly attempt to besmirch not only the city's water supply but her good name likewise, appears pitiful and ridiculous, if the people were not so aroused to anger and indignation against the degraded and defeated ones.

Now, with every phase of the long battle won, a magnificent supply of pure water already at the city's gates, the work of distribution will proceed according to the original plan.

IT IS timely and appropriate to quote here, almost precisely in his own language, Chief Engineer Mulholland's lucid and limpid description of early water discoveries and pristine efforts:

Doubtless for a long period prior to the advent of civilization in what is now California the site of the present city of Los Angeles was inhabited by a primitive people, their selection of the site being due to the available water supply afforded by the Los Angeles River, a perennial stream having its source as such in the gravel beds of the San Fernando Valley. These gravel beds are charged intermittently by the precipitation in the surrounding mountains, and in small part on the floor of the valley itself.

The waters of the river, even neglecting the assumption that the aborigines were an agricultural people, certainly afforded, along the bottom lands, sustaining moisture for an abundant vegetable growth, supplying food for wild animals in sufficient abundance to sustain a considerable population depending for its existence on the products of the chase. Similarly all other portions of the Arid West, having like facilities in the way of water supply, without doubt formed the foci of human settlement.

There are ample records of the early use of the Los Angeles River for agricultural purposes, and it is only within recent years, and due wholly to the great increase in population, that the canals and ditches that conveyed the water were abandoned for the reason not alone that the lands were applied to urban use, but also the demand for water for domestic purposes absorbed all the available supply.

Until about the year 1895 the thought had scarcely entered the mind of a single individual concerned that the time was approaching when the city's needs for domestic water would exceed the available supply. Two causes, working from opposite directions toward the same point, brought the attention of our people to a sudden realization of impending scarcity. One of these was the rapid settlement and development for farming purposes of the fertile region in the east end of the San Fernando Valley, and the installation there of powerful pumps for irrigation purposes. These pumps, drawing the water from the gravels which were supplying the Los Angeles River, had the immediately noticeable effect of diminishing the flow of the stream.

Concurrently with this development came an extraordinary seven-year period of low precipitation, beginning with the season of 1893-4 and ending in 1899-1900, in which the deficiency of rainfall for the period was nearly 40 per cent.

The continuing rapid increase of population brought a condition as to our water supply that was most alarming, and when in 1902 the city bought the works of the old company that had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN.)

3

ship lobby inquiry committee, Senate proves to be a useless farce as far as results were concerned.

MEXICO. The social situation in Yucatan has been adjusted satisfactorily.

secret was buried in the archives of the department, where it has remained until this day.

Lord Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, was variously engaged in command of ships and fleets of the English navy, a member of Parliament, and so fierce

closed the schools and arrested office and mail service and paid Zapista entry.

There was no railroad service through the cable censor at Vera



FRIENDS, and brethren all, just at this particular moment The Eagle has risen from his aerie on the granite tower and has taken his stand as Virgil says, "on the apex of the sky." He has one Eagle eye set upon the past history of the human race, and with the other he is looking down the vista of the coming year, contemplating what will be the future history of your race.

The Eagle eye that is set upon the past goes far beyond the bonds of human history to a time before this earth was fit for human habitation, or indeed, for the habitation of any living thing. You know, friends, and brethren all, if all the uplifts on the face of the earth were leveled off to a common plain, they would make a crust upon the globe only about 660 feet thick. That would be insufficient to fill up all the depressions below sea level, and the tides as they washed around the world would submerge twice a day everything upon its surface.

The Eagle's eye looking up the vistas of the past sees the time when the mountains rose into everlasting cloud-covered skies to a height of perhaps 50,000 feet. At that period the moon, being nearer the earth than it is now, raised tides hundreds of feet above the average level of the waters. The storms that descended upon the globe at that time were of terrific force, and floods of unimaginable volume swept down the steep mountainsides, augmenting the floods of the tides, washing down into the sea "the seeds of continents to be."

In time life in very primitive form appeared upon the face of the earth, minute at first, but swelling in bulk and increasing in ferocity until creation was truly "red in

tooth and claw." Great monstrous things with immense wings flew among the clouds of the air, and great reptiles crawled over its surface encased in coats of mail impenetrable to any force then known excepting the thunderbolts that swept down from the clouds. Why, a German howitzer of 16½-inch bore would be scarcely able to hurl a shell that would have injured these reptiles of the ancient earth as they crept in their treches with their fortresses on their backs.

At length came man, scarcely less savage than the beasts that were his companions, and it was like Ishmael with every man in those days, for every individual was an enemy of every other individual human being on the earth. He was a miserable misshapen being of merely brute force, shaggy, low-browed, fierce-eyed, with teeth like a tiger, with joints much larger than those of the human of the present day. He muttered instead of speaking a language. From that misshapen, brutal ancestry by slow degrees came civilized man.

The Eagle's eye follows the beginning of commerce upon the face of the globe, when some man more progressive than his fellows loaded a rude raft with produce of the field and took it a mile or two down the river to barter it with other men for something he carried back home. The Eagle's eye follows the course of this commerce until the Romans with their triremes and quinquiremes carried tons of wheat from Egypt and Africa to Rome. So on down the years the Eagle's eye follows, watching Columbus in his three little open boats sailing across uncharted seas to uncover a new world. So your progress has gone on step by step, each generation being greater than the one before it, until you have the vast ships of the present day carrying more commerce in one cargo than primitive man carried on in years over the whole world.

The Eagle's eye follows your course from the cave dwellers and the fish eaters of the ancient world to the palaces and luxuries of a modern hotel. He watches your language develop from the mutterings of an ape to the tragedies of Shakespeare or Goethe, to the odes of Heine and Bobby Burns. Your sciences have grown faster than your skyscrapers, and your knowledge

has multiplied more than your material wealth. It is a great record you have made.

Now let your Eagle tell you, friends and brethren, what his other eye, looking down the vista of the coming years, sees prophetically as the history of your race to be made in these coming years. You will no doubt be recalling Alfred Tennyson's lines in "Locksley Hall":

When I looked into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and the wonder that would be."

Your Eagle, brethren, is very optimistic as to your future, and his optimism is based upon his knowledge of your past. As he has looked down the record you have made as written in the rocks of the earth and in your own chronicles he sees that there never was a yesterday not followed by a better today, nor a today that was not succeeded by a better tomorrow. Oh, he knows all about the setbacks, but it would be a great fool who, watching an eddy in a stream, should shout triumphantly: "Ah, see, your water runs uphill!" The wise mind knows that in spite of all the eddies the magnificent sweep of the Columbia is all the time toward the sea.

The Eagle as he contemplates your future is not thinking so much of material development, the multiplying of your luxuries, the amassing of wealth, or any of the things of the mere "earth earthy." He believes the riches of today are poverty compared with the wealth of tomorrow, and that the luxuries of today will be the necessities of tomorrow. Your skyscrapers are shanties to what you will accomplish in the future. As he has seen your primitive raft develop into the magnificent steamer of today, so he sees your monoplanes and biplanes of the present day develop into great airships of tomorrow. But The Eagle would talk to you just now about other progress assured to your race, judging the future by the past.

The first thing the Eagle eye beholds as he looks down the vista of the coming years is a world where absolute peace reigns. The Eagle's eye looks far down the years to get this vision, but he sees it coming as sure as right is right, as sure as the human mind is rational, as sure as God is God. He looks at the past and sees a France divided

into half a score of petty kingdoms, waging at war as every day in every year passed over the heads of those unhappy. He sees that the United Kingdoms of Britain and Ireland divided into four kingdoms everlastingly at war. And there will be a "parliament of man, the creation of the world."

In these times when peace shall be a perpetual blessing to the human race, it will grow more and more and visitors will outstrip science. He sees the time when every child born into the human race will be thoroughly well educated, with a well-trained mind, but with cultivated morals. Your Eagle believes in the future the proper mating of man and woman, the elimination of all great diseases, from mental to physical. A company about the middle of March will make an automobile trip from Los Angeles to the San Fernando Valley, and the road will be as thick with exclamation points as black-faced type in a printing office.

It was "Oh!" at this prospect.

At that, and every other note of

surprise, the company was shouting "Alack" and "Alas."

It was impossible for these charmed visitors

to see what prospect they enjoyed the

day when the evil principle in the

world will be bound for a thousand years

out of the earth, and with the

Peace reigning as your king, living

you will live more happily.

He sees the day when prisons will be departed from among you because

there will be no more criminals. Science

will do this for you, for as he sees

the invention of the electric telegraph

and the telephone and of the wireless

sent over the face of the globe you

see in his vision a day when every

household will be supplied with an

electric bell which will notify these

officers of the police force

attempt at housebreaking. At the

moment of every street in every city

equipped with means of communication

which will carry a cry for help

and widely that the wrongdoer will be

red-handed.

The Eagle



THE LANCER

THE women of Indiana object to lazy husbands. And they have demonstrated their influence by getting a law passed to make the beggars work. The

penalty for a defaulting husband who fails to provide for his family is six months' imprisonment or a heavy fine, unless he can prove that he was positively unable to get work.

It will come as a dreadful shock to Europe to learn that there are any lazy husbands in America. This fair country is understood to specialize in lazy, overfed, spoiled wives, but husbands were regarded as amiable working domestic animals who had a genuine preference for a thirty-six hour day. If Indiana can prove that she has so many lazy husbands that new legislation was necessary to deal with them, she enjoys a rather unique distinction. Her

men at least have the courage of their convictions and are evidently something more than mere beasts of burden. And it proves that they are by no means entirely subservient to the female of the species, that in Indiana at least, one lone woman is not sufficient to terrorize a man—it requires the State Legislature and the entire female vote to make him toe the mark.

That's the worst of special legislation, it has an uncomfortable way of showing up the canker. Each State knows its own skeleton. When a State starts in on a rampant campaign for prohibition, we may well shed tears of sympathy, for nobody wants to prohibit a thing he hasn't suffered from. It's a pretty safe sign that the population of that State lacks moral vertebrae and is traveling headlong to perdition.

Now, as regards those lazy husbands, isn't that a knife that cuts both ways? Cannot something be done about lazy wives? Hitherto husbands have made a sporting effort to pretend that they liked 'em lazy, evidence to some extent of their financial status. But if a husband is expected to prove his love and loyalty by work, why not wife? So far, matrimony frequently proves a very bad bargain for hubby, wives have become such a very expensive and specious luxury. All consumption, no production. Ninety per cent. of the women labor under a fixed determination to do nothing but look lovely. And as only about 5 per cent. of them succeed in doing that hubby arrives at the painful realization that he has nothing to show for his money but a lemon. But so far all the husbands have done about it is to try to impose a tax on bachelors. Most unsporting.

It would be far more to the point if existing husbands would take measures to improve the standard in wives, so that there might be a certain prospect of quid pro quo in matrimony. At present it is rather like making a man change his good American gold for Mexican paper. However, this is a painful subject.

Neutral Perspicacity.

ITALY and Bulgaria are both showing fine business acumen and propose to make their neutrality pay. An irate Irishman is writing in the New York papers pointing out that the United States is pitifully behind in this branch of the business. Both Italy and Bulgaria are arranging to extend their territory at the expense of Austria and Turkey for being peaceful, and Pat feels that the least we should demand is the extension of the Alaskan and Oregon boundaries. If Great Britain objected, we might add all North America while we are about it. We ought to get something for remaining neutral when we are yearning to plunge headlong into the fight.

Pat is quite sure that we are yearning to fight. He feels it in his bones. And we ought to be properly recompensed for our stern passive resistance.

It is almost a pity that we don't let our Irish-Americans rule the country entirely. Ireland has proved how very expeditious her methods can be in dealing with Britannia. She knows just exactly how to manage the stubborn old lady.

Hyman Levy.

HYMAN LEVY, who has just been elected trustee for the village of Sleepy Hollow, is a fine example of masterly inactivity. Dispatches declare that he has slept for seven years, and now wakes up feeling very spry and lively after his long rest.

And after a snooze of seven years he awakes to defend John D. Rockefeller and all his works. It was on a platform of justice to Rockefeller that he was elected by a large majority.

While the various Legislatures have been so busy persecuting iniquitous capital to the point where it has become shy and retiring, afraid to show itself in the open, we may pause and wonder whether too much wide-awake activity is really a virtue. The ultimate result is a little discouraging. Prosperity persists in hanging fire, and 2,000,000 workers are unemployed. Perhaps if we could get our various politicians to take a seven-year sleep things might be improved. After a long, luscious rest we might conceivably see the multi-millionaire as a blessing to be encouraged. Like Hyman Levy, we might come to recognize his very material virtues and give him a sporting chance to improve conditions.

Seven years of balmy sleep! Tired Nature's sweet restorer. One thinks enviously of Hyman and wonders how he did it. How great heights of altruism might we not rise if our poor harassed, demented, tortured reformers could but be persuaded to take a seven-years' nap. They might even awake to grant great public-service corporations a square deal, a sympathetic understanding, a dash of gratitude for their enterprise and forethought. As it is, we can only see them as ogres, octopuses, monsters of greed and iniquity, and never pause to remember how abject life would be without them.

The Moral Stocking.

THE Mayor of Boston has plumped for the moral stocking. He set his face sternly against unrobed legs and feet and branded classical dancing, minus stockings, as an unclean, immoral thing.

Of course Art is very indignant. What does the Mayor know of Art? How dare he flout her cherished theories and cast aspersions on Boston chastity. Yet this Philistine has it in his power to forbid beauteous

maidens from exhibiting their loveliness in public places, thus jacking up a festival of dancing which had been planned for the sake of the woman's suffrage campaign of Massachusetts. The brute!

Now, of course, we have not one man in question, and the Mayor may be a friend of Art after all.

But if, as seems probable, the women really have presentable legs and bunions, ingrown toenails, fat ankles, Boston ought to be given a hundred of them, probably covering Northern California in the old days. We are changing all that at a great rate. For unspoiled feet are at least a sight to see and prove that their owners have been slavish followers of the last pinched-toe footgear fashion. For unspoiled feet always a living, sometimes a forerunner than any quarter section in the West, and ten acres of walnuts are needed to keep a large family, not only in the necessities of life but to supply a man falls for a woman's feet and may of the luxuries.

Five acres of orange or lemon groves are becoming land holdings on which the owners are getting down now to patches of

or even less on which much money

is spent. The Whittier High School has an agricultural club, and recently Albert Jackson won a club prize with the highest score, 97.2

and a record of \$67.87 from a quarter acre of ground. This is at the rate of \$1.45 per acre. The boy is 18 years old.

There were ten in the contest, and Jackson won the second prize with a score of 91.4 per cent.

The winner in this farm-student contest is a boy from his quarter of an acre 200 eggplants, 100 bell peppers, and two crops of beans. The eggplants were the best, and the beans the best, paying at the rate of \$698.40 per acre. The boy is 18 years old, and the production being at the rate of one ton to the acre. The two

peasants paid at the rate of \$1.45 per acre.

This is a play farmer on the part of people in school. Small farms in Southern California are becoming a serious business. And yet, of course, the means of gaining a livelihood are becoming a serious business. The poultry farms are only three acres of an acre, and yet they are capable of producing not hundreds but thousands of dollars a year by women who

are bringing up on pretty fair terms the whole affair.

The next consignment of bricks should be a useful addition to commerce. And yet, of course, we prove a simple method of increasing the means of gaining a livelihood. When you come to think of it, most of the warring nations have made to produce not hundreds but thousands of dollars a year by women who

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that the best dressed men wear styles that will be both a delight and a comfort. And they're just as attractive as the illustration.

Ducks at 27c

No phone orders; none delivered.

—Frank Cresson, 27c.

Classified Advertisements

News: Fact and Comment, for a

whole affair.

to half a score of petty kingdoms existing at war as every day in every year. He sees the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland divided into four kingdoms everlastingly at war. And when again he looks at the time when there will be a "parliament of man, the nation of the world."

In these times when peace shall be a continual blessing to the human race science will grow more and more and wisdom will strip science. He sees the time when every child born into the human race will be thoroughly well educated, not with a well-trained mind, but with well-educated morals. Your Eagle believes in the future the proper mating of your men will eliminate a great deal of physical disease from among you. You will know more every day, and know more, you will live better, think more, reason more accurately, and be better. He has read in your sacred book of the day when the evil principle in the world will be bound for a thousand years and the earth, and with the Prince of peace reigning as your king, living men will live more happily.

He sees the day when prisons will be scattered from among you because there will be no more criminals. Science is going to do this for you, for as he contemplates the invention of the electric telegraph, the telephone and of the wireless messages sent over the face of the globe your eyes in his vision a day when every human will be supplied with an apparatus connected with the officers of the peace is in view which will notify these officers of a tempt at housebreaking. At the same time science will be so great that every street in every city will be equipped with means of communication which will carry a cry for help so quickly that the wrongdoer will be captured.

The Eagle

ladies from exhibiting their legs in draped elegance on a public platform as jacking up a festival of classical beauty which had been planned for the benefit of the woman's suffrage campaign of Massachusetts. The brute!

Now, of course, we have not seen the question, and the Mayor may be a dead end of Art after all.

But if, as seems probable, these women really have presentable feet, ankles, Boston ought to be proved right. And it is about as good a proof of men's suffrage as they could produce. Unspoiled feet are at least a sign of health and prove that their owners have been slavish followers of the high-heeled-toe footgear fashions. A woman to exhibit feet unadorned might justly be regarded as evidence of virtue. Several ladies have a weakness for luring a suspecting male with two-inch heel-travel widths, hiding a thoroughly plebeian hob-nailed foot beneath. No man falls for a well-shod foot that we have left him untempted in its natural state.

Just why the Mayor of Boston should care in the respectability of stockings is aigma. They are quite as bad as rouge and brown pencils, only more so. Very moral ladies would risk being seen with them. Not because they are a close respectability, but because they effectively disguise an effective antidote to temptation.

Alphabets.

HERE is a fearful eruption of wild betts just now, and every spring promises to bring in the throes of competition. A for the Allies, B for Britain, C for the blue, etc. K, standing confounding Z, which called for nothing but Zebras, being available, pelicans and Zebrugge has made it a simple undertaking for the immature.

The next consignment of baby's alpabets should be a useful adjunct to commerce. And yet, of course, this is a simple method of inculcating peace. When you come to think of it, the warring nations have caught up on pretty fairy tales.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

Entered Tourists.

CALIFORNIA is as full of tourists as its gardens of blossoms. And the two go together in a very interesting way. Some of them have just escaped from blizzards where everything is buried in snow, and they can hardly realize that they are in California and that the only March.

Company about the middle of March an automobile trip from Los Angeles to the San Fernando Valley, and the road was thick with exclamation points as of black-faced type in a printing office. I was "Oh!" at this prospect and of that, and every other note of wonder, "Alack" and "Alas." It was for these charmed visitors to do what prospect they enjoyed the most, and then all around them rose the mountains. In front of them lay as green as Ireland, with springing and growing grain. The plain was with orchards all in bloom of as many as a kaleidoscope presents. Around them were patches of peach blossoms and a bed of giant carnations. Dotted among them were apricot orchards of all colors, and scattered here and there orchards with blossoms as now.

An automobile sped along Sherman through Van Nuys and on up to San Fernando, the handiwork of man astonished visitors about as much as the beauties of the Creator. When told that this was a barley patch as late as two years ago they lifted their eyebrows and turned one to another with "How many years would it take to turn a town like that back East, where we are now?"

Enthusiastic California woman who had been to the party asked one of them: "What are you going to say about California when you get home?" And he replied without hesitation, "I'm going to tell them that if they want to get to heaven they can do it by coming to the woman's suffrage campaign of Massachusetts. The brute!"

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Los Angeles Harbor Business.

THE ships that sail the seven seas, or rather the big regular liners and tramp steamers that steam across the oceans of the earth, are all rapidly finding Los Angeles Harbor as an important port of call. About three months ago a big American steamer loaded 2,500,000 feet of California redwood destined for England. The war has made freights very high to all parts of the world, particularly to Western Europe. The American steamer chartered for this lumber business, the Edgar H. Vance, is said to be earning \$300 a day.

During the latter part of March the largest freight train ever sent out from San Pedro to Chicago was over the Salt Lake road, consisting of sixty-eight cars of hemp consigned to various factories in the Middle West. The hemp came from Manila on the steamer Robert Dollar. It consisted of 5000 tons measurement, and the whole consignment will call for the use of 200 cars. The pay roll for labor in discharging the cargo amounted to all of \$2000.

Very Graceful Act.

MRS. HENRY E. HUNTINGTON some six weeks ago, when visiting San Francisco, purchased a piece of ground valued at \$275,000 and presented it to that city to be used as a park or children's playground. It is to be called Huntington Park, and a fountain or a statue is to be erected there in commemoration of her first husband, the late Collis P. Huntington. It is right in the center of the residence section of the city, once occupied by the early-day millionaires, among whom were the Huntingtons and the other families of the "Big Four" who built the great railroad across the continent.

Importance of Canning Industry.

ONE of the latest industries to feel the blighting effect of governmental investigation is that of canning food products for the use of the world. These investigations may be all right, in some instances may be necessary, and in all or most instances might be made beneficial. But that result would depend upon the attitude of the investigators and their ability to do the work properly. Because a business is great is no proof that it is bad, and greatness in our business enterprises should certainly not be penalized by the government. Unless the government is sympathetic with business enterprises, instead of hostile to them, the results of these investigations will be mighty bad, for the whole country, for the producer, the packer, the middleman, the retailer, the consumer, and above all for the government. The American people may not know all about everything, and it may be possible to mislead them, but not for long.

The canning business of the country is exceedingly important, and to no part of the country more than to California. The canned fruits, canned vegetables, canned fish, and other canned products of the State are scattered broadcast not only over the United States but over the world.

Recently at a meeting of the Western Association of Canners held at Chicago the secretary of the body, G. W. Drake, said this: "In case of war the canning industry could supply enough canned food to feed the greatest army the nation could possibly assemble. The 1,200,000,000 cans we turn out annually represent only one-third of the capacity of the country." He further remarked that but for canned foods Chicago would starve to death in a week, and New York in three days.

Mr. Drake said that a fair investigation of 2000 cases of alleged ptomaine poisoning from the use of canned foods did not develop a single authentic record of such poisoning. The poisoning from the use of canned foods is all the fault of the users thereof. Here is a case under our own eyes. Some years ago a family up in the mountains above Ontario camping in the summer time was made sick by the use of canned pork and beans. Investigation showed that a case in which the canned goods were kept had been exposed day and night to the sun and other weather influences for nearly a week before using.

Intelligent housewives know enough to keep their canned goods in a cool place away from the sun, and when once a can is opened to transfer all its contents at once to some earthenware vessel where the fear of mineral poisoning will be removed.

Shame on Santa Barbara.

THE Santa Ynez River is a stream which comes down through Santa Barbara county into the ocean. Every such stream on the Pacific Coast from Southern California to farthest Alaska is visited by more or less salmon in the spring, going up to the headwaters to spawn.

The city of Santa Barbara has constructed a dam across the Santa Ynez River in order to impound water for municipal use. In building the wall ten feet above the bed of the stream they forgot the salmon and supplied no fish ladder for them to go up. The spring came, and dozens of big salmon came up and exhausted themselves, deliberately committing suicide in trying to leap the wall to get up to the headwaters to spawn. It would be a very simple thing to supply a fish ladder, and it will be a double shame to Santa Barbara if it is not done. The Santa Ynez, to be sure, is not a large stream, and the number of salmon is not very great. But in addition to the fact that the salmon visiting the Santa Ynez add to the food-fish supply of the Coast, the dictates of common humanity appeal for sympathy for these mother fish going up the stream to propagate their race.

Profit in Live Stock.

THE terrible foot and mouth disease that has been decimating the live stock of the country has made it necessary for California to enact a law in an emergency way to forbid the importation into the State except under most rigid inspection of any kind of food animal, including chickens. The consequence is that poultry in the Los Angeles market has been rising in price until it is now worth at wholesale something very near 30 cents a pound. The same influence is tending to increase the price of beef, mutton and pork.

Here is an opportunity for California farmers to make money. Flesh foods have been climbing very rapidly for years past, and will still rise, whether there are embargoes upon importation into the States or not. The country is no longer able to produce flesh food enough for its own inhabitants and we are having to resort to importations to maintain the supply. It is a fact that this rise in the price of flesh foods is having an excellent influence on American life in lessening the consumption of such foods. When meat was cheap we consumed too much of it for our own good, both physical and mental. As a people we have become much more intelligent under the substitution of vegetables and fruits in part for our meat supply. But in spite of all the propaganda against the consumption of meat as food the American people still consume and still will consume more than they can produce in their own country, and this is true more of California than of most of the States. It would be better every way if our farmers would go into the production of live stock, if it consisted only in the keeping of a couple of cows or half a dozen sheep or two or three pigs. There is money in the business, and the American farmer is finding it out to his own benefit.

Santa Barbara Road System.

AT SANTA BARBARA, March 9, about a hundred delegates representing nearly every portion of the county assembled in the County Chamber of Commerce rooms to discuss the proposition of putting out a road-bond issue of a million dollars to run good highways through every section of the county. The delegates at the meeting were enthusiastic, every one of the hundred present, for the good roads. The Santa Barbarans realize that there is no use in trying to live without good roads in California any more. The great system of State highways is about completed, and most of the counties have spent or are spending millions for the construction of good roads.

There is no county in the State with greater or more fascinating attractions than Santa Barbara. It is known to millionaire tourists all over the United States, and it can scarcely do without good roads in these days of great tourist travel and of automobiles.

The Manufacturing Era.

THE manufacturing era is upon us here in Los Angeles in good earnest. The E. H. Judah Company is about to start here the largest felt-saturating plant on the

Coast for the manufacture of roofing felt. This factory is expected to employ about 200 men. The same company is installing machinery for the manufacture of kalsomine, cold-water paint, whitening and other products for the paint trade.

The other day Lewis Searng, general manager of the Denver Engineering Works Company, was in this city looking over the situation with the idea of starting a branch concern here. The industrial bureau of the Chamber of Commerce has had several interviews with persons who are looking over the situation with the notion of establishing a large furniture factory. This would seem to be very feasible from the opening up of markets for hardwood in Central America and the Philippines. This industrial bureau is also in correspondence with a shoe manufacturing company in the Middle West, and with several other concerns.

Industrial Progress.

A NOTED real estate transfer in the city was concluded the other day by which a lot thirty feet frontage on the west side of Broadway, just north of Second, was transferred at a reported consideration of \$25,000.

The Italian Eden Vineyard Company, a Los Angeles concern, is converting part of its holdings of 400 acres in Escondido Valley into a vineyard of 150 acres.

At the new town of Marian in the San Fernando Valley a bond issue the other day carried unanimously for \$55,000 for a new schoolhouse.

On Pico street near Normandie avenue the Burger Van and Storage Company is about to construct a large storage plant.

A permit has been issued for a loft building on Main street between Seventh and Eighth which will probably be constructed in the immediate future at a cost of about \$35,000.

A five-story store and loft building on Main street between Seventh and Eighth will probably be constructed in the immediate future at a cost of about \$35,000.

The California Fish Company has let the contract for the new cannery plant on Terminal Island at a cost of about \$30,000.

Up in La Crescenta-Canada there is great activity in the sale of lots in the new town of Oakdale, adjoining Montrose.

At Charter Oak a fine orange grove has been transferred at a given consideration of \$35,000.

At Escondido the Rose Lane dairy property, consisting of twenty acres, has been transferred at \$18,000.

At Redlands, during the third week in March the real estate transactions amounted to \$50,000.

At Porterville, in the San Joaquin Valley, twenty-two acres of Navel oranges have been sold at \$24,500.

At Tustin a new grammar school costing \$42,000 is completed and occupied.

At Long Beach an addition is to be put to the Schuyler Hotel at a cost of \$60,000.

At Claremont a ten-acre orange grove has been sold at \$20,000, a five-acre grove at \$10,000, one of twelve and a half acres at \$30,000, and another ten-acre grove at \$20,000.

At Lamanda Park a five-acre orange grove has been sold at \$12,000.

At El Centro, in the Imperial Valley, the Board of Education has instructed an architect to draw plans for two new school buildings to cost about \$25,000.

At Porterville, real estate is moving rapidly, about the largest deal being the transfer of a ranch of 3300 acres of foothill land east of the city.

A syndicate has been formed known as the Claremont Heights Lemon Company to take over a tract of 120 acres of new citrus land near Claremont.

At Ontario, ten miles of city streets are being paved, connecting with all the highways.

A new arrival from Memphis, Tenn., has invested \$45,000 in Riverside real estate.

At Main and Jefferson streets, Los Angeles city, a two-story brick shop and hotel building is to be erected at a cost of \$50,000.

The Palmdale Land Company is planning the immediate planting of a tract of land near the townsite of Palmdale, which will be put on the market in small tracts.

The Neptune Meter Company of New York is shaping a project for a five-story reinforced-concrete warehouse at Third and Alameda streets, Los Angeles, at a cost of \$135,000.

The Argentine Bread Basket.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

On the Pampas.

HOW THE WHEAT FIELDS ARE BEING INCREASED BY THE WAR.

ROSARIO, THE CHICAGO OF ARGENTINA, AND ITS GREAT ELEVATORS—BAHIA BLANCA AND THE FLOUR MILLS—SOUTH AMERICA AND THE GRAIN SUPPLY OF THE FUTURE—WHAT IT COSTS TO RAISE WHEAT—NOT A GOOD PLACE FOR THE AMERICAN FARMER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

R OSARIO (Argentina).—The farmers of Argentina will greatly increase the size of their wheat farms this year. The planting season is in May, June and July, and within a few weeks the plows will be starting all over the Paraná Basin. The big prices for wheat brought about by the war are bound to continue, and they will add tens of millions of dollars to the wealth of the country. The crop of last year, now being exported, is paying better than ever before; and the corn which they are harvesting will go to Europe by the millions of bushels.

This port of Rosario is in the heart of the bread lands. It lies on the Paraná River about 200 miles from Buenos Aires and about as far inland from the Atlantic Ocean as Pittsburgh. Ocean steamers sail for 200 miles up the Río de la Plata into the mouth of the Paraná and thence wind about for 300 miles to Rosario. The channel is so deep that great ships can reach Rosario at any time of the year, and they come here from all parts of Europe and from the United States for their cargoes of grain.

Since I was here, now fifteen years ago, great elevators have sprung up along the banks of the river, and the city now has facilities for loading something like 200,000 bushels a day. There is one elevator that takes in 500 tons of grain an hour, and another that fills the hold of a 4000-ton vessel in less than five hours. The biggest elevator is seven stories high, with sixty silos on either side. The new port borders the banks of the Paraná River for two miles and the new wharves are about a mile long. Under the wharves are warehouses which will hold 10,000,000 bushels of wheat, and on the high banks of the river, thirty feet and more above the water, there are other warehouses from which chutes carry the grain right down into the holds of the steamers.

The city of Rosario stands on a bluff

which is so steep that the grain can be loaded by gravity. The old way was by a long chute made in sections running from the bluff to the steamers. The wheat is brought here in bags, and the carts carry it to the edge of the bluff. There the bags are taken by the Italian laborers and thrown into the chutes. As soon as the bags touch the chute they begin to descend, and they fairly gallop down the inclined trough into the steamer. They go at the rate of forty or fifty a minute, and make one think of galloping white mice, recalling the army of ten thousand rats that attacked and ate up Archbishop Hatto in his island on the Rhine.

Rapid Handling.

At the present time, the chutes are giving way to long pipes extending out from the elevators, and the wheat is delivered in bulk. A single elevator will have twenty or more such pipes, and a half-dozen ships can be loaded at once. The elevators are steadily increasing in number and size. Many have been built at Buenos Aires.

Those of the Central Argentine Railway there have a capacity of 200,000 tons, and they can discharge 20,000 tons per day. There are great elevators at Bahía Blanca, which is on the coast about ten hours south of Buenos Aires; and the government is now forcing the railroads to build warehouses for grain throughout the country, so that the Argentine will soon have a system of elevators like those of Canada and the United States.

As it is now, nearly all of the grain comes to the market in bags of 155 pounds each. It is there carried in open carts covered with canvas and is stacked in bags at the stations. There are no arrangements on the farms for storing the wheat, and the most of the grain is carted from the thresher to the railroad in enormous carts, which haul two or three tons at a load. These carts have wheels eight feet in diameter and tires four inches wide, and it requires sixteen horses, or bullocks, to haul one of them. The chief marketing season is from January to May, when the roads are often rivers of mud. Some of the wheat is hauled as far as sixty miles to the railway, and the freight rate is about 10 cents per bushel. It costs 7 or 8 cents to haul a bushel twenty miles, and in one place, where the distance is thirty-three miles, the

teamsters take two days, camping out at night on the trip. In some cases carts dragged by teams of twenty-four or more bullocks are used. Such carts will carry five or six tons, and the load is so high that the last bags are carried up on ladders.

Rosario is the Chicago of the Argentine Republic. It is the second largest city of the country and one of the richest of all South America. It has more than 200,000 people and is rapidly growing. The town is right in the midst of the wheat lands. It is in the heart of the Paraná Basin, and there are tens of millions of acres of good farming country extending out on all sides. It is the head of navigation for the Paraná Basin, and grain can be brought here on the Paraná and its tributaries from an area covering many thousand square miles.

Rosario is 400 miles inland from the ocean, and steamers drawing twenty-four feet sail right to the docks. It is estimated that about 60 per cent. of the cereals of Argentina are tributary to Rosario and that they have a value of something like \$600,000,000.

Vast Fields.

I am amazed at the extent of the good farming lands of South America. This continent is on the edge of its beginning as the world's biggest bread basket, and from now on it will steadily grow as the chief spoon feeder of Europe and, later on, of the United States as well. The chief wheat supplies of the world come from its alluvial plains and great river valleys. That of the United States, which was about 800,000,000 bushels last year, was mostly from the basin of the Mississippi; that of British India, which was about half as much, came from the valleys of the Ganges and the Indus; while that of Russia, amounting to more than 600,000,000 bushels, was from the alluvial plains built up by the Volga, the Don and the Dnieper. Another European bread basket is the Valley of the Danube, and another North American one is the Saskatchewan, which annually turns out something like 200,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat.

The most of the wheat of South America is raised in the Valley of the Paraná and earth washings of the Andes, which have built up the vast plains of Argentina known as the pampas. These plains cover hundreds of millions of acres, and they have produced almost 200,000,000 bushels of wheat in one year.

And still it is safe to say that not one twentieth of the grain area has been opened. I entered Argentina by the railroads from Mendoza, and from there traveled across the Andes. I struck level country in the Atlantic Ocean, a distance almost as great from New York to Chicago. The ground is flat all the way and much of the soil is as rich as any of the Mississippi Valley.

There are no stones, and the soil is covered with grass. I rode through estancias supporting tons of them, cattle and hundreds of thousands of sheep, and I now know that I could go in any direction, north or south, for hundreds of miles and find the same kind of country, comparatively small tracts of

Seen From a Train.

You may take a fast express from Buenos Aires and travel for two hours to the northwest before you reach Tucumán. You will see some wheat fields and corn fields, but the most of the land is given over to pasture. Reaching Tucumán, you are in a country like our Southern. From there you can go farther north for hundreds of miles through fields of cane, tobacco, cotton and corn.

You can start at Buenos Aires, go south, riding through pastures and fields and wheat fields for a while, then you can go to the north, and, crossing the Río de la Plata, come into the Argentine Mesopotamia, Entre Ríos, that lies between the Uruguay and Paraguay rivers. The whole country will produce wheat, and if it be made possible for a wide distribution, it could feed a large part of the globe.

Crossing into Uruguay, you find the other wheat country, and going into Southern Brazil see lands, now being farmed by the Germans, which are among the possibilities of the future. South America already produces in the neighborhood of 200,000,000 bushels of wheat per annum, and it may eventually yield more than twice as much, or an amount equal to twice the present wheat crop of the world. This more than nine-tenths comes from Argentina, a country which already has its exports of corn, and which has possibilities equal to those of its wheat.

Argentina is already exporting for now 300 or 400 flour mills with a put of about \$50,000,000 per annum.

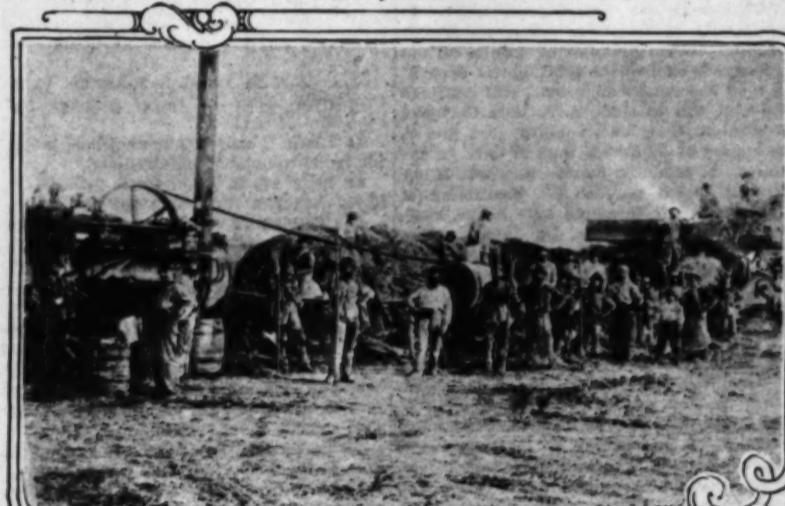
It is only on certain of the large estates that farming is scientifically done. Most of the grain lands are in the hands of men, many of whom farm the land alone, doing their work in the most simple way. A great deal of the grain is sown, and that upon ground which is half plowed, the wheat being dropped on the clods. Some of the farmers do not plow over the fields and others use horses. On the small farms the plowing is done with bullocks, which drag the plow through the furrows by a yoke attached to the animals. But few fertilizers are used, and the only idea of the Italian seems to be to get the wheat into ground. After that he sits down and waits for the crop.

The weather is such that plowing can be done here at any time of the year, and as the land is first broken in February or April. To get the best results there should be a second plowing, and this should be deep, and the soil should be well prepared before the wheat is sown.

The average seed sown is about a bushel to the acre. The seeding time is about May 15 for the central part of the country, and is later and later as one goes south. In Patagonia the seed is often put in June or July, and sometimes as late as August.

The crop grows rapidly, and along about the middle of November or December it is ready for harvest. About four-fifths of all the wheat of Argentina is cut and threshed by December, although in the south the harvest season may continue until the end of January.

I have made some inquiry as to the cost of wheat raising. Here are some figures from the Department of Agriculture. On a farm of 600 acres, of which 400 were sown to wheat, the remaining 200 being in pasture and buildings. The cost was fifteen bushels per acre, and the



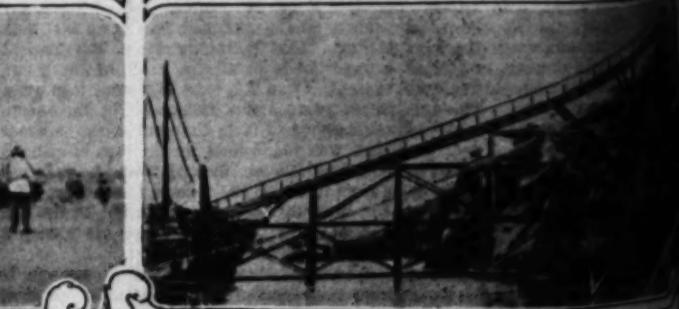
Threshing in Argentina. The laborers are Italians. Elevators which have a capacity of 200,000 bushels.



Elevators which have a capacity of 200,000 bushels.



Grain carried in open carts to the station.



Scene at Rosario where bags go down long chutes into the steamer.



ket.

and still it is safe to say that not one-tenth of the grain area has been developed. I entered Argentina by the railway across the Andes. I struck level country at Mendoza, and from there traveled to the Atlantic Ocean, a distance almost as great as from New York to Chicago. The ground is all the way and much of the soil is as good as any of the Mississippi Valley. There are no stones, and the wild lands are covered with grass. I rode through vineyards supporting tens of thousands of feet and hundreds of thousands of sheep. I now know that I could go in either direction, north or south, for hundreds of miles and find the same kind of country with comparatively small tracts of cultivated land.

From a Train.

You may take a fast express train at Buenos Aires and travel for twenty-four hours to the northwest before you reach Tucuman. You will see some wheat fields and pastures, but the most of the land is given over to pasture. Reaching Tucuman, you are in a country like our Southern States, where you can go farther north for hundreds of miles through fields of sugar cane, tobacco, cotton and corn.

You can start at Buenos Aires, and go north, riding through pastures and vineyards and wheat fields for a whole day, and then go to the north, and, crossing the Río de la Plata, come into the Argentine Republic, Entre Ríos, that lies between Uruguay and Paraguay rivers. The country will produce wheat, and if it were fully cultivated it could feed a large part of the globe.

Passing into Uruguay, you find there a great wheat country, and going on into southern Brazil see lands, now farmed by Germans, which are among the great possibilities of the future. South America already produces in the neighborhood of 100,000 bushels of wheat per annum; and may eventually yield more than ten times as much, or an amount equal to two-thirds of the present wheat crop of the world. Of more than nine-tenths comes from Argentina, a country which already leads in exports of corn, and which has corn production equal to those of its wheat.

Argentina is already exporting flour, now 300 or 400 flour mills with an output of about \$50,000,000 per annum. The

new mills in the province of Buenos Aires; and altogether 2,000,000,000 pounds of wheat are annually produced. One of the chief milling centers is now down on the Atlantic Ocean at Bahía Blanca. That port promises to be the Minneapolis of Argentina. It is gridlocked with railroads that embrace a large region, and from where wheat and flour are exported direct to Europe. The exports have doubled in value during the past two years, and are now more than \$100,000,000 per annum.

The chief railroad companies have elevators at Bahía Blanca, some

which have a loading capacity of eighty

tons per hour. The grain is carried from the elevators on conveyors to the steamers, and

the elevators have automatic scales that

can weigh three tons at a time. There is one

elevator that has a capacity of 70,000 tons,

and can load as much as 100,000 sacks of

wheat in a day. The wheat is taken into

the hopper of forty tons each, and flows

into great, round brick silos, each of

which has a capacity of about 2,000,000

tons. There are eight silos, about fifty

feet in height and thirty feet in diameter.

Bahía Blanca is one of the rapidly-grow-

ing towns of Argentina. Its flour and

wheat are the basis of its prosperity, and

are to be a great city. It has al-

most 100,000 inhabitants, and it will

be three times that within ten years from

now. The real estate transactions of a

year have amounted to \$20,000,000.

The exports are steadily growing. The

flour made in Bahía Blanca is excellent, and

will compare favorably with that of the

United States or Europe.

Developed Opportunities.

There is a fine undeveloped wheat region south and west of Bahía Blanca. I have been down in Patagonia and visited the valleys of the Río Colorado and Negro. There are large streams and their fall is such that they can be dammed and irrigation made possible for a wide distance from the Andes to the sea. The land is as rich as any part of Utah or California.

There is much undeveloped wheat lands in the pampas, and a leading authority estimates that the republic has about 80,000,000 acres that can be devoted to this crop. The best crop can be doubled by intensive culture, and the Department of Agriculture is encouraging this through its experimental farms. The average wheat yield is only a little more than eleven bushels per acre, and this in contrast with our seven bushels per acre and the thirty bushels per acre which is the average yield of France and Germany.

What the American would miss most is the lack of social life and also the loss of standing such as he has in the United States. There is a sharp distinction here between the poor and the rich, and the small farmer or the laboring man is not on an equality with the rich estanciero. When the farm-hand talks to his employer he takes off his hat and he looks up to him as his master. The tenant-houses are poor, and if a man has a mud hut of two rooms he does well. Transient labor is comparatively scarce. The bulk of the land is owned in large blocks and the owners desire to have their estates as far from the village as possible so that there may be little danger of their losing their employees. For these reasons my advice to the man of small capital or to him whose chief capital is his muscle or clerical ability is to stay at home. Just now, with the hard times brought about by the war in Europe, this is not a good place for strangers.

[Copyright, 1915, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Burns's Cottage at Ayr.

[London Answers:] The Burns cottage at Ayr is under the charge of trustees, who purchased it in 1881 from the Ayr Shoemakers' Incorporation for the sum of £4000. The birthplace of the poet had up till that time been in use as a public house. The trustees abandoned the license and after a time removed a hall and other extraneous buildings which had been added to the premises and restored the cottage buildings as nearly as possible to the state they may have been in Burns's time. A new museum was built at the northeast corner of the grounds. Most of the relics were removed to the museum, which now contains a priceless collection—a first or Kilmarnock edition of the poet's work, for which £1000 was paid, and Burns's family Bible, acquired at a cost of £1700.

They Knew Castor Oil.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] The oldest medical book in the world was found in a rock tomb by the Nile, dating from about 2000 B.C. It is a roll about sixty-six feet long, and carries prescriptions for all sorts of ailments. Castor oil is one of the remedies prescribed. It has been used pretty steadily ever since.

Voices of the Dawn.
WHEN THE DAY BREAKS UPON THE EAR.

By Neta Marquis.

I knew before I opened my eyes that dawn was at hand. Not that I smelled it, for the hour was a shade too late for that mysterious but unmistakable scent, earthy, yet unearthly, of blended distillations from all growing stems and from the soil which feeds them, with an added elusive hint of mountain aroma and salt sea tang, which usher in the clean new day; but I heard it beating in the air.

It was no individual note which thrummed against my drowsy ear, the birds being not yet awake, and the milk cart, which is a voice of the night rather than the morning, having shivered itself past some time before. It was a low, not unusual hum and rumble from the distant railroad yards and the rails of downtown cars, where the wheels of travel were singing themselves into readiness for the business of the coming day. No note other than this bespoke the hour, although the light was gray when I opened my gaze toward the window.

But, as if my very thought had roused him, Peter Mocking Bird, who lords it over our garden and sleeps in the scarlet and orange lantana above the latticed gate beside my window, spoke out with a sweet abruptness, soft as love, thrilling as dawn and meanness of ways.

With the small wheat farmer it is the size of the family that gauges the profit. When planting and harvesting are going on the whole family works. The women go out into the fields and plow and reap, and boys of 8 and girls of 9 or 10 do their share of the labor. The work goes on from sunrise to sunset, and of a moonlight night you may see them out under the stars binding and reaping. You may see the same at planting time. Between seasons is one long vacation when the people loaf and when nothing is done. They live then upon credit or the profits of the last crop. If a drought comes or a crop fails they increase their debt, and an invasion of the locusts may bring ruin and famine.

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[Copyright, 1915, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Peter was quickly followed by the rooster again, whose fellows, farther and farther away, this time took up his utterance. But the fugue sounded much as if the fowls were all merely stretching their wings and yawning, the crow coming each time only as an after-thought to the yawn. The twitter of a company of linnets followed deliciously upon this. Then, as swiftly as all had flown upon my consciousness, all ebbed off into the depths of silence again. And the world slept on.

But I lay and mused, to the undertone of the throbbing rails. It came to me with a poignant, tingling rapture that this was the dawn of another Day—a Day, fraught with all the ineffable possibilities of love and life—a Day, across which Fate might stride straight to me, bearing in his hand events to warm my heart for all time and to mold my soul to all eternity—a Day, which might mean only a calm continuance upon ways of alternate uplift and depression, or which might mean the bursting of a Millennium!

It seemed as if anything significant and beautiful might be born of that sentient, throbbing hour preventing the sunrise. Evil forces seem always suspended in the hours of early dawn, like the smoke of yesterday wafted off into purifying outer spaces. In the celestial lightness which buoyed my spirit in this period of their abeyance, I was fancying that to me this might prove one of those days to make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.

Then again the wave of waking life broke upon the shore of my consciousness. A

louder-thrumming rail indicated that a car line only three or four squares away had become an active element in the new day's affairs. The linnets resumed their talking together, with cheerful and pleasant plans for putting in the approaching hours. A dog barked. The roosters crowed again with gathering energy.

Our neighbor's back door was crisply unlocked, and quick heels pecked their way across the porch. I wondered dimly whether this portended that the family was going to make a long day of travel in the big touring car, which loves to disport itself just outside my window like some creature from the pit—some Gorgon, or Hydra, or Chimera dire—all but choking me with fierce gusts of its mephitic breath, or merely that the laundress was coming early.

But the other sounds ceased again. Then the kitchen door was shut, and I heard no more from my neighbors. But Peter Mocking Bird for the third time shook off his drowsiness and spoke.

Peter is singing in shyer fashion than he wont these golden days. In later springtime he is a loud and cheerful braggart, who flings his merry gasconade from the highest ridgepole and is given to an egotistical iteration of his own name—"Peter! Peter! Peter! Peter!" But now he chooses, rather, a leafy tree or the bower-like lantana, where he trills over tender and intimate little madrigals, as if preparing himself for the wooing of some reserved ladylove who has not yet appeared on the garden's horizon, to persuade her that he is, in truth, a humble-hearted lover, not the swaggering cavalier reputation would have him.

Could she have heard him now, calling over his repertory of love words, full of caressing and entreaty: "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Dearie-dearie-dearie!"—she must surely have capitulated to his passion and his tenderness.

Over and over he sang his sweet, throaty, pleading notes, then swelled forth in triumphant, possessive joy, only to sink again into a murmurous ripple of sound so pulsing sweet and sad that my human heart thrilled in response almost to the point of aching.

With the other sounds melted into stillness once more, upon that one current of lovely melody I floated back into the lagoon of sleep. And when, at last I came broad awake again, the world was washed and dressed and bustling about the getting of its living, while the voices of the dawn had receded into the twilight of poetry and music and dreams.

Kitchener, the Strategist.

[Pearson's Weekly:] One of the most characteristic stories of Lord Kitchener is told of his campaign in the Sudan. It appears that snipers had been shooting his messengers, and he ordered that a telephone wire should be carried across a certain stretch of the desert.

As Kitchener had ordered it, of course it had to be done; but there was much shrugging of shoulders, for it was believed that after the enemy had got over their awe for this new contrivance they would be sure to cut the wire.

That is what happened time and again. Kitchener never complained; he simply ordered the wires to be repaired.

Later on the shoulder shruggers learned to their intense surprise and admiration that the overhead wire was only a decoy. Kitchener had caused the real wire to be laid underground.

That Boy Again.

[Paramount Magazine:] The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled. The smudge pot filled the air with smoke, the red fire glowed real red. The thunder roared, the lightnings flashed, and still he would not go. "For if I did I'd spoil," quoth he, "the moving-picture show." The camera clicked, the film rolled on, the boy was burning money. That picture made him a repute, and bought his bread and honey.

Johnnie Wanted to Know.

[Pennsylvania State Froth:] Johnnie (puzzled as to how to pronounce the name of an explorer:) Say, father, do you pronounce K-a-n-d with a long or a short "u"?

Father (who, of course, doesn't know:) Oh, it doesn't make any difference.

Johnnie: Well, I guess it makes a good bit of difference whether a man is nude or nude up in the arctic regions.



Classified Advertisements.
News: Fact and Comment.
Other Advertisements.

It was during the ship lobby inquiry conducted by the Senate that the Department of Agriculture was shown to be a useless farce as far as results were concerned.

MEXICO. The final situation in Yu-

cahui, which was buried in the archives of the department, where it has remained until this day.

Lord Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald,

closed the schools and arrested office and mail service and paid Zapista entry.

There was no railroad ser-

Glimpses of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.



Court of the
Universe, founded
of the Setting Sun,
Fountain of the
Rising Sun and
the Nations
of the East.



Court of Abundance
the great court of
the Exposition.
On left a portion
of the great Arch
of the Rising Sun.
Tower is 270 feet high.



The Chinese
State Building
Photo by
Grimm-Collie
Exposition



South Gardens from
the main gates. On left
Palace of Horticulture.
In center toward Jewels
and Fountains and Energy.

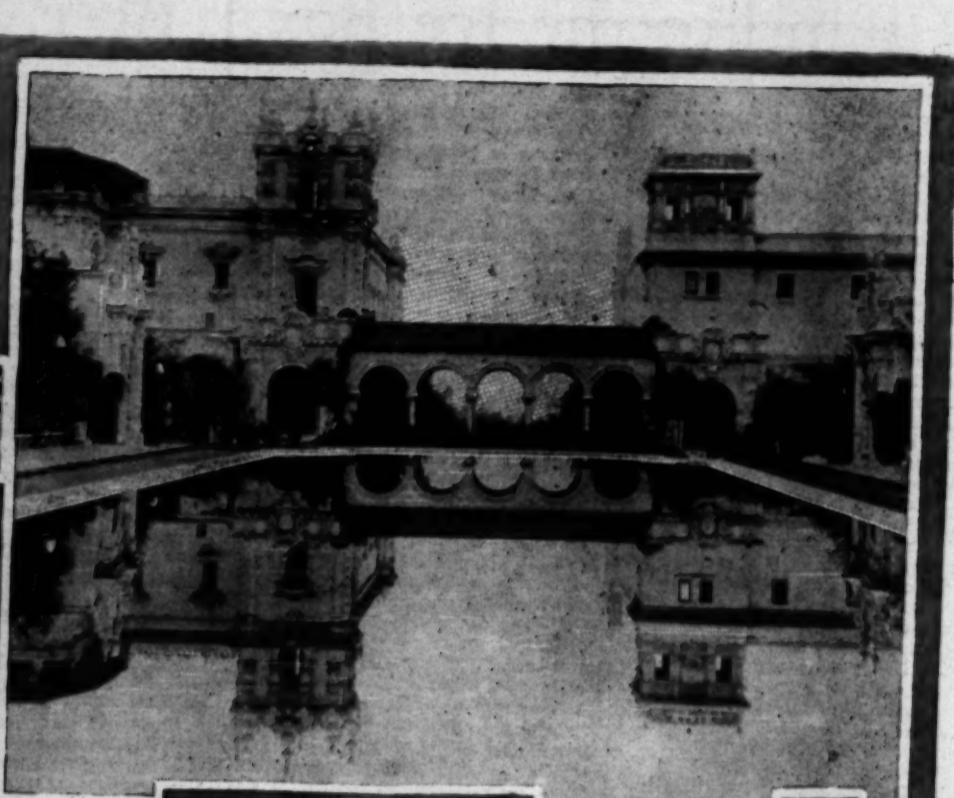
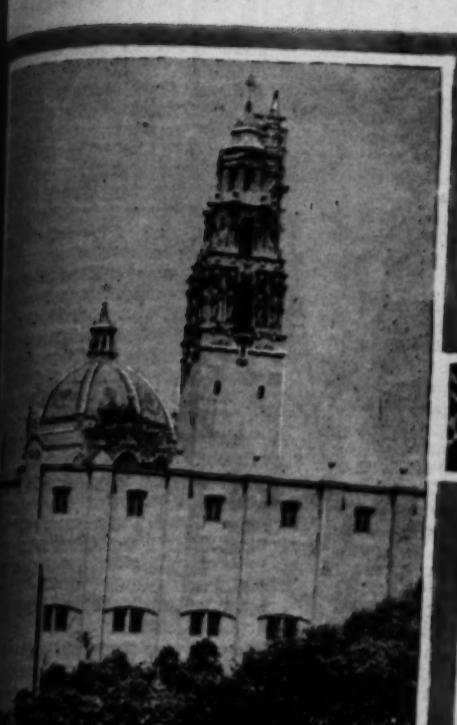


Parade of
Marine Corps in
the Plaza de Panama.



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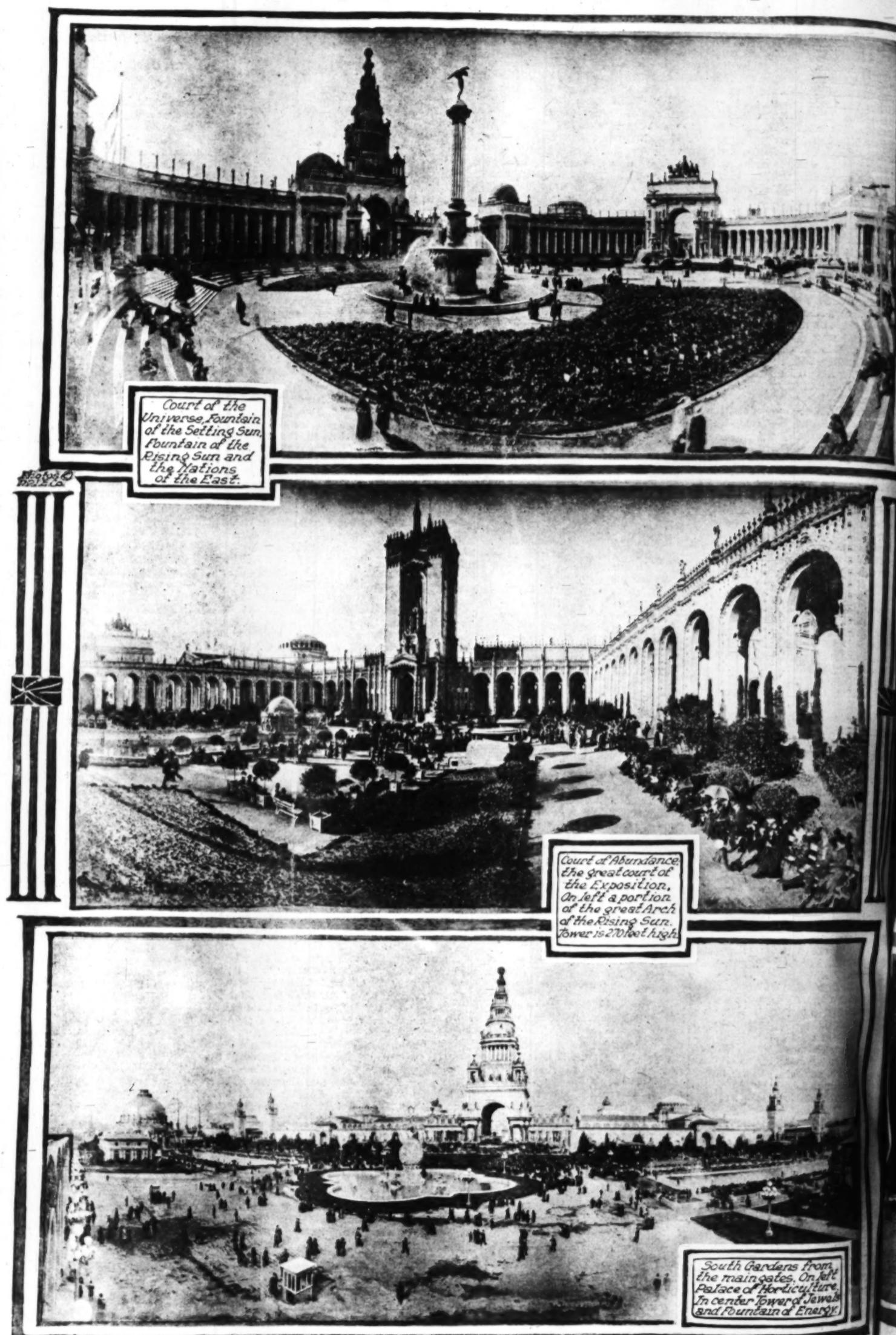
Panama-California Fair at San Diego.



The California State Building

Photos © by
Panama-California Exposition.Across la laguna
de los Flores.Gardens from
main gates. On left
is the Palace of Horticulture,
center toward Jewels
is the Tower of Energy.Parade of
Marine Corps in
the Plaza de Panama.Pergola of the Arts and
Crafts BuildingTower from Court of
Science and Education
Building.

Glimpses of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.



[296]

that the best dressed men will wear—styles that will be both a delight and a comfort. And they're just as attractive as the illustration.

Ducks at 27c lb.

—No phone orders; none delivered.

—Fresh Creamery Butter, 27c lb.

Classified Advertisements.

—Ship

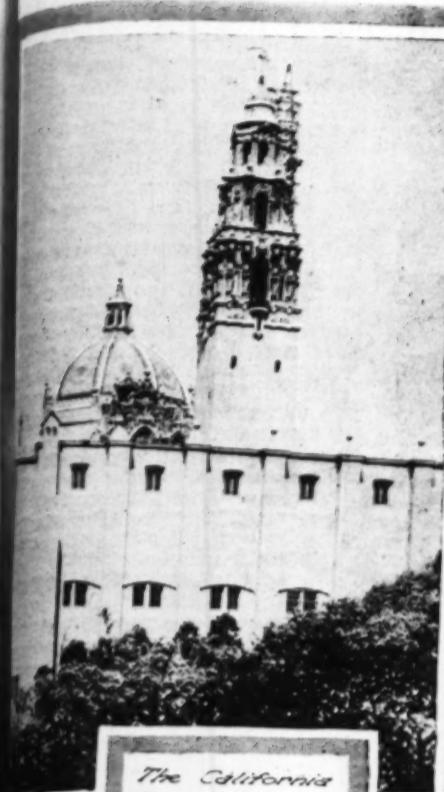
—Senate

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—News: Fact and Comment.

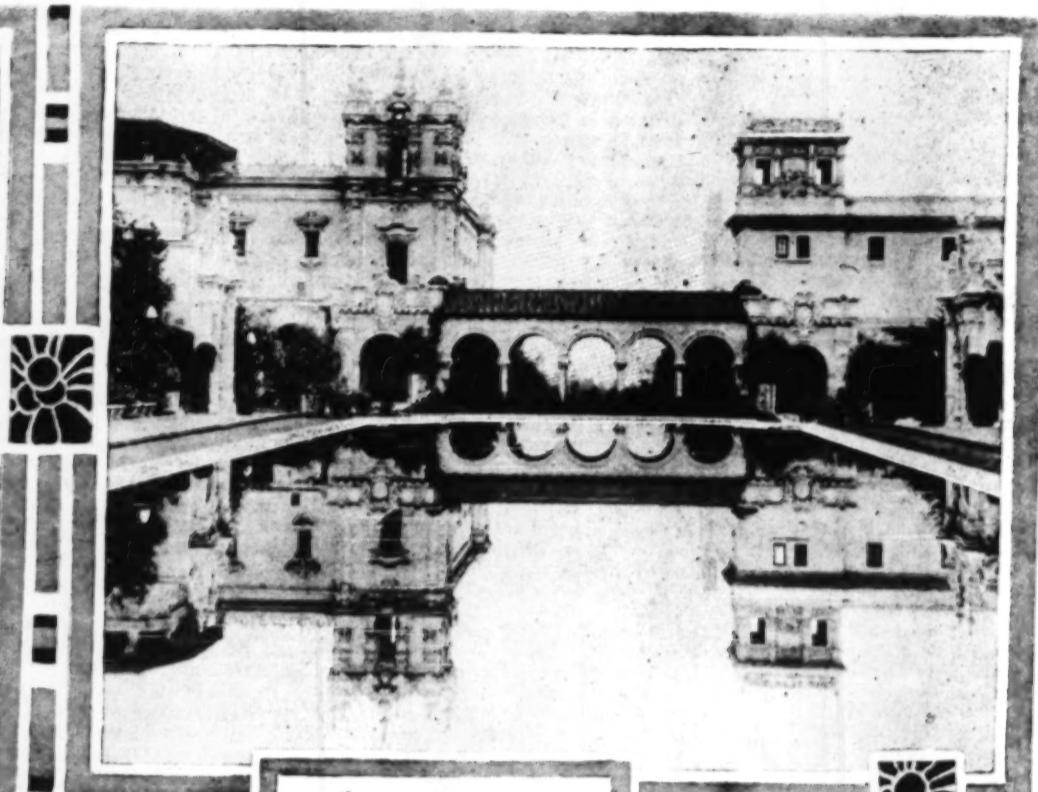
—Real Estate Advertisements.

Panama-California Fair at San Diego.



The California
State Building

Photos © by
Panama-California
Exposition.



Across the Laguna de los Flores.



Parade of
Marine Corps in
the Plaza de
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*Perfola of the Arts and
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Power from Court of
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is at 27c lb.
niers; none delivered.
Butter 27c lb.

reamery Butter, 27c lb.
Fresh Yard Eggs, 23c doz.
1 lb. Peaches, 10c can

Classified Advertisements

**News: Fact and Comment
State Advertisements.**

States, Cities, E.

It was stated at the capitol that the ship lobby inquiry conducted by the Senate proves to be a useless farce as far as results were concerned.

MEXICO. The sisal situation in Yu-

being pronounced perfectly feasible by a commission of the Admiralty its secret was buried in the archives of the department, where it has remained until this day.

Lord Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, was variously engaged in command of

navy on account of an irregular financial transaction for which he was imprisoned.

Prior to her marriage Lady Harvey was Lady Jean Cochrane and her husband is the son of the Mar-

band, a younger brother of the Marquis of Bristol, has been Charge d'Affaires.

closed the schools and arrested office and mail service and paid Zapatista entry.

There was no railroad serv

Hiking to the Ice Box.* By Evelyn McDowell.

A MOUNTAIN FROLIC.

Two big automobile stages and a seven-passenger touring car filled to overflowing conveyed the party to Pomona. It was a brilliant early afternoon in mid-March, when the softly-rounded hills wore flowing robes of changeable silk, emerald with a warp of warm earth brown, and the plains shimmered in the most vivid green imaginable—the gold-green so typical of Southern California. In an orchard stood creamy plum and apricot and rosy peach and nectarine trees, like brides and their attendant maidens. And as if still more glory were desired by Dame Nature to celebrate the return of her youthful daughter, Spring, the lustrous sheen of mustard spread in great expanses of yellow over the fields.

In all this exuberance of spirits the human children of Dame Nature joined most enthusiastically, and the throbbing engines of the speeding automobiles seemed determined to contribute their share to the general joyfulness as the cars rolled swiftly over the smooth pavement. Only the dignified dark-blue Mother Mountains appeared to look down serene and unmoved from their rocky heights. And as for the snow-clad monarchs of the range, the very exaltation of their position held them coldly aloof from all affairs of the lowland.

At Pomona a trolley car bound for San Antonio Heights was crammed full of khaki-clad and mountain-booted femininity, who, with fascinated gaze, watched the register as the conductor rang up, without pausing to take breath, sixty-seven fares. The ride up beautiful tree-shaded Euclid avenue (a long straight line from mountain foot drawn across level plain) took the party past attractive homes amid dark orange groves, over a stretch of sloping mesa commanding a most entrancing view of the great plain of Southern California, its features softened and made indistinct by brownish haze, and ended near a little cobblestone station at the wide mouth of San Antonio Canyon.

Here began the real stunt of the day, when a crowd of fifty hikers started at about half-past four on the nine-mile climb up the winding canyon road. Two automobile stages, intended to carry about a dozen passengers between them, hospitably received sixteen or eighteen of the less venturesome, who were wedged in at all angles, together with impediments and paraphernalia of various sizes and shapes, which protruded from every possible spot where they could find a place to hang on by the eye-brows.

It was only a short time before the hikers were overtaken by the autos, which had left the station some time later, and even more baggage was taken aboard on the fly and added to the load of the already overburdened machines, which nevertheless set a noble example of duty cheerfully done.

Rushing disdainfully past the tollhouse the autos soon began the real climb. The walls of the canyon drew a little closer together, and the road many times crossed the stream, which hurried down its rock-strewn way, hurling itself over boulders and falling in white cataracts, boiling in eddies, lying quietly a moment in pools of clearest emerald, or slipping gently over brown pebbles as if trying to entice the unwary to wade in its icy waters. By the roadside stood manzanita bushes with gnarled red trunks, their blossoms like chimes of dainty shell-pink bells pendant from the branches among gray-green foliage. Walls of moist brown rock richly tapestryed with ferns and moss thrust themselves headlong into the road, causing abrupt turns which kept the Klaxon busy.

On the willow trees small green catkins indicated the return of spring, and the branches of the alders were beginning to swell with leaf buds, promising before many weeks the thick green canopy which so effectively shades the stream from the summer sun, while sycamores with bleached white trunks still dangled from the ends of their branches remnants of their autumn trimmings of brown ball tassels. In sycamores and live oaks clung great bunches of vampire mistletoe, its little white berries like a decoration of seed pearls.

Along the hogback the road seemed suspended in air, hung between the towering cliff at the left and the rocky precipice descending abruptly to the creek hundreds of

feet below. Sloping streams of small loose rocks showed where landslides had halted temporarily in their progress down the mountain side, apparently alert and ready at a moment's notice to continue their journey down to the bottom of the canyon. And then in shady nooks of the mountain slopes only a stone's throw across the canyon appeared patches of snow, tantalizing to California valley dwellers. The zone of pines and firs had been reached, those sturdy upstanding mountaineers who seem to enjoy conflict with winter winds and snow. Ever ahead and above rose snow-capped peaks, glowing pyramids of pale gold shining through slender gray alder branches, majestic, soothed to the senses, inspiring in their calm loftiness.

The canyon walls drew farther apart, and a few scattered cabins were discerned, partly concealed by the thick growth of under-brush and trees. Near the road were cleared and plowed spaces, gardens in summer, where, said the driver, several deer had been loitering recently, with marauding intent. But not a deer was now considerate enough to reward the peering of eager eyes. Dry yucca stalks stood at attention on the slopes, like an army awaiting the signal to advance.

Where the canyon widened and the mountains grouped themselves in a circle, forming a huge bowl, the stages came to a stop and relieved themselves of their burdens. The new arrivals were greeted by others of their tribe, who had preceded them several hours, and were duly escorted to their abiding places for the night.

After the last glow had faded from the snowy peaks, leaving them cold and blue-white like skinned milk, lights began to blink among the trees, and before long a hungry horde were seated in the open air at an L-shaped table, laid camp style, where they paid the most hearty respects to the cooks by causing the complete disappearance of hot soup and beans, followed by comestibles of a somewhat more esthetic nature. Other guests, though uninvited, were attracted by the savory odors, and the waitresses performed certain duties not specified in their contract—namely, the casting of stones to discourage the intimacy of a family of pigs.

About an hour after dark a lusty hallooing announced the coming of the hikers, in twos and threes, guided through the gloom by the occasional fiery gleam of an electric flashlight. The hikers, too, showed a due appreciation of soup and beans. And then, after the performance of the arduous duty of supplying the wants of the inner woman, the clans repaired to the big dining-room of Camp Baldy, cleared for the occasion, where footlight favorites made dents in the uncomplaining floor by "tripping the light (?) fantastic toe" in mountain boots, followed by the admiring and wistful gaze of bashful college youths draped gracefully about the walls. The large fireplace offered excellent opportunities for toasting the marshmallows, which were the next number on the programme, but most of the lusty white cubes vanished posthaste without attendant ceremonies. The captain, who had been called upon earlier in the evening to attend to several cases of badly-blistered feet, blew her whistle and announced plans for the morrow, and great was the groan that arose when 6 o'clock was mentioned as the time when the whistle would sound the alarm for arising.

The night was crisp, clear and star-filled, and, although the North Star had half-circled away around to the west, it did not cause much concern up here among the protecting peaks. Nor was there any apprehension when, in the middle of the night, a strong wind swooped down into the deep bowl among the mountains, rushing through big rifts in the tent walls, flapping the loose canvas, causing showers of acorns, and even drowning the voices of the two streams which guarded the tents in front and rear.

The tips of the western peaks were gilded when the earliest-risers peered forth from their tents the following morning, and how invigorating was the icy stream water on face and body! The cooks were to have a partial vacation this day, and each girl was to provide her own breakfast—all except coffee, which had been previously ordered. Little groups were formed and sheet-iron stoves requisitioned, and soon the cheerful

sizzling of bacon and eggs was abroad in the land, accompanied by the alluring aroma of coffee. A sort of cabaret performance was the main feature of the breakfast entertainment. A big gobbler appeared on the stage, and, although entirely too dignified and conscious of his own importance to dance a turkey trot, he strutted about on parade for the edification of mere human mortals.

In good season a procession moved up the canyon, crossing streams of various sizes by stepping stones and rustic bridges, aided by the friendly offices of a helping hand or a walking stick. Once or twice a shriek announced the slipping of a foot into the ice-cold water. Up here, about 5000 feet above the sea the pussy-willows were in a still more incipient state than those in the lower reaches of the canyon. The bushes of California slippery elm, which in summer flared for a short season with large golden blooms, were unadorned, and not even a stalk of yerba santa showed signs of blossoming. The wild lilacs, too, which among the lower hills had decked themselves with plumes of lavender-blue and white, seemed still to be unawakened by the touch of spring. Indeed, winter was still holding sway in these regions.

A side road, turning to the left, led to the Y.W.C.A. camp site—Camp Estelle, named for its generous donor—lying in rugged and picturesque unevenness between two brawling brooks spanned by rustic bridges. Pines, firs and cedars stood guard in their accustomed somber dignity, but the alders were denuded of the thick foliage which in summer, when the rocks hereabouts echo the voices of some of these selfsame hikers, gives such effective seclusion to the place.

In Icehouse Canyon small patches of snow lay cuddled in hollows almost constantly in shadow, while a little farther up the canyon stretched large sloping blankets of white, growing in size as the trail ascended. This temptation was too great to be resisted, and many a sudden shrill feminine shriek attested the accuracy of aim of the heaver as a soft icy ball struck a bare neck and trickled in fragments down a warm body. Snowball fights were the order of the hour, as the belligerents trudged knee-deep—not in June, but in a squashy coverlet affording about as good a walking surface as a feather bed. A snow man grew most miraculously under deft fingers, and was greatly adored by his creators, in this respect, though possibly not in general appearance, resembling the statue carved by Pygmalion of old.

Of all winter sports, tobogganing is one of the most delightful, and this, too, was on tap in Icehouse Canyon. One daring pioneer who had climbed up a snowy ascent naturally sat down and slid to the bottom. Her enthusiastic encomiums concerning this method of locomotion infected others with the mania, and trains of half a dozen laughing and shouting girls were soon gliding down a smooth track. On the trail, too, lay numerous stretches of snow, sometimes solid and with icy surface, often somewhat slushy. While tobogganing was in progress a few of the more energetic of the party started on up the canyon, bound for the falls, of whose existence many of the others were unaware. That part of the trip is another story.

In the main canyon again, Mt. San Antonio stood at full height, a clear expanse of pure white unbroken for a great distance below the summit. Up there the wind, which in the canyon had abated considerably, was still active, creating filmy snow banners, which floated like pennants from the very tiptop of the peak. Viewed from this near vantage point, the mountain seemed to lose some of its awe-inspiring qualities, and, like most human dignitaries, proved companionable and friendly on better acquaintance. Even his nickname of "Old Baldy" seemed somewhat less opprobrious and more like a familiar pet name.

The white slopes of the adjacent peaks, less lofty, were studded with trees like punctuation marks scattered promiscuously over a sheet of paper—tall, symmetrical pines like exclamation points, an occasional twisted question, small roundish shrubs resembling periods and commas.

Down the canyon, pyramidal peaks bounded the vision on all sides, while between these sloped the floor of the canyon, like a gently-flowing stream bound for the

distant valley. Ahead and to the right showed the dark surface of a lake, sheltered by hills and surrounded by the hills which it reflected in its depths. In the background two men were at work digging and grubbing out some huge stones which had made the few automobiles venturing this far on the beaten paths, and the smell of moist earth was pleasant to the nostrils.

With feet like lumps of ice in snow-water, the party hurried gaily back to camp, where two big fires assisted materially in the drying process. But some girls, indolent and languid, lay on the cots in their tents with their "standings" thrust into the sunlight to dry. Certainly I gave a few points to the sun.

The town of Bolivar was about a mile from our home. For over a year we had been a series of mystery houses at Bolivar—at least the houses and stores had been decorated with sprigs of manzanita, salal, chicken, pie, plum pudding, etc., etc., found the way to their destination, although occasionally the robbers would get in by cutting out glass and mouth.

And then it was time for the boys to hit the homeward trail, and picture somber scenery. Khaki and corduroy, green, blue and gray sweaters and caps, middles of white and tan, all went along merrily in the brilliant light. Automobile parties chugging up the road, motley crowd, with the captain bringing up the rear like a shepherd driving his flock. And never was shepherd more contented than the captain of the flock.

Many of the feet were blistered and bleeding before the end of the long day was reached and welcomed a "lift" in a motor auto. But most of these same jolly robbers, occupied by pompous and passenger sonorities, went disdainfully by village word. The little Buick roadster which carried the cooks all the way from the station passed with a friendly nod. I know that these cooks were of a superior brand, favorite members of the tribe, who had gone ahead up the road and helped pave the way for the rest of the multitude which followed.

Near the tollhouse the air was filled with the perfume of myriads of purple and white clumps of iris continued along the path of the robbers. And a little farther down the road a sort of broad path connecting the northeast of town with the south. You must understand that Bolivar is built along the river, which runs south while clumps of iris continued along the path of the robbers was in the shade. I studied the date, and in two purple.

A special car waited at the tollhouse until the robbers had been committed to the Chief of Police and got a lift to the Chief of Police and got a lift to the tollhouse for a year past, the date occupied by the robbers for a year past, the date of the robbery, the value of goods stolen, and the name of each house entered. Then

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Darkness fell quickly. The lights of many automobiles were reflected on the pavement. A few little lights were through, and a rather silent and still crowd rode back in the early morning to the big and hurrying city, to the day's frolic amid mountain grandeur.

[Youth's Companion:] "What did you learn at school today, dear?" asked Mrs. Allen's mother of little Mabel when she returned from her first day at school.

"I didn't learn anything," said Mabel.

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McDowell.

Doc Horne (of the Alfalfa Hotel) and His Friends.

By George Ade.

DOC AS A DETECTIVE

IT CAME out one evening that Doc Horne had been a detective in Bolivar. I was talking with the married man, and given his theory as to that week's sudden disappearance.

"I could have made a good detective, but I married man.

"I don't know that I have any particular theory in that line," said Doc, picking at the end of his cigar. "I never was a professional detective, but I cleared up many a mystery after the police had given it up. I only gave a few points to the police coaches over my way."

The town of Bolivar was about forty miles from our home. For over a year there had been a series of mysterious robberies at Bolivar—at least thirty houses and stores had been robbed. The locks had been picked in most cases, although occasionally the robbers got in by cutting out glass with a sharp knife. They took only jewels and money, and never anything bulky. They went into houses in town, and seemed to be particular, for they never spent time in ransacking. They went direct to the places where the valuables were concealed.

"The case presented difficulties, and yet I was more than ever keen to fix the robbers on this doctor. I went to the Chief of Police and had another long talk. I asked him if he had ever suspected anyone. He said that at one time Bill Gregory was under suspicion. I asked about Gregory and learned that he was a man-of-all-work, employed by Mrs. Walton, a widow, who lived in the southeast part of town. She had come to Bolivar about a year before and had brought Gregory with her. He did all the work around the place, and drove her phaeton when she went calling. She was something of an invalid, subject to nervous attacks, and this Gregory had to help her in and out of the houses where she called.

"It seemed that one night Gregory was seen coming out of an alley, and a policeman stopped him and found a revolver on him. Gregory claimed that he was on his way to summon Dr. Brascall to attend Mrs. Walton, who was suffering from one of her attacks, and that he had come through the alley for a short cut. The policeman doubted him, so he went with Gregory to Mrs. Allen's house. After some delay, Dr. Brascall came to the door. The policeman followed the doctor to Mrs. Walton's house. He found her in great pain. She said she had sent Gregory for the doctor, and of course that satisfied the policeman and relieved Gregory from suspicion.

"Well, sir, that set me to thinking. I asked the Chief to indicate to me on the map where Mrs. Walton lived. He did so, and I saw at once that this house and the house in which the doctor lived marked the ends of the district within which the robberies had been committed. In other words, anyone proceeding from the doctor's house to Mrs. Walton's house could pass by any house or store that had been robbed and still not be going out of the way. I surmised at once that Mrs. Walton was in the plot; that she was to be ready to testify, in case the doctor fell under suspicion because of his appearance on the streets at night, that she had sent for him and that he was on his way to attend her. But Mrs. Allen had said that the doctor did not go out at night. I believed then that Gregory came to his window and tapped and that the doctor crawled out of the window. At any rate, I felt sure that both Gregory and the charming widow were in the game.

"I inquired regarding Mrs. Walton, and learned that she was very popular with the best people, and was a prominent member of the literary club which met at the homes of the members. At last I began to understand how the doctor, supposing that he was the guilty ringleader, learned where the jewelry and valuables were kept in each residence. By this time I had the case fairly mapped out in my own mind, but I hadn't a particle of proof.

"I sounded the Chief of Police as to Dr. Brascall, without hinting my suspicions. It

seemed that he and the doctor were intimate friends. In fact, the doctor had assisted him in getting up a new schedule for the night policemen so that they could cover the town more effectively. Yes, sir, that doctor had actually assigned the policemen to their beats, so that he would know how to keep out of their way.

"Well, when my investigations were

about this far along, the doctor, whom I had seen only casually, went to Pittsburgh. I followed him, and learned that while he was in that city he made but little pretense to anything which would show him implicated in the robbery.

"I felt in my bones that he

was well liked in Bolivar, especially by the men, and had been admitted to the club there. Much to my surprise, I learned that he was not a man. So far as I could ascertain, he had been two or three of the men who had been robbed. His reputation in the town was above reproach.

"I was making inquiries. I learned

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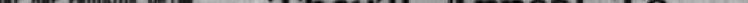
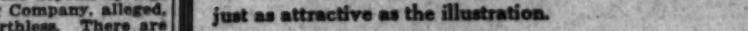
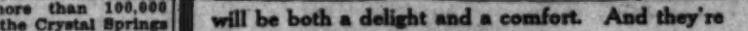
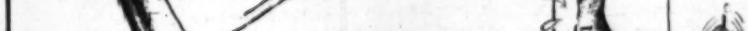
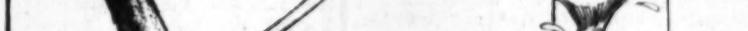
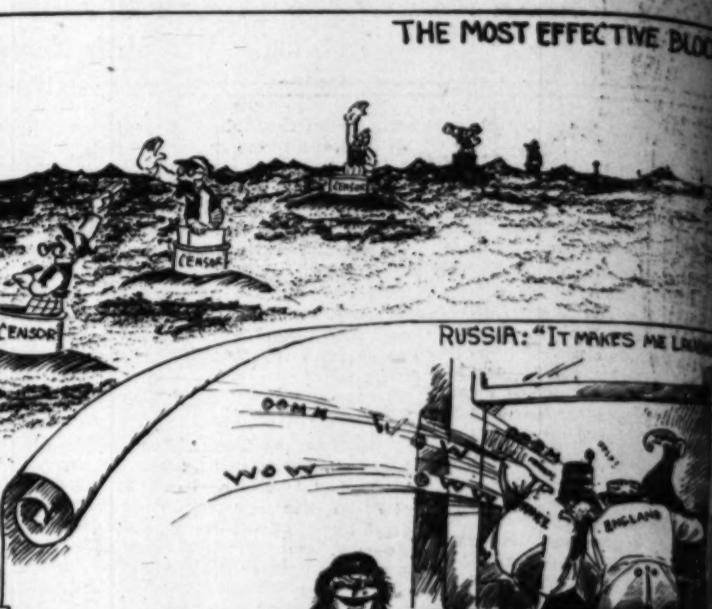
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Recent Cartoons.



Ladies and Gentlemen.

Drawings by Charles Dana Gibson.



MOST EFFECTIVE BLOCKADE

RUSSIA: "IT MAKES ME LAUGHSKI"

DARDANELLES DENTAL SHOP

FORTUNE TIME FOR INTERRUPTION

DIPLOMATIC OFFICE

- Portland Journal
LOOKING THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE DOOR

PEACE AND OPPORTUNITY

- Portland Oregon

Classified Advertisements.

News: Fact and Comment.
Local Advertisements.

s at 27c lb.

bers; none delivered.

Butter, 27c lb.

Fresh Yard Eggs, 23c do.

Peaches, 10c ea.

Great Expositions.

Fruit, Flowers, Pictures, Books.

It was stated in the capital that the ship lobby inquiry conducted by the Senate proves to be a useless farce as far as results were concerned.

MEXICO. The social situation in Yucatan has been adjusted satisfactorily.

being pronounced perfectly feasible by a commission of the Admiralty its secret was buried in the archives of the department, where it has remained until this day.

Lord Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald,

navy on account of an irregular financial transaction for which he was imprisoned.

Prior to her marriage Lady Harvey was Lady Jean Cochrane and her husband, a younger brother of the Marquis of Bristol, has been Charge d'Affaires at Bilbao, since 1907. She has

closed the schools and arrested all the office and mail service and paid the emperor Zapata entry.

There was no railroad service out through the cable censor at Vera Cruz.

Stories of Old Mexico. By Maria P. de Galeana.

AN INDIAN WIFE.

LA VIRGEN DE LA SALUD, patron saint of that part of Mexico, appeared to human vision in a picturesquely lonely place on a road leading from Patzcuaro to Zaca. The exact spot is marked by a rude monument and partially inclosed by boulders. The miraculous image of this saint, so noted for her miracles, rests in the parroquia, built with its walls three varas thick to withstand earthquakes. The varas are thirty-three English inches. The image is one of the most wonderful examples extant of the craftsmanship of the Tarascans and was made soon after the Spanish conquest, of corn plith.

Patzcuaro was the ecclesiastical seat of the Tarascan empire. After the conquest it became the residence of wealthy Spanish nobles, and for three centuries was a famed mart for commerce between Acapulco on the Pacific coast and the great interior cities. Mule trains laden with stufis from Asia wound their way over tortuous mountain passes, over the Espinazo del Diablo, just wide enough for the passage of one animal at a time and with a sheer descent of thousands of feet on either side. The fairs of Patzcuaro were famed far and near and thronged with traders, who brought their wares from the City of Mexico and even from as far as Vera Cruz.

Zaca, situated at the foot of lava beds on the edge of a dry lagoon, dates from the eleventh century. Then appeared on the lava beds above the present village that strange tribe of warlike people who conquered and intermarried with the surrounding Chichimecas. Tzintzuntzan became the civil capital of their empire and a people who rivalled the Aztecs in power and riches.

In Tzintzuntzan hangs a Titian, "The Entombment." The rude little church, surrounded by squall adobe huts, is visited yearly by the learned of many lands who come to admire this work of the great Italian master. Fabulous sums have been offered the Indians for the painting and have been rejected. Perhaps I should say it was visited yearly, putting it in the past tense. That was in times of peace.

Rosalia's yearly visits to her birthplace were the events of her life. The steeply sloping red tile roofs of the tall, semi-medieval edifices perched on the hills a short distance from the lake, rose familiar to her view. Magpies chattered noisily among the somber branches of tall trees that surround the Plaza. Rosalia went to the humble home of her old mistress, Dona Antonia Plata. Rosalia remembered when, a young girl, she won her father's consent to go and assist Dona Antonia, then the owner of many haciendas. She stayed with her fourteen years, serving her faithfully. It was Rosalia who was charged with the watching and sunning of the silver dollars stacked high in the silver room. These were before the days of banks. Now Dona Antonia greeted her with a tender embrace in the ruined apartment of a one-time palace. Here, in the long, high-ceilinged salon, the Austrian Emperor Maximilian had been guest. Here, also, troops had been quartered and it had been more than once used as a stable. Steel had rung on its cobblestones and blood flowed in its courts. Dona Antonia's emaciated figure still preserved its air of the great lady. She wore threadbare remnants of once priceless silks and ivory-tinted laces softened her ivory-tinted face. She sold herbs, sticks of wood, chiles, corn, coal, dulces, over a rude counter. A single criada served her.

Rosalia was educada; she possessed that rare quality expressed by that one word "educada"—refinement of the heart and soul. She took up her temporary abode with her old mistress as if the years of her youth were yesterday. They fell into their accustomed attitude of friendly affection that never bordered on rude familiarity. Rosalia helped her old mistress with the daily duties. Together they attended early morning mass and evening prayers. They would sit together and talk of the past in the tropic dusk, Dona Antonia in a stiff, high-backed, carved mahogany chair, her thin hands trembling under lace frills; Rosalia in a low chair at her feet, its seat made of interlaced cords.

Rosalia's favorite nephew was Vicente. As her sisters had died, she had endeavored

to mother all her nephews and nieces. Vicente stayed in Patzcuaro when all his brothers and sisters went to live with Rosalia in the capital city. He was an independent nature. His ancestors had been the famous wood carvers of Patzcuaro. He turned his hand to the less skilled craft of making canoes.

Vicente was straight and muscular. He was the greatest swimmer of them all; the only one who had swum to Janicho that rose, water-lapped, a league from the shore. He was a good fisherman and his nets never remained empty. Their silvery contents were carried on Indians' backs to the capital. There, since early morning hours on market days, they were sold. Money in centavos and reales flowed to Vicente. He became prosperous.

Another source of income with him became the conveying of learned foreigners to Tzintzuntzan to view the famous painting. Did they wish to make the trip by canoe? Whose canoes so safe and well managed as Vicente's? For those who were timid of the water, and above all in the rainy season when the lake was tumultuous, there were the burros, well kept and gentle.

In Tzintzuntzan Vicente bought tortillas and dried fish one day from Maria. It does not matter what her other name may have been. All Indian girls are called Maria if one does not know their real names; this is for the Blessed Virgin. Maria's tortillas were very white and thin; her voluminous unbleached cotton skirt, embroidered in red around the bottom and skillfully pleated in many folds around her waist, was held in place by a hand-woven faja. Her cotton—thick and coarse—was elaborately embroidered around the neck and armpits. Her smooth hair fell in two shiny braids and was lengthened further by brightly-colored strings. Many-colored beads encircled her full neck and fell on her voluptuous bosom. Vicente was tired of eating his meals and lodging in mesones. Maria's tortillas were unusually good—or Vicente was more than ordinarily hungry—and she looked neat. An Indian wife would be docile. Vicente himself was masterful, and admired docility in a female. Vicente had had several years of school, and was really intelligent beyond his associates. The greater the intellectual gulf between him and his mujer (woman,) the greater would be her admiration for him and the more loyalty would she serve him.

Maria made him an admirable wife. At earliest dawn she ground the masa into roundly-patted tortillas of great whiteness. She prepared savory dishes of dried goat meat and chile, cunningly flavored with a clove of garlic and a little onion. Her hut was swept clean, her mats neatly arranged, her guest chair always ready. She helped mend the fish nets and washed and mended Vicente's clothes. On market days she set off in her canoe with fishes to sell in Patzcuaro. Arrived there, with fishes slung over her back in a huangoche and the ends tied under her chin, she hawked her wares in the streets and in the market place. There she wore a man's broad straw sombrero on her head. At home in the ancient capital of her ancestors she never stepped out of her hut without her blue rebozo.

Vicente had chosen a frugal, hard-working woman, and that was what a man needed. He continued to meet his old companions in the mesones and had many a glass of aguardiente or mescal in the fondas. This was apart from his home life. There none of his boon companions intruded. He made a good deal of money taking learned people to Tzintzuntzan to see the famous painting. Both men and women came. These latter did not seem like women to Vicente. They were so independent; they strode and rode like men. They were not afraid to go alone anywhere; they were Gringos; curious beings. He would take them across the lake in his canoe or around it on his burros, and up to the little church. They were turistas—tourists. Their inquisitiveness soon found out his little hut—and Maria; also the baby. Actually Vicente was so inordinately proud of the boy—because it was a boy—that he wanted every human being to see it. That was the real reason he allowed the Gringos to visit his hut. Maria would bring out the guest chair and painfully sit on another as Vicente had instructed her to do, to show she knew how to sit on one. She extended her cleanest esterito on the lake

and newest tule mats for their feet to rest on, brought cool water from a new olla and served it from a gourd, gave them hot tortillas in hand-worked napkins. Nothing fell to her share, but money came plentifully to Vicente. He fell to scheming. Everybody knew that Don Fidel Vidales had commenced life as a muleteer and was now reputed to be a millionaire. The Oseguera had had an equally humble origin, and now, were they not owners of large haciendas?

When his Tia Rosalia came to Patzcuaro she noted a subtle change in her favorite nephew; it troubled her to divine the cause of her uneasiness. She admonished him to live in the fear of God, and consulted Dona Antonia Plata. Vicente was likewise a favorite with Dona Antonia. But neither Tia Rosalia nor Dona Antonia could divine what was the matter with Vicente. Maria came to the back door with her child slung on her back in the huangoche. Under the huangoche, in the folds of her voluminous skirt, she carried tortillas for herself and child should she become hungry. She brought fish in baskets. She was more unkempt than usual; her face was troubled. Dona Antonia bought fish of her; Tia Rosalia fondled the child gingerly and treated Maria with disdain. Maria was only an Indian; she was not a reasoning being. Tia Rosalia could never forgive her for ensnaring her favorite nephew. Her heart, usually so tender, was adamant where Maria was concerned. So Maria, who had in a dumb way felt she was coming for comfort from her respected aunt-in-law, went away unconsoled.

Tourists were plentiful that year and again had come a fabulous offer for the famous painting from a world-known collector. Like all other offers, it fell on deaf ears. But Vicente was not a native of Tzintzuntzan and did not venerate the painting as did the others. Vicente was intelligent above his comrades; he was also ambitious; he was already accumulating property. He had done well in taking an Indian wife; he did not have to spend much on finery. But how stupid for a people to reject riches for an old painting! Forty thousand dollars! Vicente pondered on what could be bought with forty thousand dollars. He could buy property that would enrich him, make him a hacendado in course of a few years. An unrest seized him at the thought of the—to him—useless painting in the little old church. What did it matter to him that it had been one of the priceless treasures of one of the Spanish monarchs sent to the church, in Spain's favorite province? He fell to spending much time on bended knees at the altar in front of the painting. He studied it from all sides. He bought some paints and essayed to copy it—he had learned a little painting at the Academy. Yes, he was convinced it could be done, but he could not do it. He acquired a reputation for piety by constant attendance at the church, but his neighbors who knew his native shrewdness shook their heads, without in the least being able to fathom the mystery. They did not believe in his piety, but could not lay the finger on his perfidy.

A beautiful Gringa—a turista—made many visits to Tzintzuntzan in those days. Vicente always brought her over in his swiftest canoe. In her hair were the reds of the Titian, in her robes dwelt the dyes of the painting. Together she and Vicente spent hours in rapt attention before the picture. Every shade was discussed. She spoke very good Spanish. She had been sent with a purpose. No detail of the painting was left unnoticed. Meanwhile, she drew amusement of a personal sort in what she considered a flirtation with Vicente. She admired his magnificent proportions, his bronze perfection. She brought all the blandishments for which she had been selected to bear on him to aid her to her end. His stain of Indian blood saved him from being snared by her wiles; but he also played a part. He cared not a whit for fair women. The dark-kinned ones were good enough for him. But the bribe she offered him, that was tempting. He brooded over the lands he could buy with so much money.

Maria laid the child in a corner of her hut on a tule mat. Dusk was settling over the lake and mountains and enveloping the centuries-old village. Her husband's swift boat, about fifteen feet in diameter, was freshly drawn up on the lake

shore. She drew her robes closely over her face and thrust something under the edge of her faja. She sick with fear.

At the entrance to the church she stopped to listen. The murmur of voices greeted her ear. A faint light was visible at the farther end. In that light Maria drew nearer, gleamed the Titian that they seemed to touch, to the imagination of Maria—but the perfidious Vicente. Maria's hand went to the something she had thrust in her bosom. She hated the Gringa, but rage overcame her at her man's treachery. Vicente should pay; afterward she would be the stranger. She threw herself upon him and buried the knife.

The daimon of fear and dismay from the hated foreigner caught her attention as her eyes fell on the painting hanging from its rough wooden "Fool!" exclaimed the woman. "You have spoiled my game! Do you not see what was after? Now who will take me out of this cursed place? Or will you take a bribe I offered your husband?" She finished to finish the work of devastation.

Maria sprang in front of her. "I am with my man!" she commanded. Stranger obeyed the knife.

Together they carried the unconscious Vicente to the hut. Maria dressed the woman to bring her water, and dressed the wound after Indian fashion. Then, point of the knife, she drove her to the shore of the lake and into the swift current. She pushed it off silently and gave soft strokes till far enough from the shore for her paddle strokes not to be seen. Her black hair, loosened, swayed in the water; she carried the knife in her hand. When some distance out from the shore she climbed into the canoe. Her will to drive it over the bosom of the lake in a moon rose. Before midnight she reached the opposite shore. She drove the stranger before her the last half mile into the station from Uruapan, the heart of the coffee country. She and the woman mount, saw the train disappear toward the great city, hurried on.

Dona Antonia and Tia Rosalia had gazed long at evening prayer, not just going to bed when the dirge was stood before them. Only a few visits were necessary. They blew out the lighted tallow candle and went out into the streets. Three hours before day it stood on the shore of Tzintzuntzan.

A hasty glance showed Dona Antonia Vicente's wound was not dangerous. A hasty charcoal fire they made to paste. Then Dona Antonia and Tia Rosalia appeared in the darkness.

As Vicente convalesced he told his wife he did not do for a married man to drink in a strange crowd. He did not know his head, and never knew when he was dealing. It was not a secret that he exhorted them all to a man. He was better satisfied with his wife's eyes.

She had given him unshakable proof of her affection in giving him for a mate. Just the same, he was going to give her the beating of her life to take her. He had never dreamed she had to such for her. A severe beating would tame her. He could be sure of her husband's fidelity to her. He was jealous of her; and Dona Antonia's latest achievements were enough to any man sit up and take note.

Vicente averted under the last minute he expected to realize from the picture "The Entombment," but his wife was busy with other plans for him.

Rosalia added one more to the collection of crude paintings hanging in a little room behind the altar of the temple of the Virgen de la Salud. By it she nestled in the miraculous snatching of one of her children from the clutches of the devil and a sudden death, in lurid colors. Her trusty picture never doubted the intervention of the Blessed Virgin in saving her nephew.

To Maria she granted most protection. She made much of the boy. Dona Antonia took Maria's religious instruction more in hand.

"The Entombment" still looks down from its rude wooden frame in the audience of Tzintzuntzan.

HOW IT OPERATES. "I WOULD not hesitate a moment to get in a late-type submarine to the Queen Elizabeth and her big guns," said a United States naval officer familiar with the little craft, "it could not hurt me, and I might hurt the Queen Elizabeth near enough."

And in these few words he had summed up the weakness, the power and the use of the submarine, so much at present in the limelight.

Some persons think that the dread

submarine is blind and that its efficiency has been overestimated.

The results so far accomplished in the North Sea and on the English coast indicate of any claim that submarine has little value, but the English line of destroyers, cruisers and destroyers, in which submarines have hardly made a name by its strict blockade destroyed

the commerce and now prevents the entry to that country of greatly-needed

articles of copper, cotton and food which cannot obtain otherwise.

The attempted blockade by means of

marines of the zone about Great Britain

poses many questions of law and makes

it want to know whether a submarine can

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It is now very generally understood

there is little mystery about a submarine

the fundamental principle is merely the

navigation. The hull is so construc-

tion that the water, except where admit-

through valves, cannot enter it. Normal

floats a little higher out of water to

when awash, and, in that condition acts

as a rather "tubby" boat would.

Perfectly Balanced. When ready to go under, water is admitted through sea valves into tanks, and the weight submerges the boat. So perfectly can she be balanced that when un-

der the strength of a man will lift her

the woman mount, saw the train disappear

toward the great city, hurried on.

How it Operates. "The boat is not necessary, as actual work is not usually observed, the drive of the propeller gives her headway so that she can be steered under or over a wall as to starboard or port by her double sets of rudders. By means of compressed air the water is blown out of the tank when it is desired to restore floatation.

She has two sets of motors—one of Diesel combustion type, burning heavy oil, which when properly used gives off no smoke to be used when she is on the surface, and the other, electric, to be used under water.

With the development of some motive power which would become dead as soon as the power was shut off yet drive the boat on the surface; and of a motive power which could be operated within the boat when sealed for submergence—no submarine of practical value could be devised. The invention of the gasoline motor of the same general type as those used in automobiles, and later of the internal combustion motor using heavy oil, and of the electric motor, driven by storage batteries, satisfied these needs and made this boat the perfect creature that has startled the world.

How it Operates. The boat, about 100 feet in length, to go under, is of a long-going type, including one now un-

der construction, which will be over 250

feet in length and have a surface speed of about twenty knots. The earlier types had one large ballast tank, which was quite enough to secure submergence, but the later types have several tanks, an arrangement which helps to maintain the craft in better balance.

As one looks at the picture of a submarine in surface cruising trim he sees two sets of stanchions supporting a light cable, one running off a small part of the deck. There is a crowning tower fitted with heavy glass windows; a light bridge in front of it, and a short pipe about fifteen inches in diameter extending about fifteen feet or so above the surface of the water.

How it Operates. The much-discussed per-

sonalities on page 16.



The Galeana.

She drew her reboso closely over her face and thrust something under the band of her faja. She stole forth through the darkness.

The entrance to the church she stopped to listen. The murmur of low voices at the farther end. In that light, as she drew nearer, gleamed the *Titán* hair of the Gringa. Close to her head—so close they seemed to touch, to the exhaustion of Maria—beat the head of drowsy Vicente. Maria's hand went to something she had thrust in her belt, hated the Gringa, but rage consumed at her man's treachery. First he did pay; afterward she would deal with stranger. She threw herself into him and buried the knife. The sensation of fear and dismay from the outside foreigner caught her attention just as her eyes fell on the painting partially hidden from its rough wooden frame! "Excalibur!" exclaimed the woman. "You have ruined my game! Do you not see it was a picture and not your husband that I wanted? Now who will take me out of this cursed place? Or will you take the place I offered your husband?" She turned to finish the work of devastation.

Maria sprang in front of her. "Help me, my man!" she commanded. The man obeyed the knife.

Another they carried the unconscious Vicente to the hut. Maria ordered him to bring her water, and dressed him after Indian fashion. Then, at the point of the knife, she drove her to the edge of the lake and into the swift canoe. She pushed it off silently and swam with strokes till far enough from the shore that her paddle strokes not to be heard. Her black hair, loosened, floated on the water; she carried the knife in her hand a some distance out from the shore she swam into the canoe. Her swift paddle beat it over the bosom of the lake, as the sun rose. Before midnight the canoe landed on the opposite shore. As she was the stranger before her the last time she had come into the station from Urupan, the heart of the coffee country. She was a woman mount, saw the train disappear into the great city, hurried on.

Dona Antonia and Tia Rosalia had been long at evening prayers, and were going to bed when the dripping noise before them. Only a few words were necessary. They blew out the light of the candle and went out into the shadows. Three hours before dawn the noise on the shore of Tzintzuntzan.

From a hasty glance showed Dona Antonia that the woman's wound was not dangerous.

Over the smoky charcoal fire they made a pot of coffee. Then Dona Antonia and Rosalia lay down in the darkness.

Vicente convalesced he told his friends he did not do for a married man to go back in a strange crowd. A man was afraid to his hand, and never knew with whom he was dealing. It was only a scratch, which would become dead as soon as it was shut off yet drive the boat into the surface; and of a motive which could be operated within the time meant for submergence—no submarine of practical value could be devised.

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plies needs and made this boat the most remarkable creature that has startled the man sit up and take notice.

He smacked under the loss of the boat, he expected to realize from the side of the "Entombment," but his fortune was busy with other plans for profit.

Malina added one more to the collection of crude paintings hanging in a little room on the altar of the temple of the Virgin de Salud. By it she testified to the clutches of the devil and a death, in lurid colors. Her trusting eyes never doubted the intervention of the Virgin in saving her nephew.

Maria she granted scant praise.

Maria's religious instruction series

and the "Entombment" still looks down from the ancient wooden frame in the ancient room.

Continued on page 16.

HOW IT OPERATES.

WOULD not hesitate a moment to go out in a late-type submarine to fight the Queen Elizabeth and her fifteen-ton crew," said a United States navy officer. "She is not afraid to hurt me, and I might hurt her, if I come near enough!"

in these few words he had summed up the weakness, the power and the defects of the submarine, so much at present as daylight.

Some persons think that the dreadnaught is destined to junk; others insist that the submarine is blind and that its efficiency has been overestimated.

The results so far accomplished in the sea and on the English coast are a proof of any claim that submarines are of little value, but the English line of dreadnaughts, cruisers and destroyers, in which submarines have hardly made a dent, is by its strict blockade destroyed German commerce and now prevents the delivery of that country of greatly-needed supplies of copper, cotton and food which it obtains otherwise.

The attempted blockade by means of submarine of the zone about Great Britain has many questions of law and makes one wonder whether a submarine can see far enough to distinguish neutral from hostile ships.

It is now very generally understood that there is little mystery about a submarine. The fundamental principle is merely that of balance. The hull is so constructed that water, except where admitted through valves, cannot enter it. Normally it sits a little higher out of water than a swan, and in that condition acts as another "tubby" boat would.

Balance.

On ready to go under, water is admitted through sea valves into tanks, and the weight submerges the boat. So perfectly she is balanced that when under the strength of a man will lift her two pounds added to her weight will be too much to sink. In this condition if she goes bottom she bounds from it like a rubber ball.

A perfect balance is not necessary, and the work is not usually observed, for the propeller gives her headway so that she can be steered under or up to starboard or port by her double set of rudders. By means of compressed air the water is blown out of the tanks it is desired to restore flotation.

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With the development of some motive power which would become dead as soon as it was shut off yet drive the boat into the surface; and of a motive power which could be operated within the time meant for submergence—no submarine of practical value could be devised.

As he enters he takes his position in the conning tower and gives the order to start the electric motors. The boat settles, the horizontal rudders are turned and she goes under.

Outside is darkness. The under-water voyage was begun. It is not necessary to submerge completely the captain keeps a lookout through the periscope. This instrument resembles a piece of five-inch stove-pipe with a short elbow at each end, but on opposite sides of the pipe. It projects vertically about fifteen feet above the conning tower and runs down into the boat, a lens covering the open end of the upper elbow receives a picture of whatever lies in front of it, and reflectors carry the image below through the tube.

Same Principle, Different Methods.

They all are made on the same principle, though the method of using them varies. Some throw a magnified but distorted picture upon a white table; but the most popular has an eyepiece for the steersman in the end of the lower elbow. This style is called a "walk around," because the long pipe may be revolved in the socket that holds it and the upper elbow is swung so that it takes

seen difficulties in the use of the torpedoes

into its view any part of the whole circle. But the lower elbow swings in a corresponding manner, making it necessary for the observer to follow it around.

In order to keep the lens in the upper elbow clean, the steersman occasionally washes it by sending the boat down a little. Of course, he knows that as long as light comes down the periscope the boat is not more than fifteen feet below the surface, but a dial near him at all times shows her depth. When submerged her navigator keeps his course by means of a compass, usually a gyroscopic compass, which is not influenced by the magnetism of the steel

lying about it.

This periscope, so indispensable to the submarine, creates a wake as she passes along which may betray her presence. As the periscope and its wake are much more plainly visible to an overhead observer; and as the form of the boat to a depth of 100 feet is quite discernible to anyone a few hundred yards overhead, some claim that every ship should have at least two hydro-aeroplanes hovering about it, like fish hawks watching for prey, to detect the presence of the submarines.

So when a man in one submarine wanted to kill a friend in another, he hit the steel side of his boat sharply with a hammer. The vibration was carried to the steel side, also a good conductor, of the other boat, and his friend heard the tap. The receiver could accentuate the sound by putting one end of a metal tube against the steel side and the other between his teeth or against his forehead. The number of taps conveyed the message.

Of course, the navy did not remain satisfied with so crude a method, and the hammer has long since given place to a peculiar bell forming the steel box on deck, which

strikes a sharp blow, projecting vibrant, clear tones.

The bar against the forehead, too, has been superseded by a metal box filled with salt water and fastened to the boat's side. From it microphones convey signals that can be heard for a number of miles. These, in turn, may soon be displaced by electrical devices that will enable two boats to have a friendly conversation at a considerable distance.

With the boat in cruising trim, when the order "Prepare to dive" comes, everything on the deck, except the periscope and the steel box, is taken through the conning tower hatch and stowed away below. Each man knows his position and exactly what to do and how to do it, and so skillful do they become that, if it takes more than two and a half minutes before everything is below, the last man inside and all ready for the order, the work has been so slow that the crew does not want to face the submarine's attack with impunity, for it has no way of harming her.

The submarine's offensive is made with a torpedo. Just how this is operated and

what its range from this class of ship is, "the good of the service" will not permit to be discussed, and an inquirer might as well ask the Sphinx as ask a naval man.

But these facts are known—a torpedo,

driven by compressed air and carrying an explosive which discharged below the water line against the side or bottom, will sink

any ship that ever floated; it has an effective range of at least 4000 yards—over two and a half miles—with such accuracy that

practice scores of eight consecutive hits have been made against a battleship target.

In actual work this accuracy cannot be maintained, because the flight of a torpedo is relatively slow, and the hostile ship, particularly in the present European war, is usually in motion. It takes a projectile from a gun about four seconds to travel 4000 yards, and about five minutes for a torpedo to go the same distance. In that time a ship will move a mile.

Every sportsman knows the difference between shooting at a duck on the water and at the same bird flying through the air. Nevertheless, since one of these boats, with the periscope splashed with white and gray and green paints, can hardly be made out at half a mile, it seems that in a place as favorable for submarines as the North Sea—with its soft bottom, shallow waters, frequent fogs and convenient bases—unforeseen difficulties in the use of the torpedoes

must have been encountered, or that the ships of the blockading fleet have introduced an unexpected defense; or else that the number of submarines available has been exaggerated. A ship of this class has not a large steaming radius; but, especially for defensive purposes, this is not necessary if there is an efficient mother-ship base or shore bases adequate in number and protection.

Nearly everyone would like to know something about the fleet or squadron tactics of the submerged navy—how they cruise in groups, at what depths, how they support one another, how they deliver a combined attack. But there, again, the veil has fallen, for on this subject the service is silent.

Lacking in Surface Speed.

One can probably never be constructed with surface speed enough to pursue and overtake a hostile ship. But as a duck hunter conceals himself at a place where the birds come for food or rest, so the submarine can, unknown to the enemy's fleet, proceed to a position which the fleet wishes to occupy, and can drive the whole fleet away, or destroy it, if it does not go.

Thus, had any government in Mexico been possessed of some efficient submarines and the desire to be rid of the American fleet last summer at Vera Cruz, our ships could not have remained where they did, with the city at the mercy of their guns. The fleet's only way to stay in the vicinity would have been to put to sea and keep moving.

Assuming that this country were at war with a hostile power, the attack, whether upon our Isthmian or insular possessions or on the main coast, would come from the ocean. Assuming further that the power were able to overcome our primary coast defense, the navy, it is quite improbable that any hostile fleet would venture, even with guns of greater range, to open a direct attack upon the defenses of our most important cities and along our great waterways.

Unless its offensive force should be overwhelming it would never use its cannon against the attack of protected land batteries; but it would undoubtedly seek the most weakly-defended place available, and make a landing, which it would endeavor to hold by the strength of its gunfire.

Our coast artillery not being a mobile force, our army could make slight resistance at this point. But, assuming that this country possessed a fleet of submarines which are mobile and concentrated them upon the enemy at its chosen point of attack, that hostile fleet could no more remain where it could control the shore with its gunfire than our fleet could have stayed at Vera Cruz if that harbor had been filled with submarines. A liberal supply of these vessels, many maintain, would be the most economical coast defense this country could provide.

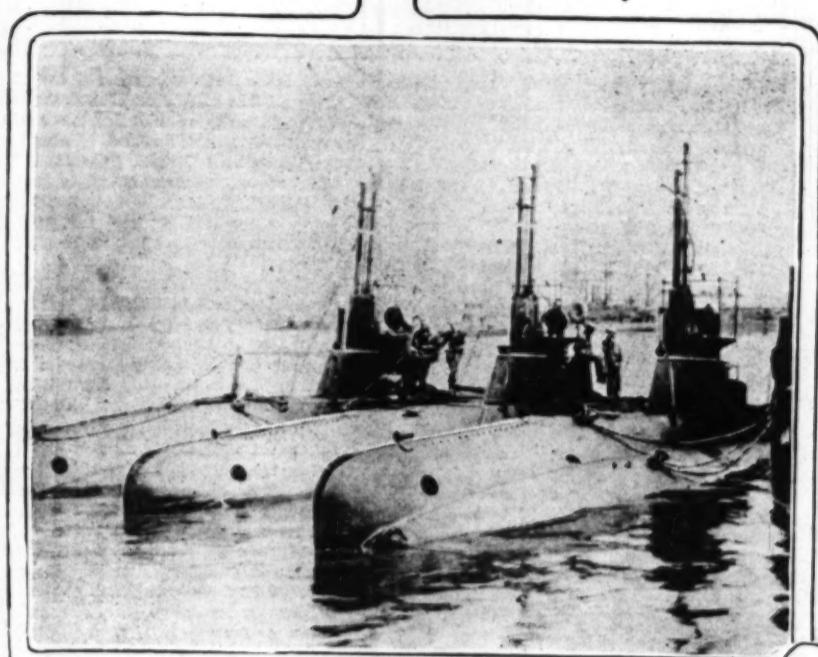
Found a Menagerie.

[Baltimore American:] Addison Sinclair of Shirley, Me., went down to his hay barn for the first time in several weeks. When he opened the door a raccoon rushed out, a skunk made for a hole in the floor, three gray squirrels scolded up to the high beams, a wild duck tried to get out through a broken window, and its fluttering disturbed a big Arctic owl, while near by were two smaller owls, and in the corner were six porcupines.

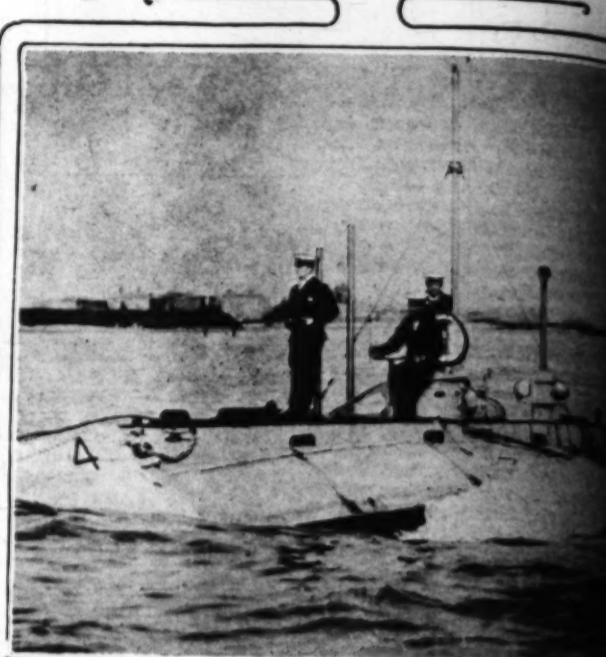
Horses on the Simplon Pass.

[Our Dumb Animals:] The horses of the Simplon post diligence—the coach which carries mail and passengers to the villages on the Simplon Pass between Italy and Switzerland—are particularly well cared for. The road to the top is a steady pull of fifteen miles over a macadamized track. The horses are driven at a fast walk. Five miles up they are watered. At the ten-mile station they are fed about a peck of black bread (rye or barley) cut into mouthfuls; this makes a light lunch, sustaining but not as difficult of digestion as oats. At the top of the pass, at noon, the horses are given an hour and a half to rest and are well fed and watered. The return trip of fifteen miles is made with a break on the wheels most of the way, so that the horses trot freely and without the strain of holding back.

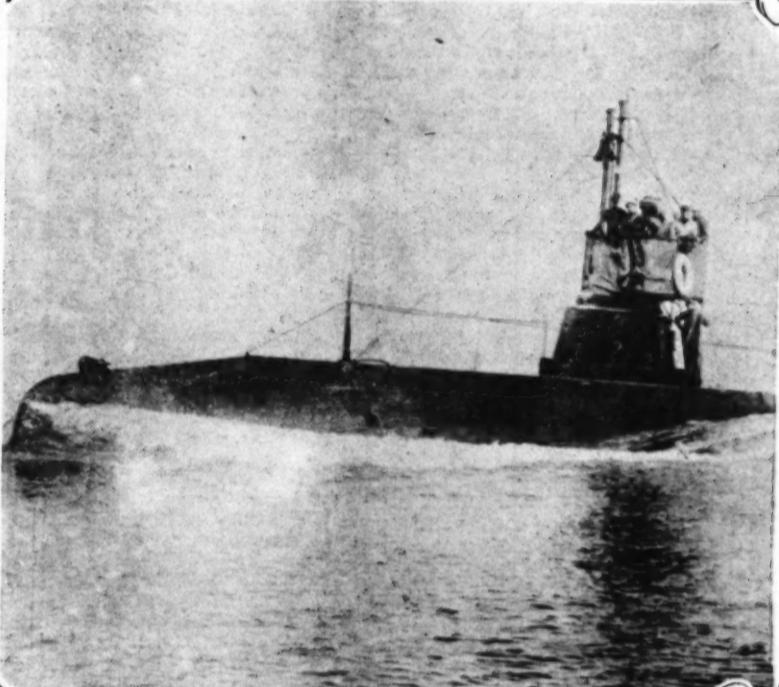
Some of Uncle Sam's Submarines.



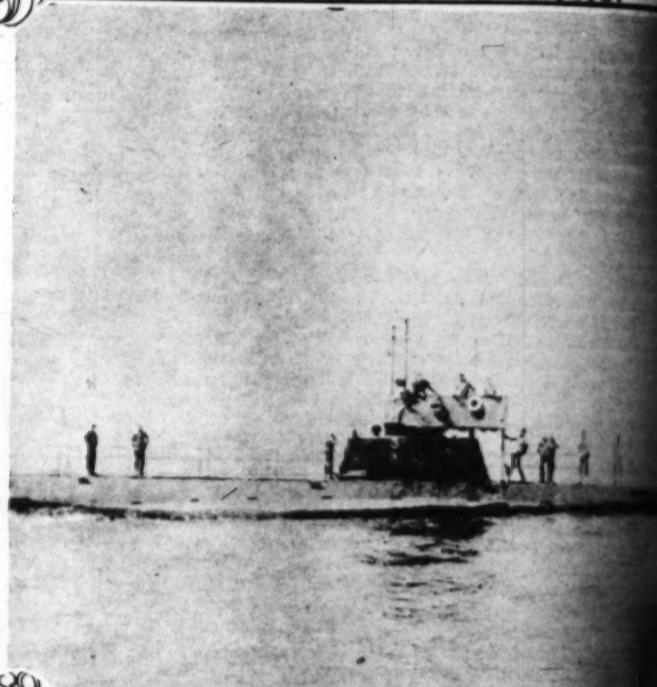
A trio of Uncle Sam's submarines.



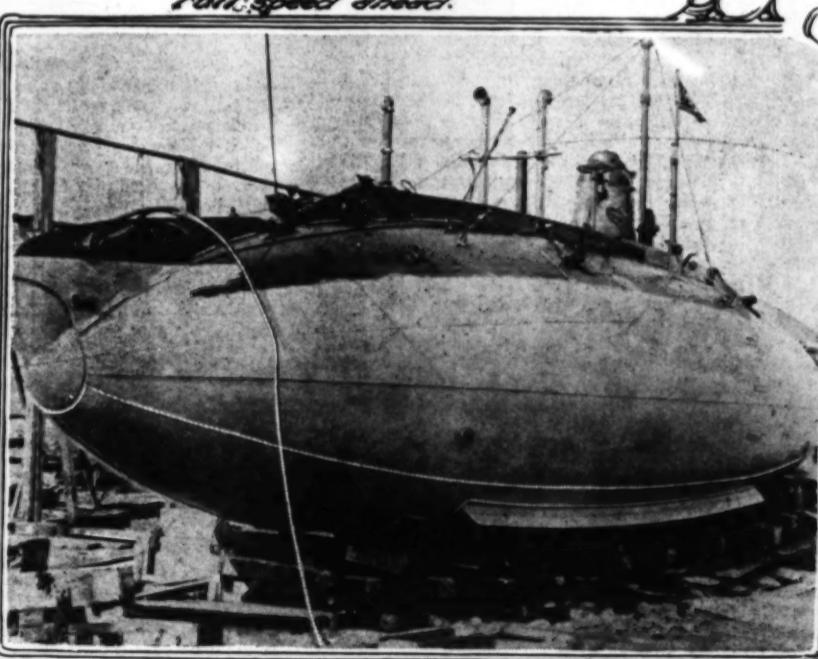
Submarine cruiser on the surface.



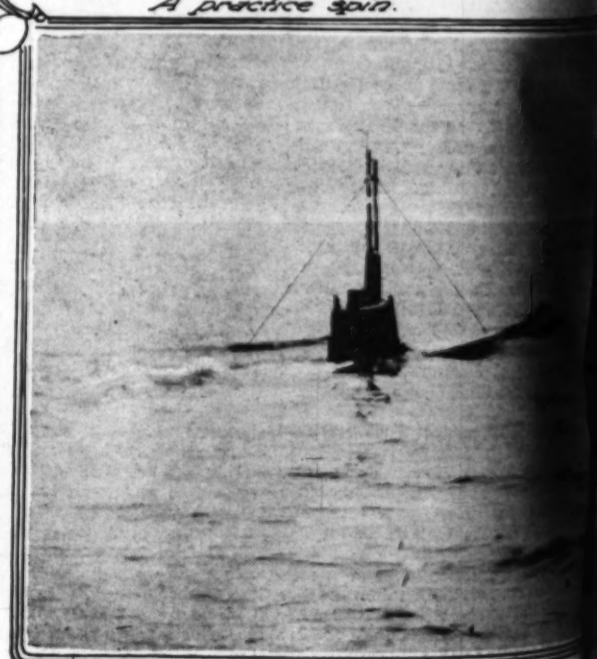
Full speed ahead.



A practice spin.



U.S. Submarine Cruisers at San Diego.



Just on the point of disappearing.



The bunch.



On the rocks.



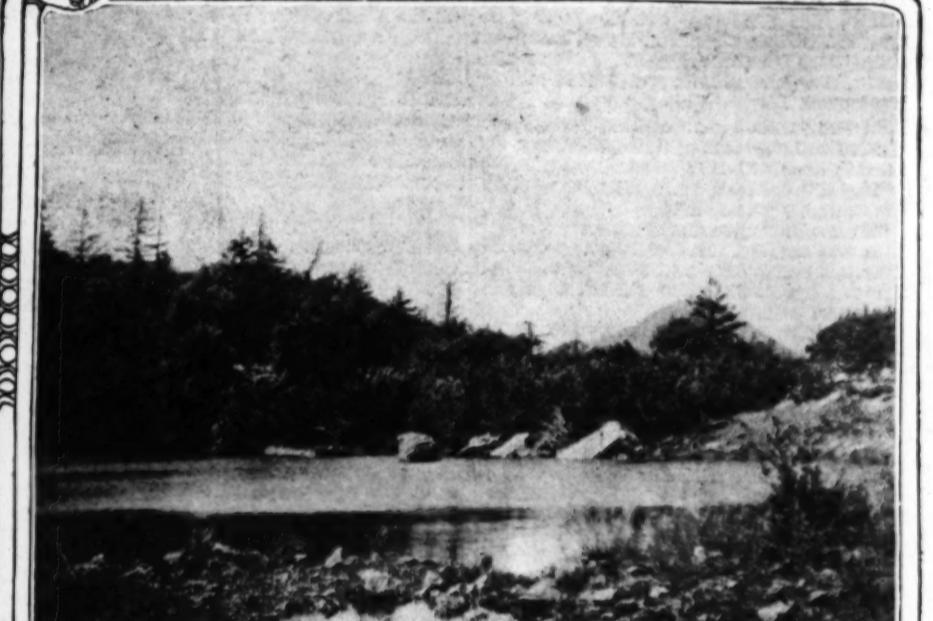
The rocks.

Mid-March on San Antonio's Side.



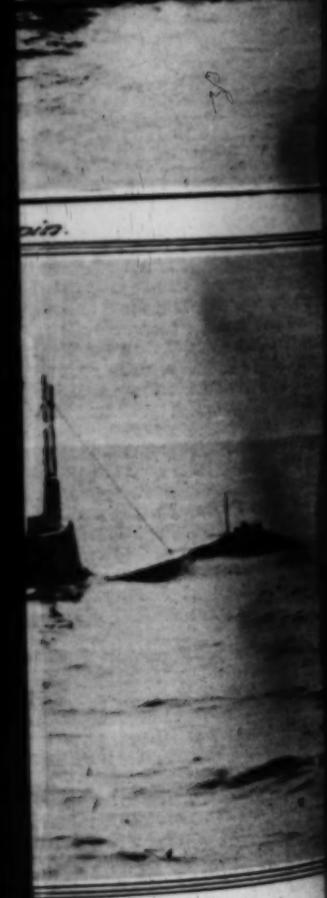
The "bunch" at camp.

A rustic foot-bridge.



On the toboggan.

Mirror Lake.



of disappearing

The "bunch".

Forward bound.

Among the trees.

S at 27c lb.

bers; none delivered.

Cannery Butter, 27c lb.

Fresh Yard Eggs, 23c doz.

Cannery Butter, 10c can.

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There was no railroad service

through the cable censor of Vera-Cruz.

Our Aqueduct.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.]

The Double Sentence. By Jack Gordon.

HOW IT WORKED OUT.

"A N HONEST laboring man hasn't got no more chance than a rabbit. Take it from me, you poor hungry boos, we've got to do something. Again I ask you, 'Where have you dined?' You haven't dined at all. You have simply sucked down a few tins of dishwater soup over here at the Boss' 'Soup House.' Is that living? No, is that justice? No. You laboring men have built all these buildings. You laboring men have made all the tools, and done all the work, and what is your reward? To dine off charity at a public soup kitchen. Bah!

"Do you know where your bosses have dined tonight? They and their parasite families have climbed into their limousines and their smug chauffeurs have whirled them up to the swellest dump in town where they have stuffed themselves to the neck with the choicest eats this land of ours affords. Awake, you soup-eating fossils, and shout with the great Archie Crofford: 'Down with the boss. Down with the boss' son. Down with the boss' automobile. Raus mit the whole boss family!'

With this parting thrust the orator mopped his brow, with his grimy polkadot, and stepped down from his pulpit, which was a movable affair in the shape of a sawed-off lunch stool.

At this juncture a man dressed in the conventional automobile garb edged his way through the crowd and spoke to the orator.

"May I have the pleasure of addressing the assembly?" he asked.

"Go as far as you like, Partner." "This is a free country. Lend the guy an ear, fellows, he may have a message," growled this worthy, as the other climbed to his place on the chair.

"This seems like old times, again," began the newcomer, as he looked around on a hundred upturned faces eagerly waiting for him to begin, for there was a familiar air about this stranger, that claimed kinship, yet smacked of other worlds.

"It was just five years ago last month, since I attended my last street meeting. It was right over there," he continued, pointing with one gauntleted gloved hand to where another friend of the masses was proclaiming the end of everything to a smaller gathering. "The meeting that night was just like it is here now. The speaker had finished his speech, in which he had polished off the upper crust, just as my predecessor has done before me, but when he stepped down to mingle with the crowd a brawny policeman clapped his hand on his shoulder and said gruffly, 'Come along with me, Reilly, the Lieutenant wants to see you over at Central.'

"Now Reilly hadn't done anything. In fact this very reason that Reilly hadn't done anything for months was just the reason the police were after him, but Reilly couldn't see it that way. 'This is a free country,' he bellowed, 'You go back and tell the big cheese to bring a warrant if he wants to arrest me,' and with that he jerked loose from the officer and started to run, but the cop was after him like a jitney, without brakes, and they both went down together.

Somebody yelled, 'Kill the big stiff,' and a dozen pair of feet lit into him. I didn't care to be mixed up in this kind of a fuss so I beat it for an alley, only to run plumb into the arms of a half dozen or more blue-coats, who were in hiding, waiting for the storm to break. They rounded up a couple of patrol wagons full of us and carted us to jail.

"Next morning we learned that the big policeman had been killed in the mixup. Someone had clouted him over the head with a black-jack and crushed in his skull.

"The coroner's jury promptly found indictments against a number of us old timers, and we were tried for murder. I was found guilty along with the rest and sentenced to serve five years at hard labor in the State Penitentiary. It was at this time that the Trial Judge selected me for his experiment. It is of this experiment that I am going to tell you about tonight.

"I stood the ordeal of trial very well until after the sentence. The glory of being a martyr for free speech and a champion of the poor laboring man's cause had sustained me, but after I had been led back across the bridge of sighs and banged back into a cell, things did not seem so rosy.

and that night when the officers came and began to snap and adjust those little shiny bitey bits of steel on the men's wrists, making ready for trip up North, the rose hue died out all together. I was manacled and led out with the rest, but instead of loading me into the patrol and taking me along to the train with the others, I was hurried over to the Central Station and turned over to the Chief of Police.

"After the Chief had dismissed the deputy who had me in charge he put me in his automobile and drove rapidly out to Judge Long's residence where we found the Judge waiting to receive us in his studio.

"When I saw the Judge the thought flashed through me that some small technicality, such as lawyers are forever quibbling over had arisen to cause the delay, and just as soon as the Judge had straightened it out I would be rushed back to join the prison crew.

"I see you have kept your word and brought my man, Joe," said the Judge addressing the Chief by his first name, which showed the true friendship existing between the two men.

"Only too glad to serve you, Judge," laughed the Chief, helping himself to one of the Judge's favorite cigars lying on the desk.

"The Judge and the Chief exchanged a few commonplace remarks and then the Judge proceeded at once to the business in hand. He turned to me and placing his hand on my shoulder he looked me fairly in the eye. Apparently all judicial air had departed from him.

"Anderson," he began. I am going to suspend your sentence. Instead of sending you to States Prison I am going to sentence you to five years at hard labor right here at home. Tomorrow morning promptly at seven o'clock you are to begin looking for work. You are not to wander around aimlessly in search of a soft snap, but you are to put in eight hours walking up one side of the street and down the other asking for work in every place where male help is employed. When work is offered you, you must take it, providing it is work that you can do and it pays a good, fair living wage. If you do not find such work the first day or the first week, you are not to stop trying, but must keep on until you do find it. When you have found work that you can do, you are to use your utmost endeavor to hold it. On the first of every month you are to make a deposit in some good savings bank, of not less than twenty-five dollars of your honestly earned wages. You must not make any withdrawals from this saving account until your five years have expired. According to your own testimony at the trial you have not earned as much as three hundred dollars in any one year since you began to work. But now you have got to save that much now. Now, Anderson, it is up to you to get out and hustle and see what you can do."

"But Judge," I expostulated, "just suppose I can't even find a job. Times are awful rotten in this town."

"You are right, times are pretty hard in this city," he answered, "but it is my impression that times have got so bad that they are good, that is, men have got tired of looking for work, and it is just the time for you to go out and pick up a nice job for yourself. Of course, if at the expiration of thirty days you have not found anything, remember, Anderson, there is always plenty of work awaiting you at the State Prison."

"Do you mean that if I can't find work, you will send me to prison anyhow?"

"Exactly, that is just the point I wish to impress upon you. That you must go out and honestly earn twenty-five dollars above your living wage every calendar month, for the next five years, if you wish to remain out of prison."

"How about going out to the meetings and taking a drink with the boys, and things like that. Must I give up all of these and go to Sunday-school?" I asked sarcastically.

"You are free to use your own pleasure in such matters, although I would advise temperance. All that I insist on is that you put in eight or nine hours each working day, either working or trying to find work, and should you fail in the slightest degree to do these things that I have designated, I will immediately take steps to have you brought before me and I will then sentence

you to serve out your full term of five years in prison. Good-by, Anderson, and good luck to you."

"I thanked the Judge and made a little speech in which I congratulated him on his good judgment in selecting me for this high honor. However, if I had known his real reason for selecting me I would have no doubt held my peace.

"The Judge picked you out because he thought you were the biggest 'pinhead' in the bunch," the Chief told me later, "and he wants to see if a feather-brained 'Wow Wow' will quit talking and go to work if he has to."

"At the station house I was thumb-printed, photographed, measured and introduced to a dozen plain-clothes men, after which I was allowed to go free, until I came back to make my report at the expiration of thirty days.

"I would advise you not to wander far away from town," was the Chief's significant farewell shot, as he turned me out into the street. And there I was, with soft white hands and the prison pallor fresh on my cheeks, suddenly thrust out into the night to make my way without a penny in the world.

"Did I bawl like a lost calf? No, but I felt like it. I even felt worse than that, I felt like going over to the park and tying a stone to my neck and jumping into the lake and ending it all for good. But I did neither. In sheer desperation I started out looking for work that very night. Up one side of the street and down the other I went, butting into every place where the lights were burning and the doors were open. The seventh place that I entered was a dimly-lighted, fourth-class saloon, where the poorer laboring class paid homage to John Barleycorn. When I asked the bartender if he knew where I could find work, a rough-looking, half-tipsy fellow standing drinking at the bar, fairly bellowed that I could have his job, washing cars out at the Commercial garage.

"There you are," laughed the bar-keeper, "Mac has just quit a good job."

"Thanks kindly," I said, "I will report for work tomorrow night."

"You will not," roared Mac, "You'll trot right along out there now if you want that job. The old man is burning the tires off the demonstrator looking for a man right now."

"Wait," he ordered, "I'll call him up and tell him I've got a man, and he'll send a car down for you," and Mac staggered over to the phone and awkwardly called a number. And strange as it may seem this drunken fellow had influence enough with the manager to have him send a car.

"Now I don't know the first thing about washing automobiles," I told the manager, "but I have simply got to have a job where I can save twenty-five dollars a month."

"That's all right, Son," he answered, "I am paying alimony myself, and you have got my sympathy. As for the job, it doesn't require any brains and I'll teach you in an hour how to wash a car." And sure enough he did, and while at first I did not succeed in polishing the same amount of luster into them as the old washer had, I polished enough to hold my job and draw down my twenty dollars a week.

"This work was very hard and disagreeable at first, but when I once got the hang of it, I found it much easier."

"Out of my first month's pay I put twenty-five dollars in the bank. I bought me some good clothes. I lived better than I had ever lived before, and I still had a few gold-pieces left over for seed. The second month my wages were raised to twenty-five dollars a week. I received this raise through no virtue of mine. It was given to me for honesty, something I hadn't practised for years. The fact was that I was under such strict police surveillance that I was afraid to graft, and honestly turned every penny into the office each morning, something the old washer had fallen into the habit of not doing. Some nights these little odd jobs of changing tires, mending inner tubes, etc., would amount to more than my wages. This made a handsome showing at the month's end."

"I held this night job for two years and during that time I not only banked the twenty-five dollars a month that I was compelled to, but I saved a thousand dollars besides, and best of all I learned the auto-

mobile repair trade well enough to get a job in any shop and draw the man's pay. From that time on I had to hunt a job, the job hunting maintaining an adequate service.

"The next year I married, and this period investigation of all the immediate water sources that might be made available to us found that, while some ad-

"After I was married, I had something to live for, and would involve the agricultural value of some of the productive neighboring terri-

"My five years' sentence is contributing largely to the pros-

"Five years ago I was a boy, without a dollar to my name, and hence resolved to seek a sup-

"I appeared Fred Eaton, former City Engineer of Los An-

"Although the project when first announced by him appeared chimerical, a preliminary investi-

"What could a smart man do this time? Men, the same day

"Now men, here is the project to about 260,000,000 gallons per day of twenty-four hours, and

"What could a smart man do this time? Men, the same day

"The people of the city of Los Angeles, when these two propositions

"The speaker finished his speech

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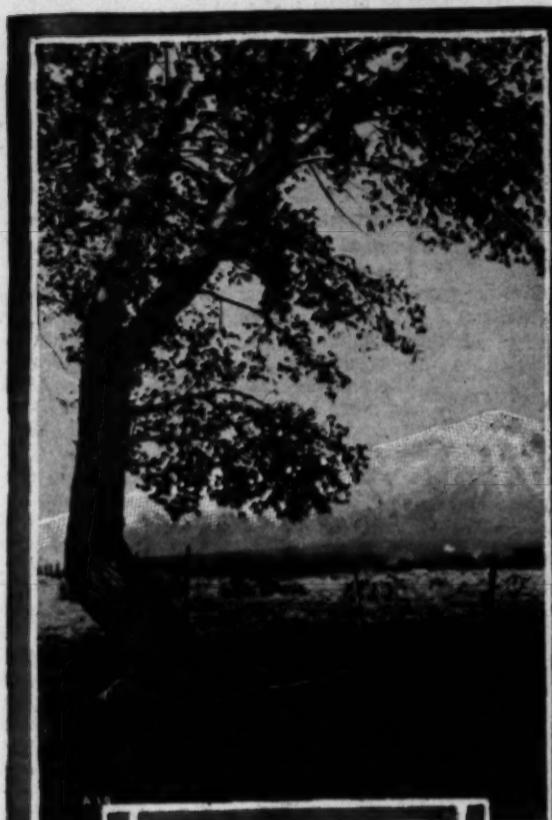
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Picturesqueness of the Los Angeles Aqueduct.

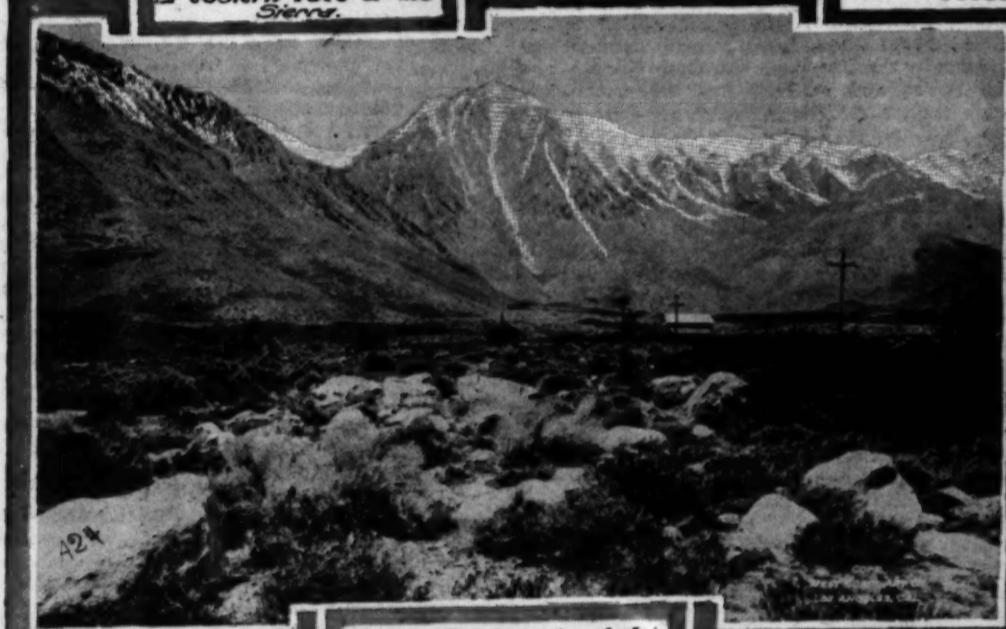
Vic



Where aqueduct water comes from. Glimpse of eastern face of the Sierras.



Rock Creek, one of thirty-five aqueduct feeders.



Division Creek hydro-electric station, which provided power for excavation machinery.



City headquarters for Owens Valley—at Independence.



Concrete inverted siphon, 1000 feet long, 100 feet wide, 100 feet high.

Eastern face of mountains, in view of the aqueduct.

duct.

Views Near Its Source and Along Its Course.



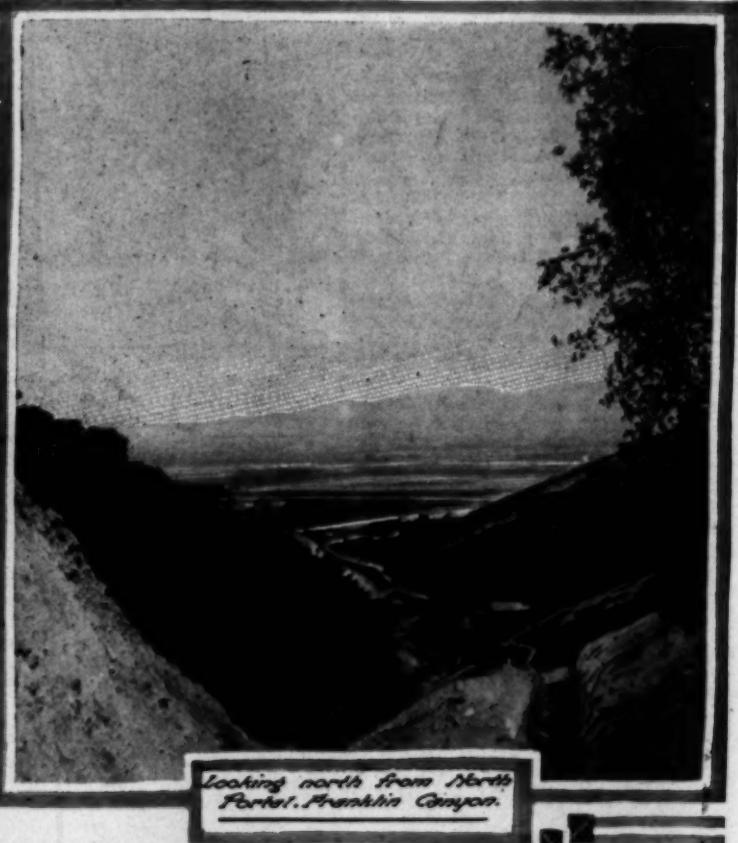
Owens Lake, former course of Owens River.



Aqueduct ready for service, open canal near Owens Lake.



Great inverted steel siphon across Sotero Canyon.



Looking north from North Portal, Franklin Canyon.



Eastern inverted siphon pressure 200 pounds a square inch.

Eastern face of Sierra Nevada, in winter. Source of the aqueduct.



Headworks of aqueduct 250 miles north of Los Angeles.

at 27c lb.

Free delivery.

Memory Better, 27c lb.

Yard Egg, 23c do.

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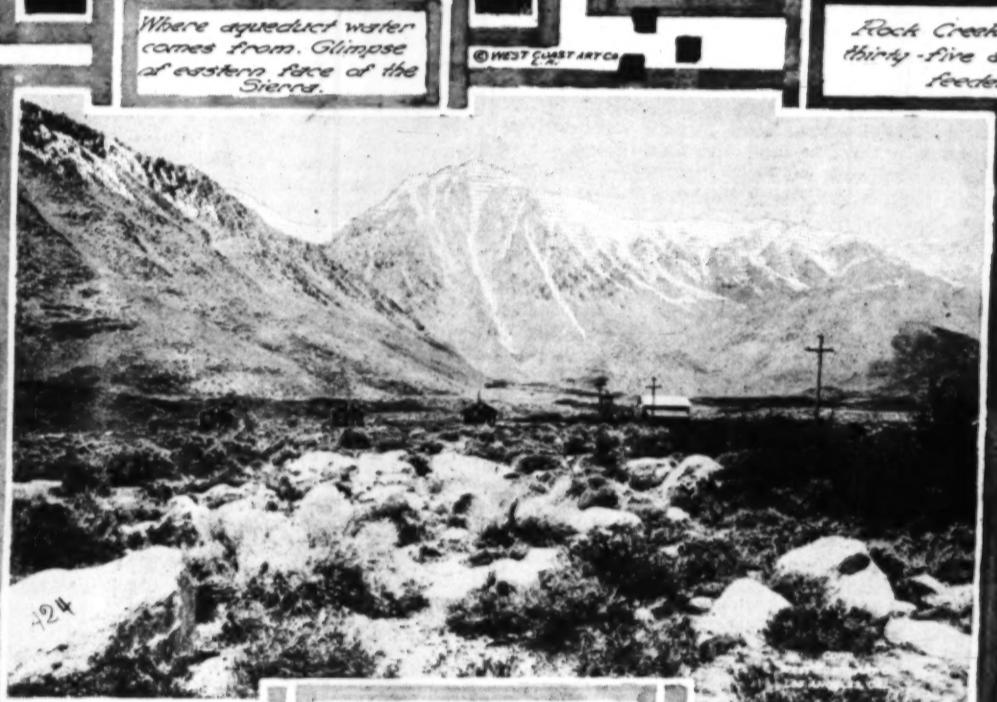
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Concrete inverted spiral. Pressure 350 pounds to square inch.

Great inverted spiral across San Joaquin River.

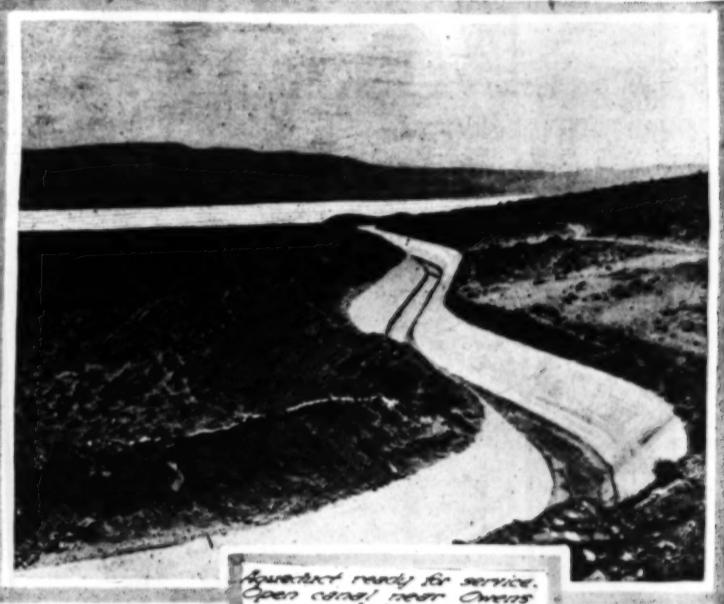
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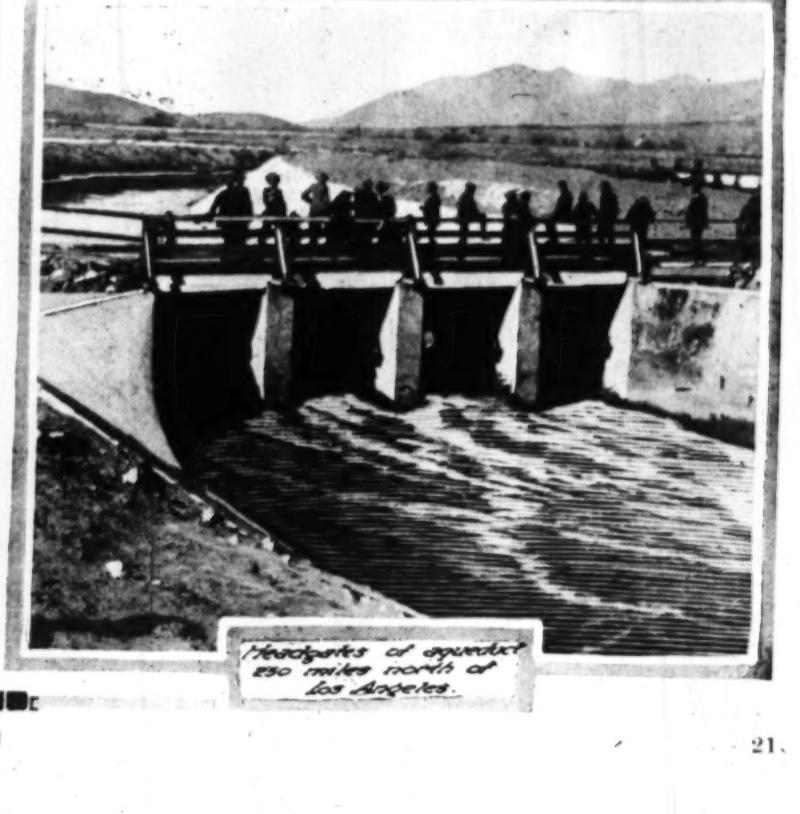
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The Squab Industry and Culling Poultry.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

RAPIDLY GROWING.

THE extent of the squab industry in Southern California is not appreciated by the average person, and while the industry has been growing by leaps and bounds in the past few years, it is nevertheless still in its infancy. Cost of production on big plants runs from \$1.75 to \$2 per dozen, while squabs are selling at from \$3.50 to \$5.50 per dozen according to size and quality. At a very conservative estimate 10,000 squabs a month are produced and consumed in Los Angeles and vicinity. The market is here, and under proper management could be developed to three or four times this amount at even higher prices, as the experience of breeders furnishing the New York, Chicago and Boston markets has been that the larger the demand the higher the price.

Large eastern markets are using thousands of squabs a day and the supply has never equalled the demand, which is for quality squabs at a good price. Birds that weigh from eight to ten pounds to the dozen dressed bring the best prices and are in the most demand. Among the breeds that produce squabs that finish at these weights is the Carneaux—a breed that is a favorite among squab breeders, on account of its light skin and fast breeding proclivity. Not only for utility purposes are they noted, but they are a fancier's bird as well. One's skill is often taxed to the utmost to get the proper mating to produce just the shade of color required, or the proper shape of head and body, for pigeons are judged as show birds on a scale of points the same as poultry.

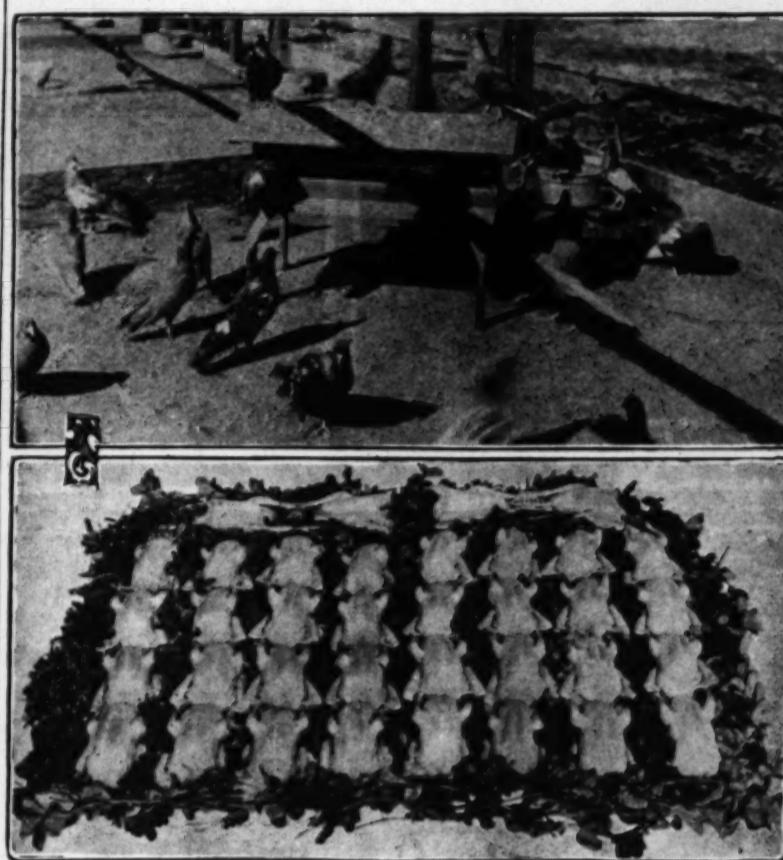
Experience has taught that there are five essentials to the successful conduct of a modern squab plant. The first is healthy, well-mated foundation stock; second, the best of feed and plenty of it; third, warm, dry lofts, with proper regard to sanitary conditions; fourth, plenty of clean water at all times; fifth, both the birds and their caretaker must have plenty of grit at all times.

The squab business with its outdoor work is appealing more and more to the city dweller who has been confined to the office all day and wishes a side line to help out on the high cost of living and eventually expects to get out on a little ranch in the suburbs where he can have a larger plant, and not be hampered by the annoying city ordinances that are continually being passed to harass the city dweller who delights in a back-yard plant of his feathered pets. One person can take full care of a pigeon plant of 2000 birds in about five hours a day, provided the pens are arranged in a systematic way, and the birds are properly mated.

Culling Out the Undesirables.

The process of culling out the weak and undesirable specimens in the growing flocks should commence when the chicks are incubated and continued until the youngsters reach maturity. There is no profit in rearing weakly, emaciated, deformed and stunted birds; better get them out of the way and expend time and feed on those possessing robust health and born with vigor affording a running chance to "amount to something." The unpromising chick is at best an undesirable factor that in the interest of economy should be eliminated.

The experienced breeder will know the wasters from the robust ones almost at sight, hence will require no instructions; the inexperienced, however, may be afforded a word of caution. Broadly speaking, all specimens possessing deformities which are constitutional and ineradicable should be removed. Often these are not always discernible in the chicks, and may be such as not to affect table qualities. Hence these can be carried on until sufficiently advanced to give them eating value, but no longer. General weakness, which may be due to bad management, and a want of physical vigor in individual specimens, are causes for culling; these lagging ones, often spoilt in the growing, never make good birds, even under the best of care. Following these, we have blemishes conflicting with Standard requirements, some constituting disqualifications in the showroom, and others subject to severe "cuts" or dis-



Upper view, scene in breeding pens of Carneaux pigeons, showing self-feeder and drinking fountain. Lower view, three dozen dressed fancy squabs, averaging nine pounds to the dozen, from the Red Wing ranch of Walter M. Ross, Glendale.

counts when submitted to the test of the judge. These may be grown for table purposes or for laying; but it is not desirable to use them in the breeding pens. In addition to these there are many fine points in color of plumage, head and leg qualities, type and symmetry, which are more in the province of the fancier and exhibitor than that of the average breeder.

Obviously the novice or beginner will not be able at first to practice close culling, which is an art only acquired with experience and observation. A study of the Standard of Perfection will, however, soon put him wise in distinguishing specimens of merit and vigor from those of negligible values. Naturally, with acquired experience he will cull closer every year. After all, it is only the best specimens from every point of view that maintain a high standard in the breeding pen, and which are the money-makers.

Dutch Owl-bearded Breed of Poultry.

The Dutch races of domestic fowls are on the whole but little known in America, neither have they attained a following in England, the home of fancy poultry and experimental breeding. Of the list there are six breeds, viz., the Breda, Owl-bearded, Friesland, Crested Dutch, Dutch and Drente. Of these we believe there have been imports into California of the Breda and Owl-bearded breeds. P. D. Van Citters

brought over a trio of the White Owl-bearded several years ago, and was quite taken with them, both for utility values and for their unique and handsome appearance. Of the breed there are four varieties: the Black, the White, the Golden and Silver-laced.

Historically they undoubtedly sprang from the several German Bearded breeds, being most plentiful in Thuringia and throughout the Hartz Mountains. In economic qualities they are rated as hardy, easily reared, good foragers, and the hens are considered good layers of white-shelled eggs. The flesh is white in color with a broad breast, making a rather handsome carcass when dressed for the table. The hens are seldom broody.

Mr. Van Citters has kindly furnished us with a copy of the Dutch Poultry Society Standard for the breed, which reads as follows:

COCKS.

Carriage—Proud, active and graceful. Head—Medium size, well rounded on top. Beard—Full ring-beard under the chin and covering the face.

Beak—Medium long, strong at the root; curved at the end, horn color.

Comb—Two pointed, standing up like two small horns.

Face—Red, covered by the beard.

Eyes—Bright, red brown in color.

Earlobes—Reddish white.

Wattles—Small.

Neck—Medium long, slightly curved with plenty of hackle feathers.

Body—Long, broad in the shoulders.

Breast—Broad, well rounded, carried forward.

Back—Long and flat.

Saddle—Covered with long saddle feathers.

Wings—Carried close to the body.

Tail—Carried upward, broad, with plenty of graceful curved sickle feathers.

Shanks—Short.

Legs—Medium long, thin, featherless, slate-colored with four thin well-spread light-nailed toes.

HENS.

Like the cocks with exception of the common differences peculiar to sex.

Weight—Cocks, 5 to 6 pounds; hens one pound less.



DUTCH WHITE OWL—BEARDED MALE.

[310]

Retouching Poultry Photography

Much is being said and written against the practice of *Retouching*. The earlier the better—for photographs of fine specimens of fowl for exhibition purposes. Here in California, this consists in "washing out" the feathers in winter is warm and the spring so delight the heart of the fancy breeder knows, the large photographs of birds are more idealized, though the tendency has been to alter photographs as little as possible. To "snap" a fowl in a attitude so that it shall show type of the breed at its best is not many suppose. Unless the subject is reasonably tame, the attempt to be unsatisfactory, and the be presentable will require much time. Well-grown turkeys can be this weight in six months. For show purposes, or for a successful growth conditions, are better in May and June than in January and March. Accordingly, eggs set in April or May will usually produce satisfactory results than at any other time of the year.

What is the hardest breed of turkeys?

Practically to be little to choose between the Black and Narragansett breeds. In Belgium, England and France there is more difference than the between the very hardiest Bronzes both Blacks and Narragansetts (Slate or Slates,) Bourbon Reds Hollands are, undeniably, not darker-colored would grade them in the order White Hollands being apparently more susceptible to disease than the two groups. As young seem to be about as hardy as the ordinary turkeys do not seem to have strength and vigor of the Narragansetts, and the best of the

breeds more dangerous with chickens?

Because of turkeys' greater susceptibility to disease. From the laws of

Foothill Feather

SILVER CAMPION
Poultry of the Dutch Poultry of the Future, long and in Belgium, England and France comparatively rare in the United States Selected and mated. Breeding sale.

CRYSTAL WHITE ORPINGTON
Barred Rocks, White-faced Rock, Black Minorcas, (ribbon pigeons,) R. I. Reds, and the always popular White Leghorns.

TURKEYS, GEESE, DUCKS, PIGS, GOATS AND DOGS.

FOOTHILL FEATHER FARM
W. Franklin Ave., Hollywood, in a picturesque spot. 10 minutes from the city, 15 minutes from the San Fernando Valley, generally, via the Cahuenga Home 57278.

Don't Neglect Your Chickens

in the summer. Try our Crops of Feeding as described in our "Chickens from Shell to Table" by Coulson Co., Poultry.

Three Imports

We are the main importers of the best Indian Game, Jubilee Game, the best Egg-laying Hens, Midland No. 4000, the best Chickens, Steinmech Chickens.

Aggeler & Mauer
Main Store, 6th & Main
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30-pound black geese.

Hausen Organic Fertilizer

HIGH NITROGEN
Ground Tankage, Dried Blood, Fine Blood Meal, Bone Meal, Ground Sheep Wool, Commercial Fertilizer, Commercial Fertilizer.

Nitrogen and Phosphoric acids, organic sources only. Car Loads or Less. 1000 bushels.

HAUSER PACKING CO.
Los Angeles
Broadway 2200.

Orpington-Sussex Yards

Greatest Success from the Importers and Exporters. Red, Light, White, and Black. Eggs 2000 per lb. 1000 bushels.

C. K. Barker, Owner
1st St. and La Cienega Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

months old Narragansetts

Ducks at 27c lb.

No phone orders; none delivered.

Fresh Creamery Butter, 27c lb.

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Poultry.

Some Turkey Questions and Answers.

By M. M. Stearns.

Retouching Poultry Photographs.

Much is being said and written against the practice of idealizing photographs of fine specimens of fowl. This consists in "washing out" the highlights and "drawing in" the fine points so delight the heart of the fancier. Every breeder knows, the larger portion of photographs of birds are more or less idealized, though the tendency of late years has been to alter photographs as little as possible. To "snap" a fowl in a natural attitude so that it shall show type and character of the breed at its best is not so easy as many suppose. Unless the subject is well and reasonably tame, the attempt is apt to be unsatisfactory, and the picture presentable will require some skill. This is what most breeders and photographers aim to do, but where the photograph is to the breed it is often not at all.

Foothill Feather Farm.

TRUE SILVER CAMPINE Poults of the Distant Future, long considered in Belgium, England and Canada as comparatively rare in the United States. Selected and mated. Breeding now.

Crystal White Orpington, Barred Rocks, White-faced Blackish (Rowan's sweeping prize winner), Black Minorcas, (ribbon guitars), R. I. Reds, and the always on-deck White Leghorns.

Pullets and eggs supplied.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Pigeons, Goats and Dogs also.

FOOTHILL FEATHER FARM, 100 W. Franklin Ave., Hollywood. Picturesque spot. 20 minutes from city, 15 minutes from Van Nuys, 10 minutes from the San Fernando Valley, generally, via the Cahuenga Pass Home 5728.

OF EXPERIENCE.

It is the best time to set turkey hens. The earlier the better—for purposes. Here in California, the weather is warm and the spring hens will begin laying in January, or even in December. They are not at once, will produce, if exposed to maturity, vigorous. For show purposes, or for breeding pens, it is best to go into breeding pens at first year, this is the best time. Most turkeys are raised may be hatched as late as Thanksgiving or Christmas. Well-grown turkeys can be weight in six months. For a successful growth are better in May and June than in May or June will usually produce satisfactory results than any other time of the year.

Hardiest breed of turkeys? the Bronze. Practically little to choose between Black and Narragansett breeds.

Of these varieties the strain more difference than between the very hardiest Bronzes and Blacks and Narragansetts (or Slates.) Bourbon Reds

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grade them in the order Hounds being apparently

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Buff rank about half-

the two groups. As young

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nature do not seem to have

strength and vigor of the Narragansetts, and the best of the

more dangerous with

chickens?

One of turkeys' greater sus-

cceptance. From the laws of

heredity we know that if a Bronze turkey is crossed, for instance, with a White Holland the succeeding generation will be composed of half Bronze and half White germ cells, although, since the Bronze is the stronger breed, all the poult will show Bronze feathers. In the next succeeding generation there will be one White poult out of every four, since the Bronze and White germ cells will be mingled by the laws of chance: wherever two Bronze germ cells come together the result would be a reversion to full-blooded Bronze; wherever two White germ cells come together the result would be a reversion to full-blooded White. Wherever one Bronze and one White cell come together the result will be a continuation of both White and Bronze factors, though the poult, like the generation preceding, will show only the feathering of the stronger parent strain, the Bronze. Similarly, in the matter of disease: if a turkey particularly susceptible to disease is mated to one relatively immune, the same rules that are observable in the Bronze and White will be followed out. And the more widely separated is the parent stock, the less chance there is of two of the "susceptible" germ cells coming together, producing a poult susceptible to disease through both lines.

When can turkey eggs be tested?

At the end of a week. Turkey eggs are apt to be rather dark shelled, and, as the total period of incubation is four weeks, the embryo doesn't develop quite as rapidly during the first days as with hens' eggs. An expert can tell at a glance whether or not a turkey egg is good at the end of the fifth or even the fourth day of incubation, but for novices this is not easy. Of course, when eggs are left under a turkey hen it is better not to try to test them at all, for the less a sitting turkey hen is interfered with the better. But when setting eggs under ordinary hens quite a gain can be made by testing out the infertile eggs at the end of the first week and then arranging to set other eggs in their stead.

What is meant by "throwing the red?"

"Throwing the red" and "shooting the red" are terms that are more or less misused or misunderstood. When the first red

of the fleshy caruncles of a turkey's head and wattles begin to show the bird is said to be "throwing the red" or to have "thrown the red." There is a widespread notion prevalent that there is something mysterious about this first appearance of the red of the wattles—that it comes suddenly, that a bird changes materially at this time, and so on. One man wrote recently to ask me if turkeys could be made to "throw the red" without a ration of turpentine! As a matter of fact, there is nothing unusual or mysterious about the process of the wattle development; the red caruncles appear gradually, beginning when the young birds are in the neighborhood of three months old, and becoming steadily more prominent until they mature. Usually the red begins to show at about the time the young turkeys change from the delicate condition of poult to the relatively hardy maturity that nearly all turkeys enjoy. If you can bring your birds safely to where they "show the red," with ordinary care you should have no difficulty in maturing them without further material losses.

Sometimes baby turks seem to do splendidly from the time they are hatched until they are two or three weeks old, and then droop and die for no apparent cause. What is the reason?

Usually an insufficient amount of exercise, with liver trouble as the direct result. If the baby turks are strong when hatched and grow fast during the first two weeks with every appearance of splendid vigor, and then suddenly show a reversal of form and die, you can, with comparative certainty, label the trouble as liver complaint. The way to avoid it is to see that the baby turks have to work hard enough between meals to get up a splendid appetite before they are fed. The stronger a poult is the more food it requires to keep up its vigor and rapid growth, and unless it gets a tremendous amount of exercise, this excessive quantity of food will cause liver trouble and death.

Does it do any good to pull out wing and tail feathers of poult that are three or four weeks old?

This is an old-fashioned notion, but may

in some instances prove slightly beneficial. The theory is that during a certain period in the development of small turkeys much of the strength and blood goes in the formation and growth of the relative big wing and tail feathers, so that by pulling these out the little birds are saved from this drain on their strength. As a matter of fact, however, I doubt very much whether any great amount of strength can be saved for a poult by such artificial means. Nature appears to be a pretty good regulator in most cases, and if she has provided breed of birds that can't grow well until their feathers are pulled out it's pretty funny business. At the same time it may occasionally be true that with droopy poult some relief may be given by pulling out a few of the larger feathers—just as a horse in certain instances supposed to be better fitted by the old-fashioned process of bleeding.

The Clocks of Germany.

[London Chronicle:] The Germans, we know, took such a fancy to French clocks in the war of 1870 that they looted large numbers of them. There is, in "Love Labor Lost," an entertaining reference to German clocks by a Frenchman. Biron claims:

What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife! A woman that is like a German clock, Still a-repairing, ever out of frame, And never going right, being a watch, But being watch'd that it may still go right!—Apparently there were cheap, and nasty German clocks even in those days. If the German admiration of Shakespeare runs the performance of "Love's Labor Lost" one wonders whether this passage is d-leted.

Who Was In Danger.

[Chicago News:] "John, John," whined an alarmed wife, poking her sleep husband in the ribs. "Wake up, John, there are burglars in the pantry, and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled John, rolling over, "so long as they don't die in the house!"



Don't Neglect Your Hens.

in the summer. Try our Complete System of Feeding as described in our "Chickens from Shell to Market." Coulson Co., Petaluma, Calif.



Three Important Items.

We are the agents for: The best Incubators Made—Jubilee Model, Pneumatic. The best Egg Producers Made—Midland No. 4, \$12.00 each. The best Chick Feed Made—Steinmeesch Chick Feed.

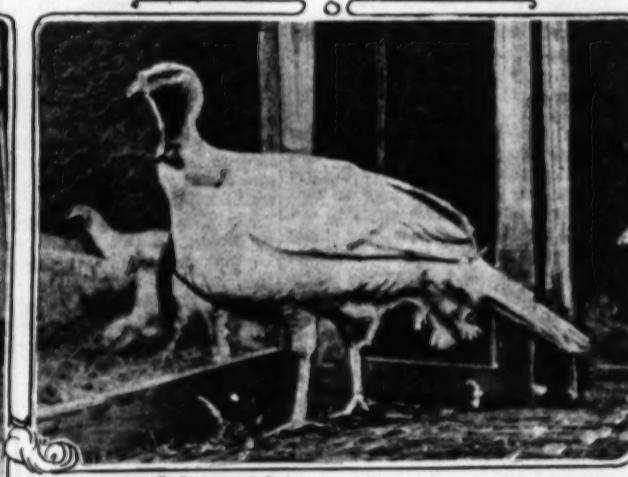
Aggeler & Musser See Main Store, 6th & Alameda Street, Branch Store, 115 N. Main Street.



10 pound black gobbler.



32 pound White Holland gobbler.



32 pound White Holland gobbler.



Hauser's Organic Fertilizer.

HIGH GRADE
Ground Tankage—Dried Blood.
Fine Blood Meal—Bone Meal.
Ground Sheep Manure.
Commercial Fertilizer.
Nitrogen and Phosphorus added from organic sources only.
Car Loads or Less. Write for sample.
HAUSER PACKING CO.
Los Angeles
Broadway 5000.

Orpington-Sussex Poults
Yards
Greatest Summer Poults in America.
Importers and Distributors
Red, Light, Brown and Black
Eggs \$1.00 per lb. Stock
C. K. Barker, Owner
1st St. and La Grange Ave., San Francisco.

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State's Great Expositions.

It was stated at the Senate lobby inquiry conducted by the Senate to be a useless farce as far as results were concerned.

MEXICO. The squalid situation in Yucatan has been adjusted satisfactorily

and it is now perfectly feasible to do business on account of an irregular truce, the truce for which he was imprisoned.

Prior to her marriage Lady Harvey was Lady Jean Cochrane and her husband, a younger brother of the Marquis of Bristol, has been Charge d'Affaires at Bilbao, since 1907. She has two brothers serving with the forces.

closed the schools and arrested all office and mail service and paid Zapatista entry.

There was no railroad service through the cable censor at Vera

at 27c lb.

bers; none delivered.

Butter, 27c lb.

Fresh Yard Eggs, 23c doz.

10c each.

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Braunton.

Rose Culture.

REST NECESSARY IN ORDER TO SECURE BEST RESULTS.

IN CALIFORNIA roses need the same amount of rest that nature gives them where winter's cold renders all plant life dormant for several months each year. We seldom get good roses in summer, for the reason that the atmosphere is too hot and too dry, and after the heavy flower crop of winter and spring the plants need a period of rest in which to recuperate their vitality.

In the warmer parts of the State one may have autumn and holiday roses if water is not given at all from the last day of June to not later than the first day of October, preferably pruning and watering for the first time during the closing days of September. If autumn roses are preferred it matters not if leaves turn yellow or fall and bark on the smaller and younger growth becomes shriveled; the plants are not necessarily distressed by such treatment, for the growth manifesting such change must all be cut away in any event. If rest is the only end in view, the plants need not for so long be deprived of water, or rest may be begun later, or a little water be given every month. In this case pruning is delayed until winter.

All this pre-supposes that the rose beds are where they may be kept under proper control. If the plants are in the lawn, either singly or in beds good roses in large numbers will not result. Why anyone will consider rose plants for fundamental landscape embellishment is very hard to understand, for rose bushes severely pruned and soil in constant cultivation or heavily mulched does not add to the finish of the landscape. There are other and more fitting places for growing rose bushes than may be found in any lawn. After being driven through a couple of years by almost daily watering of the surrounding grass, and allowed no periods of rest, that rose plant is indeed hardy that will still return a bountiful crop of flowers. If you need shrubs for the lawn, the markets contain a goodly variety of suitable material, coming, as many of them do, from lands where ordinary lawn conditions largely prevail.

Fertilizer Season.

IT IS now the best season for feeding nearly every class and sort of plant life, as the need for plant food is now greater than at any other season. It may be that some flower beds may not with safety be disturbed, and if such is the case, scatter thinly on the surface some commercial fertilizer of heavy food value and carry the same down to the hungry roots by watering.

Nitrate of soda and bone meal are both good "separates" to use, either dry or in solution, though but little of either should be given at one time. Many will argue that nitrate of soda is a stimulant rather than a plant food, but this is altogether an erroneous impression. It is a highly-concentrated plant food. Does it not produce a fine, vigorous, healthful growth? Is this growth not a permanent gain? If so, it certainly is a food in the fullest sense of the word. Stimulants only are usually followed by detrimental reaction, but stimulating food is always beneficial, even though the subject treated may subsequently starve from insufficient nourishment.

Fertilizer for Bulbs.

A LOCAL bulb grower wishes to know what fertilizer to use on a general stock of bulbs, tubers, corms, etc.

It is usually conceded that of all special fertilizers, those found best for potatoes will do best for a general mixed stock of what is usually termed "bulbs." One carrying 4 per cent. of nitrogen, 8 per cent of phosphoric acid and 10 per cent of potash is made as follows: Nitrate of soda, 30 pounds; sulphate of ammonia, 20 pounds; tankage, 100 pounds; acid phosphate, 250 pounds; muriate of potash, 100 pounds; making a total of 500 pounds. Small gardens may easily use this formula by cutting off one cypher from each figure and reducing the total weight to fifty pounds. Use little but often.



GARDEN GAZING GLOBE.

Garden Gazing Globes.

ONE of the latest novelties in garden decoration is the gazing globe, a never-ending source of interest and pleasure. It consists of a fifteen-inch crystal globe mounted upon a pedestal about three feet high. It reflects the surrounding landscape, each change in point of view showing a different scene, a continuously changing moving picture, whether sunny, cloudy or by moonlight. They are especially adapted to formal styles of gardening, but may be used anywhere. The one we illustrate stands in an eastern garden, and costs complete about \$40. But few are in use in California, but in some Eastern States they are becoming quite common.

The Back Yard.

WHAT about the back yard and its need of fruit trees and vines? If you have room at the side or rear of the house some fruit trees should be planted. If space is limited you may still have some berry plants and guava bushes. If there is no space available for such, there must be a fence upon which berry or grapevines may be grown. If this is also denied you, still we may find a place for grapevines, even if they are trained over the rear end of the house. Whatever you do in this line should be done quickly, for the best growing season of the year is with us right now.

Plant Cannas Now.

THREE is plenty of time to produce the best of cannas by planting now in well-enriched soil where an abundance of water may be given. In these times of neutrality get King Humbert, the grandest of all cannas, or if Teutonic in your tastes, Hungaria and Stuttgardia are splendid types, while Uncle Sam and New York are good enough for any American citizen; and, as suggestive of the present trend of affairs both at home and abroad (principally abroad) there is Evolution, with flowers of a new shade in cannas, what has been termed an orange-salmon. All those listed are of the very highest grade.

The Golden State.

IF ONE is seeking to uphold the name of "Golden State" in the garden there is no dearth of material. Here is a list of yellows as they come to the mind of one as he writes: Calendula, calliopsis, columbine, coreopsis, gladiolus, gaillardia, goldenrod, golden glow, heliopsis, helianthus (sunflowers,) helenium, hollyhocks, iris (Spanish,) and Iris Germanica, pansies, wallflowers and zinnias. There are scores of others for the California poppy and several other native plants bearing yellow flowers have not been included in the list.

Soils for Roses.

THE Hybrid Teas or the Hybrid Perpetuals thrive best in heavy soils, the Bourbon class do well in any, but the Teas and Noisettes seem to produce best if the soil is light or somewhat sandy. It is essential in all cases that drainage be good, and for this reason some rosarians of experience remove all soil from the beds to the depth of two feet, pick up the bottom of the pit as deeply as possible, scatter a little manure and sand over the surface and replace the soil, mixing it as it goes back with sand and thoroughly rotted stable manure, being careful to make a good job of the mixing process. A great deal of such work is done in England, some in the eastern part of our country, and but little by our impatient Californians.

In light soils there is little doubt but own-root roses give best satisfaction over a long term of years, the necessity for budding keeping pace with the increasing heaviness, but when one reaches adobe or clay, it is better either to give up pure teas and plant hybrids only, or convert the soil for these into one of much lighter texture. It therefore must be apparent that if you grow many roses it will be found better to keep the classes separated. When purchasing mixed sorts of roses for heavy soils it is doubtless better to get them budded, for few have enough in number to sharply discriminate between the classes as to their specific needs. It is well to reiterate that all roses do best in soils that have been deeply stirred and well worked over.

Grow Some Flowers.

CALIFORNIA is already full of visitors, and more are to follow. This State is famed as "the land of sunshine and flowers." The sunshine is on hand without your permission, and so are wild flowers, on every hand, over hill and canyon side, but not all visitors visit the wilds. It is expected that every owner and tenant will contribute toward making California one great flower garden from "San Diego to Siskiyou." What is, or will be, your contribution toward this end? If you have done nothing yet, hustle and dig down in both pocket and garden and dig up in each case the best you possibly can.

Watch Deciduous Shrubs.

UNDER the stimulus of winter rains and spring sunshine all deciduous shrubs are now coming into leaf; some are about to flower. Should late rains not come, and garden soil be light, some care will have to be taken or such shrubs will suffer from lack of water. At no time of the year are greater demands made upon the energies of the plant, and these should have substantial backing in the form of food and drink. Dig into the soil some well-rotted stable manure and mulch liberally with the same after soil stirring. You may mulch with fresh manure if it is kept away from stems of plants. Water copiously on top of mulch and thereby feed the plants now they are called upon to do their very best.

Nets to Catch Whales.

[Youth's Companion:] Whales are, of course, too large to be caught in nets, yet the New Zealand whale fishermen find that the use of nets is decidedly helpful to them. In the autumn, whales moving south to the polar seas swim close to the mainland of North New Zealand, and round Cape Brett close inshore. Thence they sweep again seaward to pursue their voyage.

During the six months' sojourn in southern seas a thick crust of barnacles collects on whales' bodies. These barnacles catch and drag quantities of seaweed; and perhaps that is why the whales seek the shore, where, by rubbing against the rocks in shoal water, they may scrape off some of the unwelcome parasites.

Whether that is so or not, the whales take full advantage of the circumstance. A number of whales, hugging the shore more closely than their fellows, often pass through the narrow channel just under Cape Brett that separates a group of outlying rocks from the mainland. The whalers place their nets at that spot.

No ordinary fishing gear is strong enough

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lawns.

Dwarf

ONE ADVANTAGES. Many of us are familiar with the stately oak trees, said to be centuries old, which our Japanese gardeners use freely in their garden landscape. It is rarely that you meet a California orchardist who is familiar with the history and results of these midget fruit trees that command the attention of suburbanites, citrus-fruit growers in California. The principal item of interest is that it cannot be said that any person with a space of only 50x50 feet could have only standard-size nursery trees planted 10 feet apart each way, while in the case of these midgets the trees have sixty-four different varieties covering the seasons from very early to the very latest.

Armed with harpoon guns and men in the boats and launches, the dancing of the float line that entangles the creature's movements that it may be prey to the hunters. That is the reason that any person with a space of only 50x50 feet could have only standard-size nursery trees planted 10 feet apart each way, while in the case of these midgets the trees have sixty-four different varieties covering the seasons from very early to the very latest.

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No ordinary fishing gear is strong enough

Ducks at 27c lb.

No phone orders; none delivered.

Fresh Creamery Butter, 27c lb.

—Fresh Eggs, 27c lb.

—Fresh Milk, 27c lb.

—Fresh Cream, 27c lb.

—Fresh Butter, 27c lb.

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The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Curing Diseases With Animal Organs.

THE idea of using the organs of animals to cure diseases of corresponding organs in man, is ancient. Even in the Dark Ages physicians gave their patients preparations of animals' stomachs for stomach troubles, liver preparation for liver troubles, and so on. But this sort of therapy was ineffectual, partly, at least, because the functions of the various organs were not understood at that time, and also because no method of chemical preparation of the organs was known. In a broad, general way, however, the method was theoretically correct. And the most recent advances in therapeutics are along somewhat similar lines. We do not feed patients bits of stomach, and liver, of course, but we do give them chemical preparations of these organs; also preparations of certain organs whose existence was absolutely unknown to medieval physicians.

Moreover, the use of various organs in therapeutics is not confined to the internal administration of special preparations, but the organs themselves are sometimes transplanted and produce astonishing results. Perhaps the most remarkable case of this kind yet reported was presented at the Paris Academy of Medicine recently by Dr. Voronoff. This was the case of a child that had been stunted both mentally and physically by an attack of scarlet fever. As the condition was believed to be the result of impairment of the thyroid gland, a portion of the thyroid gland of a monkey was transplanted into the child's neck. According to the report, "there was almost immediate improvement in the condition of the patient. Previously, the child had been apathetic and stupid. He now became active and quick-witted."

Important Functions of Minute Organs.

The significant feature of this operation, aside from the effects produced, is the fact that the organ from one of the lower animals could be transferred to the human system and continue to functionate, since this had never been accomplished before. But it suggests that a similar effect may be produced by administering the product of the thyroid gland internally, instead of transplanting the organ itself. In point of fact, remarkable effects are produced in this manner, and the use of this and other animal extracts constitutes modern "organotherapy"—that is, the administration of preparations made from the organs of lower animals.

At the present time thyroid extract is a standard remedy for certain conditions, and produces results more remarkable, and with greater certainty, than any other known remedy. In the hitherto incurable condition, myxedema, for example, which results in bodily deformity, and dementia, a few grains of the thyroid preparation administered each day produce magical changes. "Within six weeks," says Ossler, "a poor, feeble-minded, toad-like caricature of humanity may be restored to mental and bodily health."

This disease results from the inactivity of the thyroid gland. But the eccentricities of this gland are responsible for many other conditions besides this peculiar one called myxedema. For example, when it is overactive it quickens the heart and results in the most dangerous form of goitre. Yet there are other forms of goitre which seem to be the result of the gland's inactivity. Certain forms of obesity, also, are attributed to the sluggishness of this gland; and certain cases of under-development in children; and possibly some of the stubborn forms of skin disease. When these conditions are dependent upon thyroid inactivity, they are benefited by the use of thyroid extract.

Utilizing "the Seat of the Soul."

But the thyroid is only one of a group of glands which control certain important functions of the body, such as growth, and mental and physical development. One of the members of this group is a tiny gland situated in the brain, which is believed to be the remains of what was formerly an eye in some of the lower animals that were our remote ancestors. The ancient anatomists believed that this structure was "the seat of the soul"; and modern experiments seem to confirm this belief—that is, if the terms "soul" and "mind" are considered synonymous.

For it appears that when this gland is inactive, a state of idiocy or mental impairment results; and when it is overactive, it produces great mental activity, and bodily growth.

This is not mere speculative theory, but a fact that has been proved repeatedly by practical demonstrations. The demonstrations resulted from the death of a little 5-year-old German boy, whose size and mental development was that of a boy of 13. The autopsy revealed the fact that the pineal gland was of unusual size, and suggested that its increased activity might account for the boy's remarkable mental and physical development.

Acting on the suggestion that this inference was correct, Profs. Dana and Berkeley began making experiments with the pineal glands of calves and young cattle. They first tried the experiment of feeding the dried pineal glands to young guinea pigs, rabbits, and kittens, picking alternate members of the same litters at random. The animals fed on the pineal preparation completely outstripped their mates which were fed abundantly on ordinary foods. It was observed, also, that these specially-fed animals showed more intelligence than the others.

Real Brain Food.

The success of these experiments naturally suggested the use of pineal gland preparations for improving the mental condition of backward children, particularly those whose backwardness seemed to be due to lack of brain function rather than congenital defects. Accordingly, experiments were conducted in the Training School for Defective Children, at Vineland, N. J., under the expert observation of Dr. H. H. Goddard of that institution. The results which have just been made public seem to justify the hope of the investigators. "Of the subjects, several were congenital idiots, and these, as was anticipated, made no progress. But fourteen of the others made a gain, and the average, 65 per cent. of a year, was twice the normal, and more than twice the progress of the control-children in the same period. Some of the subjects advanced eight-tenths of a year."

It should be understood that these statements of actual gain in mentality represent degrees of improvement that can be measured with greatest accuracy, and are not dependent merely upon somebody's opinion. And since some of these defective children have been brought to a stage of mental development closely approximating the normal standard, it is evident that the pineal gland preparation is a powerful weapon for combating hitherto hopeless mental infirmities.

Blocking Old Age.

But childhood is not the only period of life at which a defective, or sluggish pineal gland may play havoc with the mind. At the other extreme of life, when the mind tends to lapse into a condition in many ways closely approximating that of childhood, it is suspected that a defective pineal gland is often responsible. And in certain cases of premature breakdown of mental powers, where there is no other organic disease, it seems reasonably certain that the fault lies in this organ, which is not sending out a sufficient amount of its peculiar secretion to whip up the sluggish brain.

In such cases, the administration of pineal-gland preparation to make up the deficiency in the natural supply should restore the brain's normal activity if the theory is correct. In point of fact, it seems to do so, judged by reports of cases now under observation. Thus, Prof. Berkeley reports positive gains in about a dozen cases who have been given a fair trial. These were cases of premature mental failure without distinct organic cause, and all of them made distinct improvement. This improvement was not only apparent to the observers, but to the patients themselves. Indeed, some of the patients were so sensible of their improved condition that they "refused to be without the remedy."

If defective pineal glands are responsible for brain sluggishness in infancy and old age, as apparently they are, it is a natural inference that they may be the cause of mental troubles at other periods of life. Possibly "brain fag," and other similar con-

ditions, are the result of pineal inactivity. But this remains to be demonstrated, as the subject has just begun to attract attention.

Moth Balls in Warfare.

A triple alliance of dangers and discomforts—bullets, disease and vermin—always menaces the soldier. Bullets and diseases take their toll in lives; but vermin pile up such a mountain of discomforts that the old campaigner dreads their attacks quite as much as those of the other two enemies. The danger from bullets is only periodical; the most deadly of campaign diseases, typhoid and dysentery, are now largely preventable; but vermin the soldier has always with him. They infest his clothing, and swarm in his camps.

In the present war, however, the armies are waging a pretty successful fight against these omnipresent enemies, with moth balls, or the naphthalin powder from which the balls are made. For protecting bedding, the powder is used in the same manner as commonly employed to protect clothing against moths. But the most approved method of protecting the clothing and body is to shake a teaspoonful of the pulverized powder into the collar around the neck each morning. This works down during the day and covers the body.

It isn't the mere discomfort of the vermin that menaces the soldier, but the diseases they transmit. Typhus fever, or "camp fever," is known to be transmitted in this manner. So that the moth ball is a prophylactic against deadly disease, as well as discomfort.

Another way of protecting an army against camp fever is to clothe the soldiers in silk underwear. The vermin that transmit the disease have a special aversion to silk, either because they cannot cling to a silk garment or on account of the smell of the silk. This has been demonstrated repeatedly in individual cases, but thus far no nation has ever tried the experiment of clothing its armies in silk underwear.

Pneumatic Tool Diseases.

Any departure from long-established methods of applying muscular energy is likely to result in physical diseases. Pneumatic tools, for example, which oscillate from 1000 to 2000 times per minute, are responsible for some diseases unknown to workmen of the last generation. The disease most frequently produced is neuritis, but occasionally another type of nervous disease, known as "dead fingers," results.

The workmen most likely to develop neuritis are the operators of pneumatic drills, hammers, and chisels, where the hand is in close contact with the rapidly vibrating tool most of the time. It is a disease that resembles rheumatism in the pain produced, and is frequently mistaken for this disease by the workman, particularly if he has been subject to rheumatic twinges. But it is really a disease of irritated nerves, and the vibrating tool is directly responsible for this irritation. Once the irritation starts, it progresses steadily if the workman continues to operate the tool. And even after the disease has apparently disappeared it often returns immediately when work is resumed.

The condition known as "dead fingers" is more likely to develop in the workmen who operate pneumatic stone cutters. In this disease, as the name suggests, the workman's hands or fingers become cold and "feel dead." It is less painful than neuritis, but sometimes incapacitates the workman; and, like neuritis, is likely to return if the operator persists in using the tool. Workmen threatened with this disease are sometimes able to avert it by holding the hands in a solution of capsicum ("red pepper") for a few minutes after the day's work is done.

Value of Chocolate as Food.

Of the three popular beverages, tea, coffee, and chocolate, the last is least popular, but undoubtedly the best, if measured by nutritional value. Indeed, chocolate is a highly nutritious food, whereas tea and coffee are merely stimulants.

Coffee has been the favorite beverage with soldiers for more than a century, because it lessens the strain of fatigue by stimulating the nervous system. Tea has almost precisely the same effect, and for the same reason—because it contains caffeine. But chocolate

late has come into its own in the war, and has taken its place in the list as an emergency ration for supplying vital energy to the soldier instead of mere coffee which does not tend to produce the same effect.

On the other hand, chocolate has a high percentage of the two elements necessary to life (starches and proteins) in a condensed and palatable form. The third element necessary to nutrition is water, and wafers. The entertainment provided potato salad, coffee and

ENTERTAINMENT.

Party.

[*Los Angeles Journal:*] A young people gave this novel affair, which was a most enjoyable evening for the participants. The invitations were in tiny pill boxes and asked the guests to bring a lunch prepared for two in the third element necessary to nutrition, water. The entertainment provided

Snack Animals.

[*Los Angeles Journal:*] A young people was for girls only, and each guest was given an empty box, a piece of paper and a pair of scissors. Scissors were also placed

and five minutes were allowed for the guests who could do up in his odd pockets.

Cracker Animals.

[*Los Angeles Journal:*] All introduced into Christmas boxes were used, and a number of arms as to why chocolate is the best to be packed, and the man though the most worthy, of the boxes received a box of salted peanuts. Strong stimulants were divided into pairs by rapid headway in civilian

Harmless Coffee.

A chemist who has much thought to the subject of coffee-making, has sent a communication, suggesting of preparing the beverage.

HOME SANITATION.

Disinfectant.

"Caffeine is the characteristic coffee," says this communication. "Direct sunlight rathers contain caffeine which has an affinity for the dust that clings to the silk and most spores. Dust in metal receptacles, like collars, dark corners, cracks where dust and dirt collect with arsenic and tannin.

"After fifteen years of service we find dust there we and wherever dirt accumulates in the household they will be found in the dust that clings to the silk and floors, on the furniture, and perma. House dust is liable to dirt, while smooth, glazed surfaces where dust and dirt collect with arsenic and tannin.

"Dust in our houses should be kept with sunshine and fresh air. The finish of floors, walls should be smooth, with cracks, that lodging-places for future use. Heat coffee and you will find it as settleable as if freshly made in coffee boil, or put it in a oiled cloth.

Measuring Doses.

A oiled cloth will remove germs from a dry cloth, as germs in teapots and tablespoons gathered should be burned, most popular, although it will not return to our neighbors' table.

The ancient method of using a damp or oiled surface. All drugs in collapsible tubes, the doses are measured in the house; in this way street many commendable features. This method we bring into our lodgings better in house the British army surgeon, and outdoor air, as there is less sun. The Lancet as follows:

Seeking Some Medicine.

might be dispensed in a form their ready administration sons under conditions means of hypodermic needles. Separate the all colored pieces. Remove all most impossible, the other drugs incorporated into the suds. Nearly all collapsible tubes and small dolls can be removed from that one inch of the drug. By pouring boiling water over most any drug can be removed under the most unfavorable conditions. Small dolls may be washed the last joint of the tube the measure of one inch. Mildew and iron rust are also readily portable in the such spots with salt and easily given to an aches on them until the salt would not swallow medicine then lay the pieces in the sun, gradually fade out; but it prepared also to contain lemon and salt on several times, drying them

FANCY PIECES.

Stains.

[*Los Angeles Journal:*] Separate the all colored pieces. Remove all most impossible, the other drugs incorporated into the suds. Nearly all collapsible tubes and small dolls can be removed from that one inch of the drug. By pouring boiling water over most any drug can be removed under the most unfavorable conditions. Small dolls may be washed the last joint of the tube the measure of one inch. Mildew and iron rust are also readily portable in the such spots with salt and easily given to an aches on them until the salt would not swallow medicine then lay the pieces in the sun, gradually fade out; but it prepared also to contain lemon and salt on several times, drying them

THIN STRAW.

[*Los Angeles Journal:*] Mix two sufficient Spread on a dark cloth stiff whisking medium straw in a

Southern E.

Where people directly south next best a

and Abuse.

Home, Sweet Home"

For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

late has come into its own in war, and has taken its place at the list as an emergency ration, supplying vital energy to the stead of mere nerve stimulants. It contains a stimulant, to be sure, but does not tend to produce sleep, does caffeine.

On the other hand, chocolate, high percentage of the two necessary to life (starches and sugars) is in a condensed and palatable form. The third element necessary is trituration. It is therefore almost as well as a well-balanced ration, the soldiers' chocolate is now in correct amount of protein in it, this ration represents an ideal凝ensed form. A man can live on this "emergency" ration. Moreover, he can carry several in his odd pockets.

Harmless Coffee.

A chemist who has given much thought to the subject of coffee-making, has sent us a communication, suggesting a method of preparing the beverage.

COFFEE-MAKING.

"Caffeine is the characteristic of coffee," says this correspondent. "Berries contain caffeine which has an affinity for the tannin in metal. The important fact is that people have been in metal receptacles, little they were slowly poisoning with arsenic and tannin."

"After fifteen years of experience, I at last found the secret of that is most healthful and the method is as follows, and it should be carried out accurately. House dust is liable to accumulate in corners, cracks and dirt collect

wherever dirt accumulates. Household dust that clings to the furniture, on the floors, on the furniture, etc. Absorbent surfaces should be kept as smooth, glazed surfaces as possible. For houses should be kept with sunshine and fresh air. The finish of floors, used, after being taken from the grounds; the used, after being taken from the ground, can be kept hot in another vessel. If not used at once it may be furnished. The furniture such that they may be used as fresh as made. Use coffee boil, or put it in a

Measuring Doses in Inches.

The ancient method of measuring doses in teaspoons and tablespoons is in most popular one, although it is often used. All should be burned, to our neighbors' rival in the tablets and capsules. But the present European method is to have a door mat, brush brought out a new method to our doors to our shoes. Drugs in collapsible tubes, in which doses are measured by inches; in this way street many commendable features for life. This method was introduced better in house air British army surgeon, and is the Lancet as follows:

"Seeking some means by which might be dispensed in a form their ready administration to sons under conditions when means of hypodermic injection are most impossible, the author has drugs incorporated into a cream. The medicated cream can be removed from the tube and made into a dose of the drug. By this being stretched over the last joint of the thumb the measure of one inch. The straw and iron rust are also readily portable in this form, and are easily given to an unconscious person until the salt would not swallow medicine in common forms. Such cream is gradually fade out; but it is good to put lemon and salt on several times, drying them

ENTERTAINMENT.

Dry Very Carefully.

[Journal:] A young person gave this novel affair, which was most enjoyable evening for the entertainment. The invitations were for pill boxes and asked the guests to bring prepared for two in the form of sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, etc. The entertainment included potato salad, coffee and tea.

HOME-MADE WREATH.

Cardboard Foundation.

[New York Tribune:] For a home-made wreath, a cardboard dress-box will supply the necessary foundation. Cut out a circle of cardboard, then remove the center, leaving a roundabout three inches wide. Now proceed to cover it back and front with moss, fastening it on by winding it over and over with wire or string. This must be done very thoroughly, the strands lying quite close to each other. The foundation is then complete. Flowers are best culled in the cool of the evening and plunged during the night up to their heads in a pail of water.

Arranging the Flowers and Ferns.

Treat the foliage in a like manner. If maidenhair fern is used, it is necessary to entirely immerse it for at least the night, or it will not last at all. Before commencing the wreath, map out your best flowers, or largest blossoms, so that you may know how many you have to rely upon, and arrange that they do not come together in a lump, making the wreath lopsided. Nothing is so annoying as to run short of specimen blooms before getting round. When once put in it is very upsetting to have to remove any flowers. Start the wreath by dampening the moss, and then stick in a few fronds of foliage under the strands of wire. Continue in the same way with blossoms and green as required.

RENOVATING THE HAT.

Last Spring's Bonnet Made New.

[Pittsburgh Gazette:] If the hat needs renovating, remove all the old trimming. Clean the hat. If it is white, use salts of lemon. If it is colored, brush it thoroughly and then clean it with a cloth moistened in water or olive oil. A black hat can be re-colored with good liquid shoe blacking. Other colored hats can be treated to dye, made of gasoline colored with oil paint, applied with a short stiff-bristled brush.

Cleaning a Panama Hat.

Mix two ounces of flowers of sulphur with sufficient water to form a smooth paste. Spread evenly over the hat, and place it in a dark cupboard to dry. Brush off with a stiff whisk. Sulphur is an excellent bleaching medium for Panama hats, as it is not dangerous to handle, and does not injure the straw in any way.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Early Spring Hotbed.

[Christian Science Monitor:] The first requisite of a hotbed should be an easily accessible water supply. Preferably the water should reach the hotbed through buried metal pipes. The next best plan is to have a spigot and hose. Always such arrangements should be provided with underground cutoffs so as to prevent injury from frost. The beds should be as convenient as possible to the house or the workshop. They should be protected from north and west winds either by the wall of a building or a tight board fence five or six feet high.

Southern Exposure Preferable.

Where possible, the exposure should be directly south so as to get the full sun. The next best exposure is southeastern. Where

two rows of hotbeds are used ample space should be allowed between them so the sash may be easily moved into the alleyways. Eight feet is none too little for alleys between the frames.

THE BRIDE-ELECT.

Lingerie Toilet Bag.

[Philadelphia Record:] The bride-elect may make her toilet bag from the back and front of that expensive lingerie blouse whose sleeves are worn out but which otherwise is perfectly good. You cut away the arm eyes and the collar portion, but leave as much fullness as possible at the waist line, as that forms the capacious base which is fitted with compartments for soap and powder boxes before the sides are joined. As the top or mouth is considerably narrower than the base, that portion should be merely fulled into a lace band which will easily permit the hand to slip in and draw out any needed article, and at each side or seam at the top should be sewn ribbon hangers so that when in a hotel the contrivance may be hung on a nail near the dressing table. For security in carrying buttons and buttonholes should form rows at the lower edge of the lace band and be carefully fastened when moving.

Unique Kitchen Shower.

At a kitchen shower recently given, a recipe was brought with the article given, if it was a utensil requiring a rule. For instance, a set of gem pans had a rule long in favor with the girl who contributed it. A mixing bowl had a cake recipe attached, and some scales were accompanied by an old-fashioned rule for pound cake. The hostess had enclosed the paper for the recipes with her invitations, so all were uniform, and given to the bride-elect encased in a tooled leather holder. As the bridegroom was to take his bride to the Far West, one can imagine how much pleasure this book would be in the days to come.

FOR YOUNG DAUGHTER.

Simplicity in Hair Ornaments.

[New York Sun:] Simplicity ought to mark the hair ornaments worn by young girls; and if all simple hair ornaments were as smart and pretty as the malines hair bows now in vogue there would be little excuse for the choice by many girls hardly out of the schoolroom of elaborate hair bands of ribbon, velvet, feathers and rhinestones.

Freshness and crispness form the chief attraction of malines bows, and as dampness wrinkles malines beyond repair, these bows are not very durable. On the other hand, malines is not expensive and the woman who can use her fingers deftly can easily fashion these bows herself. The band to go about the head is formed of a strip of malines twisted or crushed to the desired width. To it is fastened a butterfly bow with ends, a chou or a big splashing bow knot of malines.

Color and Wearing of Bow.

The bow is worn at the side or back of the head, wherever, according to the shape of the face and the style of the coiffure, it looks best.

The bows and bands can be worn in the same color as the frock or in a brightly contrasting color, a color brought out in some of the trimmings. Doubtless, with the delicate colors worn by most young girls in the evening, a bow of the same color looks best.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Washington Star:] Certain provisions are much cheaper bought in bulk and stored such as sugar, soap, raisins, rice, tapioca, dried peas and beans. These should all be kept in screw-top glass jars.

A useful little ease to lay dollys away is made of two pieces of cardboard, round or square, and a little larger than the dollys. Cover neatly with linen and connect by means of elastic.

When potting plants, put a piece of coarse muslin over the hole in the pot before putting in the bits of stone and soil, which keeps the drainage good. The muslin prevents the earth from washing away.

Shabby leather bags, etc., may be improved in appearance by being rubbed over with well-eaten white of egg, and then polished.

ished with beeswax and turpentine, the final rubbing being given with a soft, clean cloth.

Adding a little sugar to water for cut flowers keeps them fresh longer.

When putting away silk waistbands take out shields, as they are apt to crack the silk.

That a painted wall may be cleaned with a woolen cloth dipped in kerosene oil, changing the cloth for a clean one as often as it becomes soiled.

That a drop or two of turpentine in the cavity of an aching tooth will ease it. If gums are sore, bathe with the same.

That a few pieces of horseradish root put among pickles will keep the scum from forming on top.

HEARTSEASE.

The Good in All.

Treat your friends for what you know them to be. Regard no surfaces. Consider not what they did, but what they intended. —[Henry D. Thoreau.]

The Choice.

On the bough of the rose is the prickly briar;

The delicate lily must live in the mire; The hues of the butterfly go at a breath; At the end of the road is the house of death.

Nay, nay, on the briar is the lovely rose; In the mire of the river the lily blows; The moth it is fair as a flower of the sod; At the end of the road is a door to God!

—[Edwin Markham.]

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits BRAIN AND BRAWN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.? Call on us for relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is one made of Arch Supporter which is this way that will give the desired results in more than 90 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various cases. Our Arch Supports are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

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Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, epileptic fits, chronic indigestion, enlarged tonsils, etc., and who have been fooled too often to have faith in any cure, should ask their physician to investigate Mr. Martin's discovery. Studio is open to doctors at all times and investigation invited. Consultation free. 302 Blanchard Hall.

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CANCER

Treated by New French Process. No knife, no cancer pastes, no dangerous major operations. Especially suitable in cases of internal or inaccessible growths, such as cancers of the stomach, throat, liver, kidneys, womb, etc. Medicine acts on cancerous growths through the blood. Progress of beneficial results obtained can be demonstrated by analysis of the urine. DR. A. R. GOMEZ, 204 German Bldg., 224 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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ers; none delivered.

Butter, 27c lb.

Fresh Yard Eggs, 23c doz.

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Classified Advertisements.

News: Fact and Comment.

State Advertisements.

State Great Expositions.

It was stated at the Senate inquiry conducted by the Senate to be a useless farce as far as results were concerned.

MEXICO. The small situation in Yu-

catan has been adjusted satisfactorily

being pronounced perfectly feasible by a commission of the Admiralty its secret was buried in the archives of the department, where it has remained until this day.

Lord Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, was variously engaged in command of ships and fleets of the English navy.

navy on account of an irregular financial transaction for which he was imprisoned.

Prior to her marriage Lady Harvey was Lady Jean Cochrane and her husband, a younger brother of the Marquis of Bristol, has been Charge d'Affaires at Bilbao, since 1907. She has two brothers serving with the forces.

closed the schools and arrested all office and mail service and paid the Zapista entry.

There was no railroad service through the cable censor at Vera Cr.

Saved by Chance. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

A TWO-BIT HERO.

RILEY, ditched from a west-bound freight, east of Needles, had walked for hours under a blistering, desert sun. At first he hated only the brakeman who was responsible for his predicament, but at the end of a ten-mile drill, the heat had so warped his sense of equity, that he not only hated the brakeman, but also the road for which the brakeman worked.

It was in this condition—tired, footsore, hungry, thirsty and vengeful—that he came upon a pile of ties that had been placed across the track for the obvious purpose of derailing the eastbound Limited. A few yards west of the obstruction the road curved sharply around a sand hill like a taut bow. Ties had been scattered all along the grade for some miles back, and the men who had placed these across the track, had in all probability, been ditched from the same freight as himself, a few miles west of the point where he had been so ignominiously set afoot.

Riley climbed wearily upon the ties and proceeded to empty his shoes of sand and cinders. For hours he had been tortured with thirst and the remorseless heat of a sun that seemed to focus directly upon him with all its furious, blazing intensity. His smarting, red-rimmed eyes swept the waterless wastes to the wavering sky-line, and he ran the tips of blackened fingers over his parched lips and gulped painfully. A frightened rabbit darted down the track and a sand lizard scuttled across the sandy roadbed. He swore at both, his voice coming hoarse and wheezy from his heat-parched throat.

As he emptied and replaced his tattered shoes, he reviewed the misery of the past hours and a look of deep bitterness crept into his face. If the brakeman had been a trifle more considerate he might have forgotten his grievances for the time and given warning. But the brakeman had shown no compassion, so why should he concern himself in the matter?

It wouldn't be long now until the Limited would sweep around the curve like a whirlwind, and any number of things might happen—all of which were decidedly unpleasant to contemplate. As he reviewed the impending disaster, he compared it with disasters of a similar nature he had witnessed

or heard of during his road career, and as one after another flashed through his mind, he became nervous and fidgety. He glanced guiltily over either shoulder, ran his hands into his pockets from force of habit, and drew himself erect, the fingers of his right closing over a "two-bit" piece—the whole sum and substance of his worldly possessions.

He brought the money out and looked at it whimsically. He had followed the precept of a coin flip time and again, and it had solved many momentous questions for him—had taken him north, south, east, west, when in all probability he might have gone west, east, south, north. Here was another question to decide. It didn't occur to Riley that in this instance, it was a simple matter of conscience, and he proceeded to decide it in his own particular way. Twice heads and he would flag the train. Twice tails and—his jaw set grimly. He cursed at the sun which now hung half-way between the meridian and the western horizon and against whose slanting rays his ragged straw hat offered scant protection to his fiery face, then settled himself for the game of chance. He fingered the coin for a moment, then flipped it into the air. It dropped back into his palm eagle uppermost! He drew a deep breath and again sent it into the air and again it fell eagle up. And so the matter was decided. Then he suddenly sat up and listened. There had come to his ears the far-away whistle of the eastbound Limited—long-drawn and faint. Riley knew how deceptive distances of the desert, also the carrying quality of the dead, still air. He wondered just how far away it was. He looked down upon the coin lying in his palm, dubiously. The result of the game of chance had been what he had wished for and yet, he wasn't entirely satisfied—he had won too easily. The thought of the on-rushing Limited filled him with a vague apprehension. He had experienced a similar feeling once in the stokehole of a tramp steamer that had sprung a leak off the coast of China. This uncertain frame of mind decided him to try the charm—the third flip was the charm—it settled matters conclusively and left no element of doubt, providing of course, the charm tallied with the winning side.

He shook the coin vigorously in cupped palms, took it between thumb and forefinger, and solemnly set it upward. This time it soared higher than he intended, went a bit out of the prescribed route and shot downward with a rattle—down between the ties out of sight. Riley blinked rapidly, his lower jaw dropped and he stared in amazement at the crevice where the coin had disappeared. He stretched himself out on his stomach and peered futilely among the ties, then sat up and turned upon that corner of the world a ludicrous expression of utter dismay. Through the long, wearisome hours he had trudged along beneath the hot scorching of the sun, he had been fortified by the possession of that quarter. He had continually placated himself with visions of a certain thirst resort in Needles, where cold schooners of beer, accompanied by "wienie" sandwiches could be had for the price of a dime and he had figured the dime into the two-bit piece, so many times, giving it the odd nickel first to a sandwich and then to a beer, that his quarter had assumed the proportions of a cart wheel. And now it lay somewhere beneath that pile of big, heavy ties. A look of utter dejection crept into Riley's face. With a muttered curse he dropped stiffly to the ground and stood glaring at the pile in a dazed, bewildered fashion. He hoisted one a few inches then dropped it vindictively. There was but one solution to the difficulty and that one particularly distasteful, as it entailed much hard work. For the thousandth time there assailed him lurid visions of cool entertainment to be had in Needles and as he dwelt on the picture, it seemed as though he wanted that two-bit piece more than he had wanted anything before in his life.

Riley shed his coat, rolled back the sleeves of his coarse blue shirt and tackled the job savagely. Every now and then he could hear the sullen, rushing roar as the Limited swept over a culvert and many other familiar little sounds of approach, intensified by the death-like silence of the great desert. The sounds spurred him to renewed activity—he fought and grappled with the ties, pitting his entire strength against them—dragging one after another fiercely from the pile and sending it bumping down the grade. The ache and weariness of body were forgotten. His parched skin first grew moist and finally the sweat poured down his face in rivulets. He grunted, struggled and swore as he had grunted, struggled and sworn when forced to the pumps of the

leaking tramp steamer. As a difference in the quality of the steamer he had been driven by volition. He paused long at the elbow of the curve and gazed up the track. A black horse and rider stepped through the door. University Clubrooms with outstretched hand to greet his former friends. A smile lighted up his dark, quiet face and his tanned cheeks flushed a little with pleasure and excitement.

"How have you been all these years, called Allan Boke, crowding forward.

"We've had ten class reunions and the first time I've ever turned up."

"I've been back," answered, "and I reached here only

"I've been in Mexico, Africa and

"You know what 'Wanderers' are mining engineers are."

"Tell us some evening and tell us your experiences," suggested John

"As I shook Dick's hand. 'You poor devils who can't get out of

"We're born in like to bear about

"part."

"I have pushed forward toward

"of young women. The thin, freckled

"who had taken the leading part

"and had revelled in Shakespeare at the expense of her math-

"swept toward him with wonderful

"and greeted him with a pronounced

"accent never taught at college.

"He first still smiled saucily at him

"he had grown quite gray and

"His quick eye glanced down the

"wave of disappointment swept

"One by one, he renewed old ac-

"until he stood at the end of the

"He wanted to ask the erstwhile

"and one about some of the others,

"about one other, but there was

"just then. He was free to con-

"and the years had brought to his

"and to scan each newcomer who

"and their class politician, now a

"and lawyer and state senator. He had

"with the years and his hair

"but he still beamed with

"and self-confidence. Near him

"Allan Boke, 'as young in appearance

"we married you not because

"and requested it, but because

"and are proud to bear you

"speaking for all the brides, and

"the good looking group of people he

"he had improved

"he thought. They looked better

"and better than they had in college

"and were mature enough to show

"and character in their faces

"though still to radiate a certain

"hope. In the center of a circle

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ungerford.

The Story of Dick and Allison.

By Elizabeth Griswold Rowe

leaking tramp steamer. As yet there was a difference in the quality of his life and curses. Here he worked with pollution. He paused long enough to rest on the elbow of the curve and take up the track. A black banner of smoke hung lazily upon the horizon. He expected to see exactly that, and yet it spurred him to greater energy. He stopped abruptly and running back to his work attacked it in a frenzy of haste. He a tie and toppled it off the pile, he had been all these years, end of another and stopped short, for on the very edge, lay the object of his quest. He snatched at it eagerly, slipping it safely into his pocket, ground panting, exhausted and forgetful of everything save that he had been in Mexico, Africa and covered his precious two-bit piece. You know what 'Wanderer' is mining engineers are."

it caused him to start, again casting his mind on the approaching train. At the remaining ties, then his gaze westward and he scrambled uncertainly, a strange, tense look in his eyes.

With a rush and roar the train tearing across the desert, enveloped in a thick fog of smoke and dust. Ahead where the track curved around a sand hill, Riley toiled and grappled with ties like a man his hands bleeding, his blue shirt his breath coming in short, pained his streaming face a mask of terror—toiled to save the train from possible harm.

Just before the engine swept the curve he raised the last obstructing a supreme effort—up and up—then it over down the grade, going with a fall.

As he lay badly shaken and bruised, a long line of coaches swept proudly in his face a dense cloud of sneezy dust. After a while his feet rather shakily and stood a trail of smoke disappearing off to the west. The sun was fast slipping behind the western hills and a violet began to deepen upon the desert. He was free to consider each newcomer who had looked upon him.

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fell on the little company. The last tense on the edge of his breath waited breathlessly.

"Young men," the clear voice "we married you not because the men requested it, but because we are proud to bear your names speaking for all the brides, as I do."

"When you assure us that there is no more war, we are ready to wives in more than name. But we have made a solemn vow to children to be butchered by war's inventions. Your cruel man-made ruling the world are responsible for the suffering of children in the world today, and not become the mothers of sons to mate this barbarism. When you can civilization and peace where can war now reign we shall be ready homes for you and your children. Of course, she must have had. Had she not been willing everything to ambition.

"John Talbot," said a voice at the door, "you look old, doesn't she? To woman's awakening!"

The American girl cried "Yes" her voice was lost in the general that followed this astonishing speech. The bride rose, and Herr Baumgarten's wife's arm as if to offer his shoulder. The young soldiers, stunned, scarcely comprehending the full revolt of their brides, jumped and scraping of chairs. The telephone receiver, repeated aloud: "Special train for Herr Baumgarten's wife, who is ill, she is in town." Lucia's eyes and tearful good-bys the memory of "Woman's Awakening" they're always late. Here an American girl, watching from with tear-dimmed eyes, said "A new type of woman has arrived in town." Lucia's husband race along from his just the place."

Brides and bridegrooms said here in town." Lucia's eyes and tearful good-bys the memory of "Woman's Awakening" they're always late. Here an American girl, watching from with tear-dimmed eyes, said "A new type of woman has arrived in town." Lucia's husband race along from his just the place."

WAY IT ENDED.

"All, Brooks! Here's old Dick Brooks! Here's old Dick Brooks! Haven't seen you a hundred years!"

Brooks stepped through the door University Clubrooms with outstretched hand to greet his former friends. He brightened up his dark, quiet eyes and flushed a little with excitement.

She did not see him at once—not until she had slipped into a vacant chair and greeted those near her. Then she caught sight of Lucia and gave her a quick smile before the look of surprise that came over her face showed that she recognized her friend's companion. Dick caught her eye but they could only bow over Allan Boke's intervening shoulder.

"Pretty as ever, isn't she?" It was Lucia speaking.

"Yes," he answered, "but she has changed. She looks more gentle—almost sad. Isn't she well?"

"Yes," replied her friend, "but she has had disappointments. I guess we all have."

"Not you surely, I hear you have made a great success."

"It's according to the way you count success," she said. "I know I've missed the best things of life. You'd never dream, now, that I have a regular faculty for cooking, would you? And that I love to keep house? Well, I suppose we can't have everything."

Dick looked at her in surprise. He noticed her plain, rugged face and her dress of some unbecoming, dark stuff, carelessly hooked, and severely high. She was right. He never would have dreamed that she would care for such things.

While they drank their coffee—there were speeches. Allan Boke was the first one and he kept them all laughing.

"He certainly has made good," Dick reminded Lucia, "and he must enjoy his work. I consider him a very successful man—even a famous one."

She waited until the applause had died away before she answered in her decided manner that was just a bit irritating to masculine ears.

"Fame isn't everything. He's hardly been able to make a living. He told me once that if he had known what a large family was coming to him he would have learned a trade. He can always joke but I happen to know that he's had some pretty serious times. He married as soon as he left college, you know. He never was the least bit practical."

The Senator rose to make his customary speech.

"What about his?" whispered Dick. "He certainly looks prosperous."

"Going to pieces as fast as he can," she shot back. "You see I know them all too well."

He wanted to ask her about Allison but he feared her sharp judgments. No, he would find Allison as soon as they rose and would hear from her own lips of her triumphs and failures. His eyes rested on her during the long, bombastic sentences. Her soft, light hair was as beautiful as ever. He was rather shocked to find Lucia turning gray. Allison's mouth was, if anything, a bit sweeter in its expression, her firm chin a shade less determined than he remembered it. He wondered if it was sorrow that had softened her, whether her voice, that they had all thought so wonderful, had failed her at the test.

As soon as they moved from the table, he hurried to her. She greeted him eagerly, tremulously, before she gained composure to say:

"It has been so long, Dick. Why have you never been back?"

The others were listening. He could not tell her the truth.

"My work didn't lie this way," he answered formally. Someone was elbowing him away, but he stood his ground. It was Allan Boke.

"My word, Dick!" he exclaimed. You're as solid a rock to run against as you were in the old football game."

He greeted Allison and passed on but Dick remained.

"I can't get a word with you here," he grumbled. "Let's go up to the end of the room, back of the reading tables. I see just the place."

It was stated at the expert that the ship lobby inquiry conducted by the Senate proves to be a useless farce as far as results were concerned.

MEXICO. The final situation in Yucatan has been adjusted satisfactorily.

The music started up and here and there a husband and wife circled round the room to start things off right. He finally piloted her out of the crowd and they found a leather cushioned window seat beyond the table of magazines in the quiet end of the large clubroom.

"Now, tell me what you have been doing all these years," he demanded. "In the first place, did you go to Germany to study music as you planned that fall after I left?"

"No, I couldn't go," she answered. "You know how ambitious mother was for me. She always worked beyond her strength and she did too much getting us ready. Just as we were about to start, she was overcome by a stroke. It was frightful. She never recovered from it. She lingered on for two

years and I couldn't do much with music during all that time. After she went, my brother John's wife died leaving him with a little baby to care for. Of course, I took it. I was the only one who could and it was a darling. John lived home with us for five years before he married again and since then father has needed me."

"And all these years when I thought you were intent on your own advancement you have just been living for other people," he mused.

"I had to do my duty," she answered. "You don't know how hard I found it at times. I can't say I did the things I wanted to."

"I wonder if any of us have?"

"Compared to my ambition when you saw me last and to what mother planned for me, my life so far looks like a failure," she admitted, her eyes turning away from the passing couples and laughing groups about the room to the twinkling, yellow city lights outside and the steady starlights above.

"Not to me," he answered quickly, noting the sadness steal over her eyes and mouth. "You've been essential to the comfort and happiness of others. I haven't been necessary to any one. I'm the one who has been a failure."

"You always were modest, Dick. I might believe you if I hadn't talked to Bobby Perkins."

She rose and found a file of magazines on the table before them, rapidly running her eye down until she came to the one she wanted. She slipped it out and carried it back to her seat.

"Have you read this?" She opened the magazine and showed him a story.

"No, one of Allan's I see."

"Yes," she answered. "It is about a mining engineer who neglected his work and lost out by it, too, because he was so busy nursing a friend who went out with him and nearly died of fever, that he forgot about his own advancement. Bobby Perkins told me that story when he came home last year and I told it to Allan."

"Bobby always made too much of that experience," Dick said, turning the pages curiously and smiling at the illustrations. "I'll have to read Allan's interpretation of it. How does it end?"

"Oh, of course, the end is pure fiction," she hastily explained. "You know a story must have a satisfactory ending, and in this the hero was rewarded at last."

"I see," Dick continued, reading along, "by the girl he thought he had lost five years before. Why must life be so much harder than fiction, Allison? Here, turn your head and look out of the window so you won't catch John Waterman's eye. He's headed this way and I don't want you to go yet."

Together they looked at the glare of yellow lights in the street below. From the other end of the room came soft shuffling of feet and the exaggerated rhythm of the piano playing a tune that Dick had never heard before. John Waterman watched them a moment and then passed on.

"Do you know how long it is since you sent me away, Allison?" Dick asked. "Ten years. You said I would forget you in that time."

"I thought you had, Dick," she said. "You never wrote."

"I couldn't," he answered. "But I haven't forgotten, Allison."

He looked at the rounded cheek so near to him and his heart gave a bound as he saw the flood of color that surged into it, though she kept her eyes steadily on the distant lights beyond the window-pane. He

waited for an instant—fearing, hoping, drinking in the joy of the moment that might never be his again. For ten years they had been such worlds apart, and now he could hear her lightest whisper, he could almost feel her soft breath. The music stopped suddenly. Someone would be interrupting them.

"Allison," he continued. "The chap in the story waited only five years for his reward. Don't you think I deserve mine now?"

She turned from the window and he caught one glance of her tell-tale eyes before she lowered them to the book still open before them.

"You needn't have waited so long, Dick," she answered. "I knew the next day after you left."

"Knew what?" he teased—it was too late to exact an answer. Lucia Talbot and Allan Boke were standing before them. Lucia's eyeglasses seemed to wear an accusing glint and Allan demanded their right to be so exclusive.

"Allison was just showing me your story," Dick explained, holding up the magazine and trying to avoid any appearance of embarrassment. Allan smiled knowingly.

"I see. How did you like the way it ended?" he asked.

"Great!" Dick affirmed. "The end is the best part of it."

Wood as Fuel.

The laboratory staff of the United States Forest Service has studied the relative value of various kinds of wood as fuel. They find that two pounds of wood ordinarily give as much heat as one pound of coal. Certain kinds of wood, such as hickory, oak, beech, birch, hard maple, ash, elm, locust, long-leaf pine, and cherry, have fairly high heat value; a single cord of any one of these woods is equal to a ton of good coal. To equal the same amount of coal, it takes a cord and a half of short-leaf pine, sycamore, red gum, Douglas fir, and soft maple, and two cords of cedar, redwood, poplar, catalpa, Norway pine, cypress, basswood, spruce, and white pine. But heat value is not the only element of usefulness in wood used as fuel.

Since 95 per cent. of all wood that is burned is consumed for domestic purposes, largely in farmhouses, such qualities as rapidity of burning and ease of lighting are important. Each part of the country has its favorite woods, in general wisely chosen. Of the non-resinous woods, hickory has the highest value as fuel, and it has other qualities to recommend it. It burns evenly, and, as housewives say, holds the heat. The oak comes next, followed by beech, birch, and maple. Pine has a relatively low heat value, but ignites readily, and gives out a quick, hot flame, although one that soon dies down. Its quick flame makes it a favorite with rural housekeepers as a summer wood. The principal disadvantage of the resinous pines is their oily, black smoke.

Costly Australian Pests.

[Consular Report:] Australia is cursed with certain pests, such as rabbits, wild dog, kangaroo and blow fly. Large sums of money are spent in an endeavor to lessen the number of rabbits. It is estimated that in Victoria alone 150,000,000 were put to death in 1913. It is generally admitted that ten rabbits eat as much as one sheep, and many graziers have long since realized that they cannot profitably run sheep on properties infested with rabbits. Natural enemies, such as foxes and wild dogs, which are troublesome in certain districts, tend to keep the rabbits in check, assisted by the wire-netting fences that land holders are erecting. Kangaroos have caused considerable damage in the northwest part of western Australia, where ranch owners are said to have paid for thousands of scalps.

Had Never Learned.

[Chicago News:] Oculist (pointing to his test card:) Can you read these letters?

Patient: No, doctor.

Oculist: Well, then, these?

Patient: No, doctor.

Oculist (impatiently pointing to the largest letters:) Well, these, then?

Patient: No, doctor.

Oculist: Why, hang it all, how is that possible?

Patient: Because I never learned to read.

What Happened to Hetty.

By Harriet Crocker LeRoy

AN AUTO RIDE.

HETTY ATKINSON smiled a cordial welcome as her next-door neighbor came up the side steps and sank down into the hickory rocking chair.

"That's right," she said, heartily, "lay off your sunbonnet, do, and excuse me just a minute while I run and get the green peas to shell. Ain't this porch pleasant? I'm glad Jennie planted them morning-glory seed while I was away in California. If there's anything that's fresh and cheerful-lookin' and up and doing, it's a morning-glory vine in blossom! It just seems to say: 'Shame on you, lazybones! Why don't you get up early like I do? Look, here I am, wide awake an' all blossomed out, an' you just thinkin' of getting up!' There's a sassy vine across my bedroom window, and the flowers stare right in at me every morning, seems like.

"Ain't these nice peas? But my! you ought to see the peas in California! Why, I raised a splendid big mess myself in the little patch of ground back of that little bungalow I rented, and had 'em for dinner on Christmas! And green corn, too, though I didn't raise that myself. I bought that from one of them Greek peddlers that's always hollering up an' down the street, an' carries about everything you ever heard of in the shape of fruits and vegetables in his wagon. My! My! How I did love California!"

Miranda Fairbanks looked searchingly at her. "I hear you're goin' back there this fall," she said, "and I heard something else, too."

She glanced meaningfully at a little pink tourmaline which shone rosily upon Hetty Atkinson's left hand. "You didn't have that ring when you went to California, if I remember right."

Hetty put her head on one side and looked at it with laughing eyes. "Oh, I know what you're drivin' at, Miranda Fairbanks," she said, "but I ain't tellin' no tales out of school. I guess a person can buy herself a little ring, can't she, just to remember California by? Mercy! You just ought to see the trays and trays full of beautiful California gems in the jewelers' windows and in the curio store windows, too! It's just wonderful. They find 'em there in the mines—the prettiest things you ever saw—pink and lavender and yellow and blue, and blue turquoise that's got something all through it just like pretty brown moss.

"My! I used to stand and look at them by the hour, and 'tain't likely I'd come away without buyin' me something, is it? And pink always was my favorite color, Miranda, you know that."

"Yes, I know it," said Miranda, "an' if I do say it, Hetty, you're as pink-cheeked as a girl since you came home from California. You look ten years younger, an' I hate to tell it to your face, but you're better-lookin' than you ever was before!"

Hetty laughed. "That's what California does for a person," said she. "You don't wonder I want to go back, do you?"

She was silent a moment, busily shelling peas, her cheeks even pinker than usual. Then she laughed. It was always the easiest thing in the world for Hetty Atkinson to laugh.

"I guess I haven't told you, have I, about a funny adventure of mine out there in California? I had plenty of adventures from first to last, for a body never knows what's going to happen the very next minute out there!"

"But THIS one!" Hetty leaned her head back and laughed again. "Well," she said, "I'll have to tell you—it's too good to keep. One beautiful sunshiny morning I was sauntering along the street. I had been gazing into a curio store window, I remember, and was just strolling along like all tourists do. All of a sudden I stopped and waited for a little crowd of people coming out of a building to go across the sidewalk and get into some automobiles. In another minute a man came up to me, looking very polite, took me by the arm and actually put me into the back seat of one of the automobiles before I had any idea of what he meant to do.

"I just gasped, and then—well, what did I go to California FOR? To get new experi-

ences an' have a good time, wasn't it? So I said to myself: 'All right, I'll go, WHEREVER it is! Likely as not it's a real-estate excursion. Lots of other people going, too, so I ain't afraid!'

"And then, before I could get myself settled, that same fellow comes up and puts a man right in beside me! And two more men jumped in, in front. I found out afterward one was a preacher an' the other the chauffeur. And off we started in the long line of automobiles.

"The man sitting by me seemed kind o' dazed. He didn't say a word, but he looked queer. Then in a minute he turned to me and says: 'Are you a friend of the deceased?' says he.

"Deceased?" says I. "You talk as if this was a funeral! It's a real-estate excursion! Didn't you know that?"

The man's mouth fell open. He just stared at me, and then he says: "Why, it IS a funeral! Didn't you see the hearse ahead there?"

"Mercy! no," says I. "I never saw a thing but a lot of automobiles and a lot of people, and then I was grabbed and hustled in here. Being a tourist an' never objecting to seeing all I can of California, I thought I might as well stay an' go along, wherever it was. Whose funeral IS it?"

"I don't know," says he; "I don't know whether it's a man or a woman! It wouldn't be proper to laugh, would it? But it seems to me I'll bust if I don't!"

"Just then the big man ahead of us looked around and I saw right away that he was a preacher. I always did have a well-trained eye for preachers. When he looked away again I said: 'Mercy! no. Don't you DARE to laugh! You can do your laughing afterward. But if this IS a funeral, it won't hurt us to go along and show our respect, anyway. I haven't been to any cemetery yet, have you?" says I, settling myself comfortably.

"No," says he, "I haven't. I just blew in here from Texas last night, and here I am the very first thing I do, going to somebody's funeral that I don't know from Adam! I know I'm going to laugh. I've got to!"

"I glared at him. 'Don't you dare!' I says. 'I guess you can control your feelings and show a decent respect for them that mourn. I tell you you can laugh all you want to afterward, but you can't now.'

"His blue eyes twinkled—he did have the twinklingest blue eyes!"

"Will you laugh with me, then?" he asked, and he said it so comical that I had all I could do not to laugh myself.

"Maybe I will," says I, "if I haven't got all over wanting to by that time. It ought to have a solemnizing effect on us to ride in a funeral procession, seems to me. But what in Tunket do you suppose the mourners will think? Who do you suppose they'll think we are? I don't know when I've been dressed so gay and lively as I am this morning, and you've got a bright red necktie on!"

"I know it," says he; "cut it out or I WILL laugh! There's folks back in Waco, Tex., that'd think they had a joke on me if they found it out."

"And there's folks back in Emporia, Kan., that'd have a terrible opinion of me if they knew what I've done out here in California! They'd say I was too frivolous."

By this time we had got to the cemetery and had piled out of the automobile and stood respectfully in the background. I saw one or two of the more distantly re-

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NATIONAL PERCOLATOR CO., Inc., 194 West 9th Street. See us for Territory. Main 1978

lated mourners lookin' at us and I felt real relieved to find myself back in the auto again. I hated to have anybody ask me questions that might be embarrassing.

"When we were well on our way back to the city the preacher turned an' said: Sister Dilworth was a great worker in the church and community. She will be greatly missed. Did you know her well?"

"He was looking at the man from Texas, who all of a sudden got as red as his necktie.

"Not so very well," he says, "but I've heard much good said of her. She certainly was a good woman. Does she leave much of a family? Any small children?"

"Ah, no, Sister Dilworth was never married," says the preacher, "but she was, as I said, a great worker and will be greatly missed."

"Then he turns to me and says: 'Probably an old schoolmate of yours—about the same age, I should think?'

"I must have got as red as the Texas man's necktie myself, for my cheeks felt hot, but I says: 'No, I didn't know her, either, very well, but I've heard of her—and so I had, just then.'

"Well, well," says he, "it's a great loss to the community. The floral offerings were most beautiful, were they not?"

"The chauffeur let us out on the same corner where we had got in, and the Texas man and I just stood an' stared at each other. But somehow neither one of us felt a bit like laughing then. Somehow we felt kind of satisfied and glad that we had shown our respects by following Sister Dilworth to her last resting-place.

"The Texas man put out his big hand and I shook hands with him. Somehow we felt like old friends.

"Three days later I saw him again at a matinee. A nice-looking woman and an awfully pretty girl were with him. When he looked over and saw me he smiled and bowed, and when we were going out he held out his hand. 'If I only knew your name,' he says, 'I'd like to introduce you to my folks.'

"I never dreamed but what it was his wife and daughter, and I says: 'Why, I'd be delighted to make their acquaintance. My name is Miss Hetty Atkinson from Emporia, Kan.'

"And mine's J. W. Hart Tex," and then he introduced me to his mother and his niece.

Miranda Fairbanks looked at me with quizzical eyes. "And is he a man?" she asked.

Hetty smiled. "Why, no."

"What's wrong about that?"

"Nothing! Nothing!"

Fairbanks, "but I'll bet my life he won't be a single man very long. He's got a yellow prize, know why you ain't seen him for gold have gone, this summer an' why you see him fancy tatting and why you see him ring."

Hetty laughed comfortingly. "I'm all about his form, Man the Desert Got

in the drift

and silent strands;

clutch a mocking gift—

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Make It a Gladsome Easter

Once again we are preparing to celebrate the glory of Easter, a day made divine, a day hallowed by the sacred memories of Earth's greatest event. The highest expressions of art and song render homage to the knowledge of the Resurrection which created a new faith and changed the minds of millions. Intimately associated with Easter are those most beautiful emblems of purity—flowers. Respond to your heart's dictates and rejoice your friends with these beautiful reminders of the day.

To satisfy the most critical taste we have made every endeavor to have on hand a supply of all flowers which the occasion demands.

THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS MAY BE OF SOME SERVICE TO YOU

Easter Lilies

Of these we offer you a magnificent lot, in pans, pots or cut. They are beautifully flowered and timed right to the day.

Giant Amaryllis

Superb plants both cut and grown in pots. There is nothing in the plant line of more regal beauty.

Spirea "Gladstone"

The ne plus ultra variety in Spireas. Beautiful dark green foliage surmounted by dainty, feathery plumes. Of exquisite effect for Easter decorations.

Lily of the Valley

These delicate refined flowers with their tracery of green and white are a beautiful reminder of the day. Elegant plants in pans or in cut sprays.

Azaleas

In all colors. Particularly adapted for church decorations, etc.

Ferns and Palms

Indispensable for church and altar decorations. They lend a finishing touch when used in conjunction with Spirea and Easter Lilies.

Cut Flowers

Thousands of Daffodils in all of the finest varieties, hot house Roses and Carnations, deliciously scented Stocks, Sweet Peas in all colors and other seasonable sorts will furnish you a variety of bloom of the highest quality possible to produce, from which to make your selection.

Easter Baskets

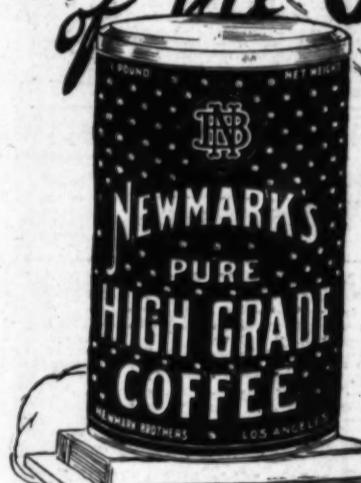
Made up of seasonable spring flowers in a thoroughly artistic manner. These are an expressive reminder and form an acceptable gift to your friends in the sick room, etc.

Invitation

If you are interested in flowers and artistic floral effects we extend to you a cordial invitation to inspect our store during this week. The display will be at its height from Wednesday on. Whether you are a purchaser or not you will be entirely welcome.

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SUNDAY MORNING,

DESTR

LL HOPE AB
FOR T

Officers Directing I
Every Man on

Dredger is Unable to Ma
Craft — Elevated Fifty F
Again into the Crater of
Ocean's Floor.

(BY PACIFIC

HONOLULU, March 27.—A naval officers in charge of the grappling apparatus of the rescue ship began to gradually tow the sunken craft has been brought to the surface and disabled in an effort to raise

HONOLULU, March 27.—To the surface of the ocean F-4 rapidly was filling with water to decide to continue the rescue of the sunken craft.

Brilliant moonlight assisted the Mrs. Ede, wife of Lieut. Alfred Ede, is prostrated.

Crowds continued early toeping other weeping relatives of the

At 5 p.m. today the dredger was fast to the submarine. The officers convinced that the F-4's men in the rescue ships are equipped to do the necessary work of this kind. Now apparent, officers said, and the men in the towline that much difficulty in getting the cable cradle with which to raise the submarine.

HONOLULU (T.H.), March 27.—Hope ill-fated submarine F-4 would be raised before nightfall Friday evening when a chain loop attached to the disabled craft slipped and the

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